CAMPFIRES OF THE AFRO-AMERICAN

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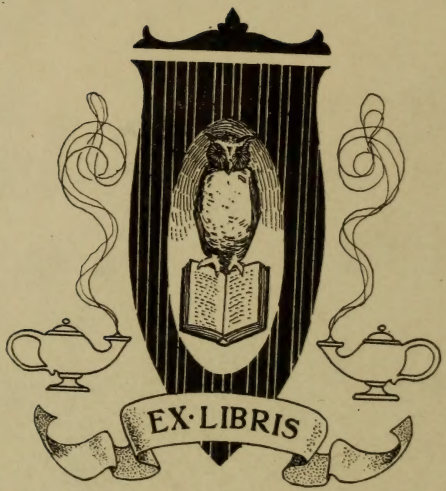

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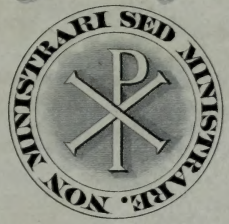

Wellesley College.

Presented by ELLA SMITH ELBERT '88

In Memoriam

No. KATHARINE E. COMAN

1340 Wood St Phila

HEROIC CHARGE OF UNITED STATES COLORED REGULARS NEAR SANTIAGO, CUBA, IN THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

[Ninth and Tenth Cavalry; Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry]

CAMP-FIRES

OF THE

AFRO-AMERICAN;

OR,

The Colored Man as a Patriot,

SOLDIER, SAILOR, AND HERO, IN THE CAUSE OF FREE AMERICA: DISPLAYED IN COLONIAL STRUGGLES, IN THE REVOLUTION, THE WAR OF 1812, AND IN LATER WARS, PARTICULARLY THE GREAT CIVIL WAR—1861-5, AND THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR—1898: CONCLUDING WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE WAR WITH THE FILIPINOS—1899.

A Thrilling Record of His Daring and Suffering

FOR LIBERTY'S SAKE, IN PATRIOTIC UPRISINGS, IN BATTLES ON LAND AND SEA, IN PRISON PENS, AND IN

DEEDS OF INDIVIDUAL HEROISM.

By CHAPLAIN JAS. M. GUTHRIE.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

PHILADELPHIA:
AFRO-AMERICAN PUB. CO.
514-516 LUDLOW ST.
1899.

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A. H. SICKLER & COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

TO MY BROTHER

Lucius Wood,

WHO PAID WITH HIS LIFE FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF FIGHTING FOR THE UNION AND EMANCIPATION:

TO MY OTHER BROTHER

Julius Wood,

WHO GAVE HIS BRAVE RIGHT ARM TO THE SAME HOLY CAUSE: AND THROUGH THEM, STEADFAST FRIENDS OF A DOWNTRODDEN RACE, TO THE WHITE AND COLORED CHAMPIONS OF THE GREAT REPUBLIC NOW TENTING TOGETHER, WITHOUT A DISTINCTION OF COLOR, "ON FAME'S ETERNAL CAMPING GROUND:" AND TO THEIR COMRADES WHO WILL SOON ENCAMP FOR THE NIGHT, TO AWAIT TOGETHER THE REVEILLE OF THE RESURRECTION, AND HEAVEN'S GRAND REVIEW OF ALL WHO LOVED AND FAITHFULLY SERVED WITH OFFERINGS OF LIFE, LIMB, OR ANY SACRIFICE,

The God of Liberty

AND OF ONE COMMON HUMANITY,
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
BY ITS AUTHOR.

A COLORED VETERAN'S REVERIE.

PREFACE.

Again the fires of soldier-life are kindled to my view,
And I recall the bloody strife that made our Nation new,
When "Camp Fires" of the Colored man, a book with title rare,
I read with pride, with pleasure scan, to learn our helpful share.

Those gleaming fires reveal a host that sat within their light,
Who fell while at the picket-post, or in the gen'ral fight:
Who starved to death in prison-pens; died of disease or wounds:
Who lie in mountains, vales and fens, and cemetery mounds.

And some there are, like you and I, who live those war-times o'er
In thoughts that cannot falsify the honors which they bore
Who come in spirit us to join, within the camp fire's glow,
To speak in words no pen can coin, of comrades and of foe.

For who can ere with words express the ties of long ago,
When towards the colors we would dress 'midst battle-flame and woe?
Shoulder to shoulder we would press as one another fell,
When ranks were growing less and less in charge or in repel.

In weary marching, day and night, forward or in retreat,
Comrades we were, whate'er our plight, in victory or defeat.
We shared our rations cheerfully when haversacks were lean:
We felt like brothers, kind and free,—drank from the same canteen.

Come, join the living, soldiers dead, while flames are rising high
From fires that glow in heart and head, whose warmth can never die,
And hold communion o'er the past, from sixty-one to five:
Soldiers, and all who climbed the mast, old thrilling scenes revive.

Tell how the patriotic fires were fanned into a blaze
In loyal hearts of sons and sires, and women, in those days,
From Maine unto the Golden Gate, when from our country's flag,
Its foemen fought, with rage and hate, its Southern stars to drag.

Pass 'round the coffee and hard tack : tell now how Sumter fell,
And how we fought to win it back, and the rebellion quell
Till Appomattox brought us peace,—Union with liberty :
And civil war was made to cease when Grant defeated Lee.

Come near these fires, both old and young, and aim to keep alive
A knowledge gained from pen and tongue of those who yet survive,
That Freedom, Union, Loyalty, may stamp each coming race :
And nations ne'er again shall see our flag brought to disgrace.

* * * * * * * * *

Afro-American Camp Fires, from present to the past,
Reveal, with others, Colored sires whose fame will always last,
Who fought in old Colonial days,—in Revolution times,—
In Eighteen-twelve : in most affrays here, and, in distant climes.

* * * * * * * * *

In Cuba, Porto Rico too, and isles towards "Far Cathay,"
With Dewey, Schley, Otis and Miles, they burn as bright as day,
And show our boys, our own Black boys, in bold, brave true array,
Bringing Spain's victims Freedom's joys,—an Independence day.

* * * * * * * * *

That long and lustrous line of light I view with pride and hope ;
For it illumes the Negro's night, and proves that he can cope
In courage, fortitude and trust whenever Duty calls,
With all who battle for the right,—no matter what befalls.

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INTRODUCTION.

Aspiration comes from inspiration, and only as we are inspired do we rise to successively higher planes of thought, feeling and action.

Chief among sources of inspiration is that of noble example. The Great Exemplar draws mankind upward, not so much by what He said as by what He did. His life of self-denial, of willing suffering and sacrifice, portrayed by Sacred History, is the inspiration of Christianity. It breathes into man a new and indomitable spirit; it thrills him with love, devotion and emulation; impels him to lofty deeds,—to God-like action. While psalm and prophecy have influence, the most potent agency of the Bible to impress lives with righteousness is found in its history and biography. Characters, great in their youth and manhood, one alone being truly perfect, are thus set before us; and, as children imitate parents, as artists and sculptors are guided by their models, so are we influenced to follow examples in Holy Writ.

The highest type of heroism was displayed on Calvary, when the God-man, single-handed, fought the battle of Redemption to free us from the curse of the law, the dominion of sin, and the bondage of sordid self. He was the greatest actor and martyr in the cause of Freedom. The mount on which he died overtops the world. It looms so far above all other heights of illustrious example, stands with such a bold outline against darkness, is crowned with such a radiant halo, that it cannot be obscured; nor can its

attraction be counteracted. From its summit comes the exemplary influence which develops nobility of character, makes man worthy of human respect, of God's approval, and qualifies him to be a hero in the uplifting of humanity when called to meet difficulties, danger and death.

In spite of unbelief, infidelity, conflicting and confusing creeds, men everywhere see, cannot help seeing, when History opens their eyes, that Mount of Inspiration; the sublime head of the true religion which loves God supremely and our neighbor as ourself; the fountain spring of benevolence in all its streams; the source of permanent civilization to be manifested in individual, family, national, world-wide intelligence, peace and happiness.

This mountain, its scene of inspiring heroism, the attractions of its Cross and Bible, are not brought to general view, familiarized to the many and made effectual in swaying mankind, by observations through theological telescopes and by a microscopic examination of doctrines, but by the eager eye and attentive mind in home and Sunday school readings and illustrations, and in perusals, too, of works relating to evangelism—to Soldiers of the Cross, self-exiled from kindred and country, unfurling in heathen lands, often at the cost of their lives, the standard of Hope, Happiness and Heaven.

Next to religion, or, a good part of it, is patriotism: and, here again, History presents herself as an inspiring medium, as a revelator and instructor, in the guise of attractive books for home-reading and public school instruction. By unrolling her panoramic scrolls, illuminated with brilliant names, embellished with thrilling scenes and inscribed with noble records, she gratifies a wholesome pride of ancestry, love of race and country, and imparts to her

votaries in home, school and college ambition to come up to their measure, and perpetuate in our lives, the spirit and example of historic worthies.

History has not one scroll only, but many, and as she turns from race to race, from one nation to another, she excites in them a rivalry to excel, an ambition which, taken all together, is the lever that moves the world—raising it higher and higher. Thus, in her inspiring work,—"Philosophy teaching by example,"—she energizes in turn individuals, communities, states and nations, and the world at large.

History, herself, is impartial, and ultimately succeeds in establishing the truth, although many of her scribes have failed or refused to do her bidding. She is proud of her archives, her researches and her records whether they be hieroglyphics, parchments or printed pages, and would do justice to men everywhere, exhibiting their follies, errors and wrong-doing and their development in wisdom, truth and uprightness; their genesis in whatever condition and quarter of the globe they may be found; their exodus from superstition, moral and physical thraldom, and their egress into enlightened and unincumbered conditions; advancing, sometimes receding, but gathering knowledge and power to regain lost ground; and despite human weakness, despite error, despite intolerance, despite oppression, despite selfishness and cruelty, caste and prejudice, moving onward, moving upward, the way marked with abandoned weapons, broken shackles, discarded creeds of bigotry martyr-stained, dismantled inquisitions, shattered sceptres, demolished thrones, stranded and scuttled slave-ships, closed slave-marts, burned auction blocks and whipping posts made fuel for freedom's fires kindled with the old-time sulphur-scented

bread-and-butter-preached sermons on the "divine right of slavery."

In the progress of mankind it is ordained by Omnipotence that the Negro race shall advance. "Ethiopia shall stretch out her hands unto God." The decree is founded upon "the immutable principles of justice. No earthly power" can annul it. Mount Sinai, Mount Calvary, Mars Hill and Independence Hall re-affirm it. Hindrances may be placed in the way, as they have been, to retard the inevitable, but, with reference to our own country, the stream of Afro-American life is as a tranquil, ever-widening, ever-deepening river, flowing peacefully through the land, and like the Nile imparting fertility wherever it touches, from its source at Jamestown to its now one-tenth of our eighty millions. Unjust discriminations, unjust enactments to nullify the natural and constitutional rights of the Colored American will not permanently impede his progress. In his struggle for education, for refinement, for honest property, he will all the more quickly rise to the height of his abilities, and without effort violently to break its barriers, the augmented stream, more richly ladened with the elements of prosperity, will flow above and beyond them, not like a desolating torrent but as a calm, majestic, useful river.

The time has about come when History, delighting to be impartial, will call around her the Colored school children, and Colored people in their homes, and exhibit to them a scroll, long withheld or hidden, whereon they will see that which to many may be a revelation. She will show them Colored men enlisted in the militia of the Colonies, marching and camping with White men, sitting and eating together around forest camp-fires, guarding together settlements exposed to savage cruelty, and in the faithful dis-

charge of duty falling victims under the tomahawk and scalping-knife. She will point out to them a Crispus Attucks, leading the van, and becoming a martyr, in the first sanguinary uprising of the American people against British tyranny: a Peter Salem dispatching at Bunker Hill the British Major Pitcairn who shed the blood of patriots at Lexington and Concord: and a host of Colored Continentals who marched, and bunked, and fought alongside of their White compatriots from Bunker Hill to Yorktown.

History will still further unroll her scroll and show Afro-Americans responding freely to the calls of our country in the War of 1812, until one-sixth or one-eighth of the gallant crews who gained ascendency over Britannia on the wave, and won renowned battles like Lake Erie and Lake Champlain, were composed of them; and, as soldiers sharing in land-battles, nearly five hundred of them winning glory and the plaudits of General Jackson at New Orleans.

Dwelling briefly on intermediate minor events she will hasten to exhibit a line of over two hundred thousand Black men in blue, many of them but lately in slavery, marching proudly and fighting bravely under the Star Spangled Banner to help suppress the great rebellion, to maintain inviolate the Union. In the resplendent record made by them in the armies and navies of the United States, besides large numbers in addition acting as attendants, as scouts, guides and spies, they contributed to History, by loyal devotion to the Flag, by dangerous service in the ranks and on shipboard, and by some of the most desperate and gallant assaults and charges of the war, such a rich mass of materials, that many volumes would not suffice to give a full estimate of their valor and achievements.

From the Civil War onward, for a period of thirty-

three years, History will show Colored U. S. Regulars, Infantry and Cavalry, performing protective duty for the Freedmen's Bureau in States lately in rebellion; and after Reconstruction, camping, marching, and fighting hostile Indians and desperadoes, in Western States and Territories, their camp fires at times gleaming down upon the Pacific.

Then, with exultation, she pictures them hastening eastward and southward, rallying at Chickamauga Park, joined by Colored Volunteers, moving on to Tampa, on to Cuba, to avenge the destruction of the Maine, the sinking of their Colored countrymen, and to help drive insolent and despotic Spain forever from American waters. She points, too, far over the Western sea to Dewey's fleet and wreathes chaplets of honor for the Black men of his command in the phenomenal victory of Manila Bay; and, when at last Spain has yielded, she depicts the new and strange conflict of the Filipinos against their deliverers and benefactors, and the metal of Uncle Sam's Colored boys—equal to any emergency.

The mission of this book is to woo History and persuade her to throw off some of her enforced reserve, in deference to Colored Americans among whom she has garnered many of the brightest pages in her archives, and to impart to them a fair share of historic inspiration: or, in other words, to invite her company and solicit her guidance in behalf of Afro-Americans to conduct them to a camp fire here and there along the front of military service, from the breaking dawn of their Present to the heavy night of their distant Past: and convince them, and all opposed to them, that, in view of the distinguished services of themselves, and their ancestors, in the Wars of the Union or of the Colonies, and as prominent factors in the growth, prosperity, advancement and

perpetuity of the Republic they are not aliens and foreigners, but fellow-citizens in the commonwealth of American Israel, —God's specially favored people, White, Black and Red.

Standing securely on the Canaan side of their American Jordan, sanctified by their triumphant passage through the boundary swollen by slavery and ostracism, and dedicated by the Genius of Liberty to the cause of free, pure, enlightened government, may they adopt as a part of their legacy our National Anthem, and sing with refrains such as can be evoked only from the depths of their emotion,

"*My* Country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of Liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where *our* fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.

* * * * * * *

Our fathers' God, to Thee
Author of Liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may *our* land be bright
With Freedom's holy light:
Protect us by Thy might
Great God our King."

THE BLACK REGIMENT.

[Charge at Port Hudson.]

Dark as the clouds of even', banked in the western heaven,
Waiting the breath that lifts all the dread mass, and drifts
Tempest and falling brand, over a ruined land—
So still and orderly, arm to arm, and knee to knee,
Waiting the great event, stands the Black Regiment.

Down the long dusky line teeth gleam and eyeballs shine;
And the bright bayonet, bristling and firmly set,
Flashed with a purpose grand, long ere sharp command
Of the fierce rolling drum told them their time had come—
Told them what work was sent for the Black Regiment.

"Now," the flag sergeant cried, "though death and hell betide,
Let the whole Nation see if we are fit to be
Free in this land; or bound down like the whining hound—
Bound with red stripes of pain in our old chains again!"
Oh! what a shout there went from the Black Regiment.

"Charge!" trump and drum awoke; onward the bondmen broke:—
Bayonet and sabre stroke vainly opposed their rush
Through the wild battle's crush, with but one thought aflush,
Driving their lords like chaff, in the guns' mouths they laugh;
Or at the slippery brands leaping with open hands,
Down they tear, man and horse, down in their awful course;
Trampling with bloody heel over the crashing steel,
All their eyes forward bent, rushed the Black Regiment.

"Freedom!" their gallant cry, "freedom! or live or die!"
Ah! and they meant the word, not as with us it 's heard,
Not as a mere party shout, they gave their spirits out;
Trusting the end to God, and on the gory sod
Rolled in triumphant blood;
Glad to strike one free blow, whether for weal or woe;
Glad to breathe one free breath, though on the lips of death,
Praying—alas! in vain! that they might fall again,
So they could once more see that burst of liberty!
This was what "Freedom" lent to the Black Regiment.

Hundreds on hundreds fell; but they are resting well;
Scourges and shackles strong never shall do them wrong.
Oh! to the living few, soldiers, be just and true!
Hail them as comrades tried; fight with them side by side;
Never in field or tent scorn the Black Regiment.

—George H. Boker

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVAL AND RELATIONS IN THE COLONIES.

THE STORY OF JAMESTOWN, VA. INTRODUCTION OF SLAVERY. THE COLORED MAN BECOMES A PRODUCTIVE LABORER, A PROMOTER OF PROSPERITY, AN INDIAN FIGHTER, AND A KINDLER OF REVOLUTIONARY FIRES.

Virginia, "the Mother of States and Presidents," was the first step-mother of the Negro, in the original area of the United States, when slave-traders orphaned him of his native land.

According to Lossing, corroborated by other historians, "During the year 1620 a Dutch trading vessel entered the James river with Negroes, and sold twenty of them to the planters at Jamestown. This was the beginning of Negro slavery in the United States."

That colony, therefore, having been the initial seat of slavery in our country, will always be an interesting study to Afro-Americans. It was the first permanent settlement within the domain of the old thirteen colonies.

Before considering in detail an outline of its history, down to the destruction of Jamestown, it would be well to note here an important fact, namely, that there are descendants of the African race in the United States whose lineage is traceable to slaves of the West India Islands, brought there first by the Spaniards. At the time America was discovered, Spain was at war with the Moors, who were driven and fol-

lowed into Africa. The captured Moors, and Negroes taken with them, called Black Moors, were enslaved, and many of them were transported to Spanish settlements in the Western World. To the Spaniard, then, generally principal in historic cruelty, may be charged the crime of American slavery, with the Dutch and English as later accessories. The crime was fostered because it was profitable, and was condoned and recommended in 1517 by Las Casas, who, paradoxically, had a great reputation for benevolence and general goodness. He saw that the Indians, aboriginals of the discovered isles, who were reduced to slavery by the Spaniards, pined and died off rapidly when deprived of freedom and forced to live contrary to their native habits. Torn from their sylvan homes, from the pleasures of the chase, and their easy life, and compelled to work hard under a burning sun, their sufferings were intense and threatened their extinction. Las Casas argued from this point of view that it would be preferable to supply substitutes for them from Africa, who could much better endure galling servitude and trying tropical labors.

His plea was a Midas-touch which turned African captives into gold, enriching slaving merchantmen, planters, and the coffers of Kings and Queens, and stifled the voice of conscience and humanity, by clinking coins clutched by the hands of avarice. Charles V. of Spain sanctioned importation of Negroes into the West Indias to the extent of four thousand a year, and the slave trade, "the sum of all villainies," became a leading occupation of unfeeling Spaniards.

From Negroes, then, in the West Indias, and Spain's Florida possession, some of whom were free, coming to us by immigration, by purchase, and by acquisition of territory, may be traced a tributary of Negro life in the United States. This branch, with other branches lesser or greater caused by

introduction of slavery into the colonies, flowed into the parent stream whose source was at Jamestown to form in the course of time a vast, enlarging body, connected as an integral part by a deep, wide channel of patriotism and common interests, with the rising and never receding tides of the Great Republic.

This extensive element, the Colored population of the United States, of African descent, numbers at the present time, 1899, well on to ten millions. The census of 1890 reports a total of 7,470,040, divided as follows: Blacks, 6,337,-980; Mulattoes, 956,989; Quadroons, 105,135; Octoroons, 69,936. The largest number of unmixed Negroes is found in Mississippi,—657,393; in Virginia the next largest, 621,-781, besides 122,441 of the other classes.

At the time of the Revolution (1780), the Colored population was about 562,000. In 1890 it numbered one-ninth of our entire population, and the census of 1900 will probably show it increased to one-eighth.

It has been computed on good authority that the White race increases in the United States annually at the rate of 2.9 per cent., and the Negroes 3.4 per cent. The death rate of the Colored population, especially in Northern States, is a little higher than that of the White, but not enough to overcome the excess of increase. This preponderance of increase may be accounted for, perhaps, by the fact that very few Colored women remain on the "old maid list," and when married do not, as a rule, shrink from maternity.

Like the children of Israel in Egypt, they have grown from a small band to be a nation within a nation; but have not been made alien by generations of bondage and ill treatment. Naturally peaceful and cheerful, with strong local and social attachments, they have allied themselves to our

country, its peoples and institutions, with strong faith in their future: believing that the time is coming when full justice will be meted out to them in return for centuries of wealth-producing but unrequited toil, for patience in tribulation, for forgiveness of wrongs, and for the copious oblations of blood offered from their veins to perpetuate the altar of American liberty.

Let us now go back to Jamestown, and from its crumbling, ivy-clad church tower, built in 1620, briefly review its settlement and the enforced arrival of Africans there, and in other colonies.

Various attempts had been made to colonize the vast region named by Elizabeth, the unmarried British queen, *Virginia*, but owing partly to the visionary aims, and partly to the character of emigrants sent by Sir Walter Raleigh, the settlements were of short duration. Some of the immigrants foolishly provoked the Indians to opposition, and some, instead of clearing ground and raising crops, spent their time in a fruitless search for gold.

One of these transitory colonies was composed of a better class of immigrants, skilled laborers with their families, and debarked at Roanoke Island, in Albemarle sound, July, 1587. Here, in August following, a grand-daughter was born to Governor John White, who was christened *Virginia*. This child of Eleanor Dare was the first of European parentage born in America. The fate of these settlers is a mystery. They soon disappeared, and five searching expeditions sent by Raleigh failed to find them.

In December, 1606, an association of "noblemen, gentlemen and merchants, residing in and about London," and known as the London Company, sent three ships to America with one hundred and five emigrants, only twelve

of whom had soiled their hands by labor. These vessels were commanded by Captain Christopher Newport, and the object of the expedition was to establish a settlement on Roanoke Island. Taking a circuitous course, not knowing a direct one, he sailed by way of the Canary Islands and the West Indias: then, turning his prows northward, the little fleet on nearing its desired haven in April, 1607, met baffling winds and was driven by a storm into Chesapeake bay. The voyagers gave to the headlands at its entrance the names of England's princes, calling the capes Henry and Charles. Sailing onward, weary with their long ocean journey, they were glad to find soon a delightful country and a quiet anchorage. Out of gratitude they named the place Old Point Comfort. Proceeding on their way, captivated with the charms of Powhatan river, up which they sailed a distance of fifty miles, they came to a locality which suited their purposes, and on May 23, 1607, they anchored, landed, and began the settlement, calling it Jamestown, and its river the James, as a tribute of honor to James the First, King of England.

From this date until Negroes were brought into the settlement it had a discouraging experience, and was near extinction by death and contemplated abandonment. Its preservation was due chiefly to the efforts of Captain John Smith. He, with Bartholomew Gosnold, the projector of the enterprise, and a few others, labored with a worthy zeal, but the majority were idlers, and of depraved habits, whose inaction except in what was vicious, soon caused distress. Most of the provisions brought over could not be used, having spoiled during the long voyage. The Indians, jealous and hostile, refused to sell food. Famine followed, and prevalent sickness caused by destitution and their con-

sequent inability to resist the effects of the damp climate and excessive summer heat. Death ravaged their ranks, so that four months after the founding of Jamestown only half of their number were alive. Gosnold, one of their most valuable men, was dead. Their President, Edward M. Wingfield, disheartened by the outlook, in a fit of greed and discouragement took possession of a ship, the only one left by Newport, who had sailed in June with the other vessels to bring more emigrants and supplies from England. With the scanty provisions remaining Wingfield and some of like mind tried to desert. Their attempt was frustrated. He was arrested and deposed, and Ratcliffe succeeded him in office, and also inefficiency. He, too, was soon removed, and the people wisely chose Captain John Smith to be their leader and protector. He was a man of courage, energy, and good common-sense. He pacified the Indians by a bold, firm but friendly policy, and impoverished Jamestown became a market for their produce. The disordered condition of affairs was rectified, and hopeful prospects returned.

In October, when an abundance of water-fowl was added to their food resources, Captain Smith with a few trusty companions left Jamestown for awhile to explore the country. This movement excited the ire of the savages, and up the Chickahominy river they captured Smith and killed his attendants. He came near meeting the same fate, but averted it by showing a pocket compass, and arousing by it and by various ingenious devices the curiosity and wonder of his captors. They thought him to be a prodigy, and exhibited him at their villages along the Rappahannock, Potomac and York rivers. When he was brought to Powhatan, the governing chief, a council was called, which after "long talks," condemned him to be killed with a war-club.

According to Smith's story, when he was bound, and his head rested on a support to receive the crushing blow, "Pocahontas, the King's dearest daughter, got his head in her arms, and laid her own upon his to save him from death." Powhatan relented. The captive was spared, his enemies became friends, the pipe of peace was smoked, and a treaty made. Smith elated by his escape and with the prospect promised by the alliance, after an absence of nearly two months returned to Jamestown escorted by twelve warriors.

Things had gone wrong while he was away. Only forty of the settlers were alive, and they were preparing to leave in the pinnace for the West Indias. Smith prevailed upon them to relinquish their design and again managed to get their affairs under good control.

Soon after this, in 1608, Newport returned from England with one hundred and twenty colonists, who better deserved the name of speculators. Most of them had the "gold fever" when they embarked; it spread during the voyage, and broke out violently as soon as they landed. They were described as "vagabond gentlemen and goldsmiths," and it was written of them: "No talk, no hope, no work, but dig gold, wash gold, refine gold, load gold." Captain Newport caught the infection and took to England a cargo of yellow, glittering, but worthless earth.

While the gold excitement raged, and the immigrants neglected needful and profitable labor, Captain Smith and some sensible adherents, disgusted with them, went off in an open boat to make explorations, hoping when he should come back to find them cured of their folly. He was gone about three months and traveled many hundreds of miles on the Chesapeake bay and the rivers flowing into it, mapping the regions explored as far up as the interior of Pennsylvania.

On the 13th of September, of this same year, 1608, Newport again arrived bringing seventy colonists, including two women, who were the first European female immigrants at Jamestown.

In June, 1609, a fleet of nine vessels under Newport sailed for Jamestown with five hundred emigrants, and three commissioners, he being one of them. Sir Thomas Gates, (Lieutenant-Governor), and George Somers were the others. They preceded the coming of Lord De la Warr (Delaware), who had been appointed under a new charter, (1609), Governor of Virginia. The vessels had a stormy voyage. One of them foundered, another, bearing the commissioners, was wrecked in the Bermuda Islands, but seven withstood the tempests and arrived at Jamestown.

A year later, June, 1610, the commissioners also reached Jamestown, with their fellow-passengers, having managed to construct two small vessels out of wreckage, and timber cut on the island upon which they had been cast. They found affairs in a deplorable condition. Captain Smith, who had been elected President of the Council, had returned to England to receive skilled treatment for a severe wound inflicted by an accidental explosion of powder. He had succeeded to some extent in converting the gold-seekers into wood-choppers and fixing their attention upon the needful work of the settlement, and knowing the kind of men urgently needed, had sent a plain statement to the supreme council in England in which he wrote: "I entreat you rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers of trees' roots, well provided, than a thousand such as we have." His departure led to a relapse of industry and carefulness, resulting in a scourge of sickness and famine. Depending mostly upon the Indians for food sup-

plies, they were disappointed. The Indians, emboldened by the absence of Captain Smith, whom they had both feared and respected, withheld provisions and showed a disposition to exterminate the settlers. This period was well named "the starving time."

The commissioners had expected to find, after all their hardships, a prosperous community and a peaceful time, but instead they witnessed destitution, death, and despair. There were only sixty survivors out of five hundred left by Smith, and this remnant was marked for massacre. Pocahontas again became a deliverer, by going secretly to Jamestown on a stormy night to give warning and put the unhappy colonists on their guard.

So great was the suffering and danger that it was decided to abandon Jamestown. Some of the settlers, maddened by their misery, wished to wipe out the town with fire, but Lieutenant-Governor Gates dissuaded them. They willingly embarked in the four pinnaces, under his direction, with the intention of sailing to Newfoundland, and thence, with hoped-for assistance from English fisherman, back to England. When near the mouth of the James river they were met by the ships of the Governor, coming with large reinforcements and abundant supplies. This was on the 18th of June, 1610. Encouraged by him, and cheered by what they saw, confidence and hope took the place of fear and despair: they made the night vocal with shouts of joy and songs of thanksgiving, and sailed back to Jamestown.

Their Governor was accomplished, prudent and kind, and under his rule the colony took a fresh start which gave every promise of prosperity. Bancroft says: "At the beginning of the day, they assembled in the little church, which was kept neatly trimmed with the wild flowers of the

country; next, they returned to their houses to receive their allowance of food. The settled hours of labor were from six in the morning till ten, and from two in the afternoon till four. The houses were warm and secure, covered above with strong boards, and matted on the inside after the fashion of the Indian wigwams."

Ill health cut short the benign administration of the Governor. Greatly to the loss and regrets of the colonists he returned to England, arriving there in 1611, and was succeeded by Sir Thomas Gates, who having previously returned to the mother country, brought over three ships, three hundred colonists of the better class, and large quantities of necessary stores. His cargoes included one hundred kine.

In 1613 an interesting and important event occurred, in the marriage of Pocahontas to John Rolfe, by which the growing unfriendliness of Powhatan was changed into a steadfast friendship for the English. She visited England with her husband in 1616, and was received with much favor. Her health became impaired by the climate, and when about to return to her native land in 1617, she died suddenly. She left one heir, from whom some of the prominent families of Virginia proudly boast their lineage.

In 1619, George Yeardly became Governor, and the people were given more freedom—a representative government. The first Colonial Assembly of Virginia was held this year in Jamestown. Two years later the colonists were granted a written constitution. Among the reforms which he instituted were the abolition of martial law and feudal service.

The year 1620 was marked by two great events: the importation of one hundred and fifty virtuous young women

INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA.—*Exterior View.*

who were sold to the young planters for wives, who came of their own accord, and to pay the cost of their passage were willing to be exchanged for tobacco. In this currency they were paid for, at first, at the rate of one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco, and later the price was raised to one hundred and fifty. At this valuation wives cost from ninety to one hundred and twelve dollars each, and, being much in demand, the price was increased accordingly. This enterprise established homes in the colony, and created there the strongest ties of a community—domestic relations.

The coming of the Negro, and the beginning of his slavery in the colonies, an event assigned by most historians to 1620, was the other great factor which was destined to have a far-reaching effect on American history, and produce results beyond the power of computation. "These Negroes," writes Robert Chalmers, "the planters purchased on trial, and the bargain was found to be so good that in a short time Negroes came to be in great demand in Virginia. Nor were the planters long indebted to the chance visits of the Dutch ships for a supply of Negro laborers; for the English merchants embarked in the traffic, and instructed the captains of their vessels visiting the African coast to barter for Negroes as well as for wax and elephants' teeth. * * Before the middle of the seventeenth century all Europe was implicated in the buying and selling of Negroes."

The cultivation of tobacco commenced by the planters in 1615, and of cotton in 1621, and the raising of corn, became the main work of the slaves, and their employment gave an impetus to the progress and prosperity of Virginia.

In 1622, Opechancanough, great-chief after the death of Powhatan, his brother, embittered the tribes against the colonists and they began a general massacre, so that less than

ten of the eighty settlements remained. In one day, March 22, 1622, the savages killed three hundred and fifty men, women, and children. Jamestown was saved from destruction by the warning of a friendly Indian. The settlers waged a vindictive warfare in return, which lasted until 1646, when the Indians, having been terribly punished and subdued, and having lost much of their territory, were glad to make peace. In this long contest, the Black slaves had to suffer with the White people, and also took part in fighting the Indians. Those that were capable were enlisted in the militia, and trained to fight the common enemy, but were not allowed to have fire-arms at other times. The Negro was not only a valuable laborer, but his services as a soldier were in demand, and appreciated. This is also true of his record in the other colonies. By the year 1662 there were, in round numbers, two thousand slaves in Virginia, and a law was then enacted virtually establishing, by colonial authority, the existing slavery.

In 1675 the Susquehanna Indians became troublesome. Their incursions on the northern frontier frightened the exposed settlers, and they appealed for protection. Sir William Berkley, the governor, neglecting and refusing to afford aid, Nathaniel Bacon, a brave young planter and a leading, high spirited man, independent of a commission collected a force of over five hundred men to drive back the savages. While thus engaged, Berkley proclaimed him to be a traitor and at the head of a small army undertook to arrest him, and suppress his authority. For some time, and by different oppressive acts, Berkley had made himself obnoxious. He had little regard for popular rights. One of his utterances, in 1671, was, "Thank God, there are no free schools nor printing press; and I hope we shall not have these hundreds

of years; for learning has brought disobedience, and heresy, and sects into the world, and printing has divulged these, and libels against the best government." Holding such views, overthrowing the representative system, and ruling with rigor and intolerance, it is no wonder that a large portion of the people turned against him, and being in sympathy with Bacon put themselves under his leadership. The revolt, known as "Bacon's Rebellion," 1676, involved Virginia in a civil war which brought desolation to many plantations, and great distress throughout the colony.

While Berkley with his force occupied Jamestown, Bacon marched against him, and drove him away, but learning erroneously that Berkley was about to be reinforced by troops that had arrived from England, and fearing that he could not hold the place he set fire to the town on the evening of September 30, 1676. The work of destruction was complete. The conflagration swept away, or left in blackened ruins, the church, the State house, the eighteen brick houses, and the remainder of the dwellings consisting of numerous log cabins.

Nothing now marks the site rich in historic associations, —the birthplace of the Old Dominion, the cradle of Afro-Americans,—but fragments of grave-stones, and the crumbling tower of the church where the people of Jamestown sought spiritual refuge, and where Pocahontas was married.

Bacon with his command advanced to meet the enemy but he was stricken by one more implacable,—a deadly fever, and died October 11, 1676. With his death the rebellion ended. Many of his followers were executed, and many were punished by the confiscation of their property, by fines and imprisonment. Berkley's bloody and merciless revenge made him a universally hated man, and he was recalled in 1677.

Passing on to the accession of William of Orange and his wife Mary to the throne of England, in 1688,—Virginia experienced with other colonies the benefits of the new and tolerant reign. With it Virginia entered upon a period of greatly enhanced prosperity. At this time her population was fifty thousand. Twenty-five thousand were Negro slaves and to them chiefly was owing her prosperous business in staple products,—tobacco, corn, and cotton. Her military numbered nine thousand well drilled men in whose ranks Negroes were permitted to bear arms in defense of the Commonwealth; but not otherwise; for, the one-half who were White seeing the oppressed condition of the other half who were Black, and in thought exchanging places with them, naturally feared that a permission to have weapons at all times might encourage slave insurrections.

It is sufficient for the purposes of this book to give an outline of Virginia's history only thus far, and we turn now to other American colonies to note, briefly, that Negro slaves were introduced into some of them with their settlement, and into others soon after being settled, until each of the original thirteen possessed the institution of slavery. Its most profitable soil was in the South, where climate and productions were better suited to Negro labor, but as early as the year 1764 there were in the New England colonies about fifteen thousand slaves. Slavery soon died out in New Hampshire, its end there hastened by antagonistic enactments. In Pennsylvania, where the Quaker spirit of "Peace on earth, good will to men" prevailed, it found but little timber suitable for slave-pens but plenty later on and up to emancipation to make ties for the "under-ground railroad."

The Negro, in his colonial relations, was the White man's helper, his guardian, and military companion. His

labor was highly prized, and in times of danger his services as sentinel and soldier were accepted, and demanded. Among the Puritans, notwithstanding Plymouth Rock, there were those who bought, sold, and held slaves, and the Colored man made a good sentinel to stand outside the meeting-house door, to guard against Indian prowlers, while inside, preacher and people with sermon and psalm were vigorously fighting the devil. In scouting, in perilous out-post duty, he was made available, and in the various colonial wars, notably the long "French and Indian War," 1754–1763, his presence in the ranks was not only invited, but required.

The spirit of unrest which resulted in the colonies renouncing allegiance to England's sovereignty was antedated by a spirit of independence among the black serfs of America. Often this spirit rebelled under legal burdens heaped upon them to crush their desires for education, for greater religious advantages, and proper personal freedom. In Northern colonies these symptoms, which showed a craving for liberty, were more prominent than in the South, because under less restraint. Negroes, both slave and free, united in the New York riot of 1712, and with arms protested against their exclusion from school privileges, against denial of land ownership even to those nominally free, and unfair discriminations in courts of justice. Property was destroyed and lives lost before the uprising was suppressed.

Among evidences on record that Colored men were determined to breathe the air of freedom were suits instituted and won to secure personal liberty; and a petition of Felix Holbrook and a number of slaves, in 1773, to the Massachusetts House of Representatives, begging to be unshackled, and to be given the privilege of settling upon wild lands to make for themselves and families a livelihood by free

labor. After a year's delay their petition was granted by the Representatives, but was annulled by Hutchinson and Gage. Perhaps the action of these English governors inflamed the patriotism of Negroes in Massachusetts, and had some influence upon Crispus Attucks, who cut the Gordian knot of doubt and hesitation which bound people aspiring to be free, by crystallizing into action numberless patriotic appeals of pen and tongue, when he with Arnold Winkelried's spirit of heroism and sacrifice, and with stirring words of leadership, rushed upon the insolent foreign soldiers in Boston, fell a victim to his zeal and courage, and became the first martyr of the Colonies in opposing British oppression:

"Make way for Liberty"—he cried;
"Make way for Liberty"—and died.

Perhaps, too, Salem Poor, remembering General Gage as a man prejudiced against the Negro, was stimulated to help hold at bay his soldiers at Concord, and to dog them persistently back to Boston with his barking and biting rifle, and to use it against them at Bunker Hill.

Perhaps, in that same battle, Peter Salem, also regarding General Gage, his soldiers and backers, as enemies of the Colored race, was animated to fire his ammunition unsparingly, and to use his last round with fatal effect upon Major Pitcairn, when that British officer, who had led the attack upon the Americans at Lexington and Concord, mounted the parapet shouting—"The day is ours."

At all events, the colonial history of the Negro shows him to have been liberty-loving, a patriot, a minute-man and a steadfast soldier; and enough of a seer and reasoner to see, either immediate or remote, for himself or descendants, in struggles for American freedom, his own fore-ordained and logical liberty and independence. With these aspirations the Colored man kindled the camp fires of the Revolution.

CHAPTER II.

COLONIAL WARS.

COLONIAL WARS PRIOR TO THE REVOLUTION, AND FIGHTING ON FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS, INURE THE NEGRO TO DANGER, AND MAKE HIM A VALUABLE ALLY OF THE WHITE MAN.

The archives of the colonies afford documentary proof that Negro slaves, and free Negroes, were enrolled in the militia, and contributed no small share in warfare, defensive and offensive, against the Indians, French, and Spaniards. It is fair, then, to presume that each of the colonial wars had its quota of Colored people who experienced the terrors of Indian warfare, who felt the tomahawk and scalping knife,—or who stood between relentless savages and the White people, as bulwarks of protection.

Freedom was often gained by them for such military services, and a triple incentive was thus presented, self-preservation, preservation of others, and liberation from bondage. With such inducements the Negro was powerfully impelled to meet his crafty foe and risk the horrors of a torturous death.

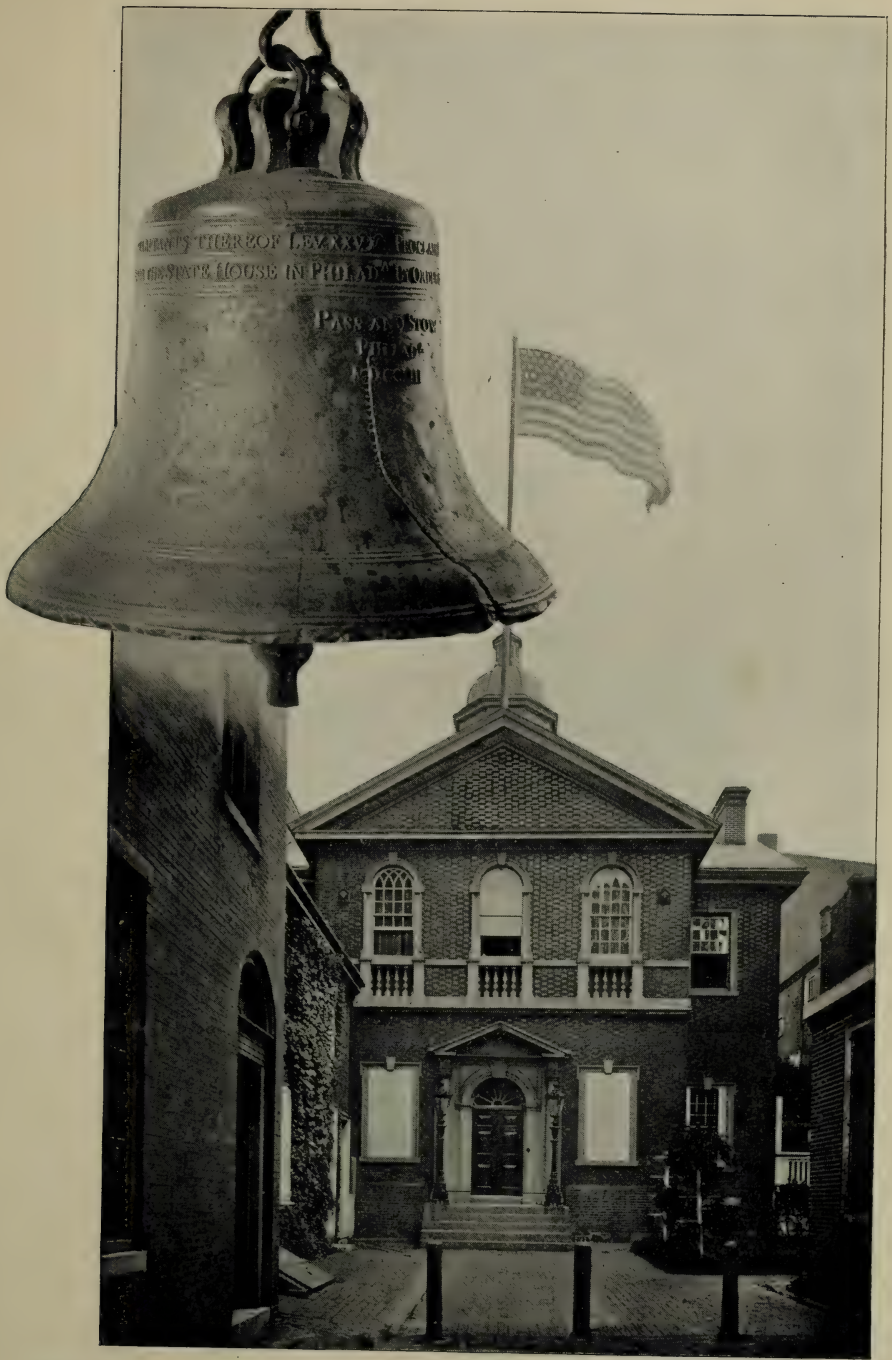
Slavery having been introduced into Connecticut before the Pequod War, it will be proper to notice this first New England struggle.

The settlers were exposed to the enmity of the Dutch, who laid claim to their territory, but their greatest danger

arose from the Pequod Indians, who, after the manner of savage warriors, showed their deadly hostility by lurking attacks in which even mothers and infants were not spared. The settlers, in self-protection, resolved to strike blows that would paralyze the enemy, and make secure their settlements and firesides. Accordingly, in 1637, the Puritans took up the gauntlet, surmounted obstacles and hardships sufficient to discourage a less determined people, and waged a warfare undertaken with prayer and conducted with religious zeal, which ended in the extinction of the hostile tribe. What might be called the finishing blow, was given on June 5, 1637, when the Puritans with allies from their brethren in Massachusetts, and friendly Mohegans and Narragansetts, making a force five hundred strong, commanded by Captains Mason and Underhill, attacked the Pequod stronghold on the Mystic river. The Pequods were surprised by a sudden onset. Thrown into confusion by its fierceness they uttered cries of "Owanux!" "Owanux!" (The English! the English!) and tried to withstand the assault, but were soon overpowered, and defeated with the loss of over six hundred slain. Sassacus, their chief, fled, and sought refuge among the Mohawks who refused him protection and put him to death. The tribe was so reduced by death and dispersion that it lost its unity and power, and gave the Puritans no further trouble.

Passing over minor contentions, King Philip's War begun in 1675 and continuing about fourteen months, next demands attention.

He was an Indian patriot, and much as we should deplore the fate of those upon whom his vengeance fell, his name deserves enrolment with heroes who fought for their country.



THE LIBERTY BELL OF INDEPENDENCE HALL.—CARPENTERS' HALL.

Metacomet, or King Philip, of Pokonoket, chief of the Wampanoags, was the son of Massasoit, who had befriended the colonists and was true to them to the last. When he died Philip succeeded him and became the most powerful Sachem in New England. For twelve years he maintained his father's friendship for the English, but he saw with sorrow the rapid encroachment of the pale faces who had increased to sixty thousand in New England, outnumbering the Indians by one-half. The breaking up of their fisheries, occupation of their hunting grounds, curtailment of their forest freedom, and other things threatening the possessions and existence of his people, aroused his hostility. His warriors were of the same mind, and not being bound, as Philip was, by a father's covenant, counseled him to drive back the White invaders and stop their usurpation, by a war, if necessary, of extermination.

There was an Indian among them who had become a convert to Christianity, and who, hearing of their proposed descent upon the Colonists, apprized the latter of their danger. He was detected as an informer by the watchful Wampanoags, and murdered. His death was avenged by the seizure of three of Philip's men, who were tried and executed. This gave occasion to Philip and his followers to throw off all disguise, and to begin a vindictive war.

Their first attack was made at Swanzey, Sunday, July 4, 1675, and many colonists were either killed or taken prisoners. Some escaped and spread the alarm, and the settlers were quick to retaliate. They pressed Philip and his men with such vigor that he fled into the interior of Massachusetts; but as he was skilful and diplomatic, he secured the co-operation of the Nipmucs, and soon, with fifteen hundred warriors, carried death and desolation far up

the Connecticut Valley. His policy of uniting all the New England tribes in the common cause of recovering their territory and stopping the spreading settlements of the colonists, was generally accepted, the Mohegans alone keeping out of the alliance, which extended until it numbered about 25,000 Indians. On October 29, 1675, he invested Hatfield with a thousand furious warriors, but was repulsed with great loss. Retreating towards Rhode Island, undaunted and inflexible in his purpose to wage a war that would destroy or expel his enemies, he found refuge with the Narragansetts. In sheltering and helping him they violated a treaty recently made with the colonists, and they were terribly punished for breaking it. At the close of the year they were surrounded in a swamp, in a camp with palisades, and attacked by the colonists, who, infuriated by the ravages inflicted by Philip, and burning for revenge over the butchery of settlers, old and young, male and female, now "fought fire with fire." In the battle a thousand Indian warriors were slain or captured, five hundred wigwams were burned with winter stores, and hundreds of old men, women and children perished in the flames.

Philip, however, escaped; rallied scattered fugitives, gathered new friends and forces, and renewed in the Spring of 1676 his work of destroying life and property. It was now a war to the knife. The New Englanders, resolved to break the power of the Indians, and secure immunity from future depredations and sacrifice of lives, pursued the savages with terrible earnestness, and in the conflicts of the year about three thousand of them were slain or brought into subjection. Philip, hunted like a wild beast, fled from one place to another, until it was impossible longer to escape. He was killed by a warrior of his own tribe whose brother

he had instantly shot dead for daring to propose submission. Deserting to the English, and thirsting for Philip's blood to avenge his brother's fate, the tribesman guided the colonists to Philip's lair, and then slew the great chief of the Wampanoags. "Thus ended," says Lossing, "King Philip's War and the power of the New England Indians. * * The result was vastly beneficial to the colonists, for the fear of the savages, which prevented a rapid spread of settlements, was removed. From this period may be dated the real growth of New England."

KING WILLIAM'S WAR, named after William of Orange, was the next colonial conflict. He was placed on the throne of England by a revolution in 1688, which deprived James the Second of the crown. Taking refuge at the Court of France the dethroned monarch obtained its assistance, and a war was declared against England, which continued from 1688 until 1697, involving the English colonies in America and exposing them, principally the settlements near the borders of Canada, whose governor was a subject of the King of France, to the desolation and horrors of French–Indian warfare.

On the 7th of July, 1689, Dover, New Hampshire, a frontier village on the Piscataqua, was attacked, and a reign of terror and suspense began, which was heightened by a midnight surprise and slaughter of the people of Schenectady, New York, on the Mohawk river, February 8, 1690, by the French and Indians. The town was set on fire, and by the light of the blazing buildings, men, women and children were massacred, a few escaping immediate death by captivity to risk a more frightful doom; and some by fleeing nearly naked through deep snow to Albany, twenty-five of whom were so badly frozen that they suffered the loss of limbs.

Salmon Falls (in New Hampshire), was also burned by another division of the French, with their Indian allies. Thirty-four of its inhabitants were killed and over fifty dragged off as prisoners, some of them being reserved for torture, to gratify savage cruelty.

These atrocities aroused a quick and resolute resistance, and expeditions were fitted out to carry the war into the enemy's country. One of these, under Sir William Phipps, a fleet of eight small vessels, with nearly eight hundred men, was sent by Massachusetts in May, 1690, against the French domain of Acadia. Port Royal surrendered, and the whole coast from there to Maine was soon in possession of the New England colonists. A second expedition, in which New York with New England sent two thousand men to march by way of Lake Champlain against Montreal and Quebec, and to co-operate with the naval force of Phipps, who was to sail up the St. Lawrence, did not meet with success, and its failure encouraged the French and Indians to boldly harrass and ravage the northern and western frontiers. No pen can describe the fear, the deprivations and the sufferings of the exposed settlers; no artist can depict the scenes of pillage and massacre. This condition of affairs was brought to a temporary close by a treaty between England and France—the peace of Ryswick, in 1697.

As one illustration of the trials endured, and fortitude shown, by the colonists in this war, the story of Mrs. Hannah Dustin may be cited.

She was taken prisoner at Haverhill, Massachusetts, with her nurse and infant child. The Indians killed her babe by dashing it against a tree, and dragged her away with other captives through the wilderness. When her husband, who had taken part of the family to a place of

safety, returned to his home to convey the wife and child to the same retreat, he found his house in ashes, his little one lifeless, and his wife beyond hope of rescue.

When a number of days had elapsed and the Indians had gone far enough to feel no fear of pursuit and had camped in a secure place, on an island in the Merrimac, two of them were left to take care of three women and some children. Mrs. Dustin was a woman of strong nerve, and when the savage guards had been reduced to the number mentioned she planned her escape, and persuaded her women companions to join her in the attempt. During the night each managed to get a tomahawk, and creeping up to the sleeping Indians slew them. They then hastened to retrace their way homeward, and fortunately found a bark canoe in which they descended the Merrimac, and eluding re-capture arrived at Haverhill to the great joy and surprise of those who thought that they were dead, or in hopeless captivity.

By the death of William of Orange, Queen Anne became England's sovereign. James the Second died in 1701, but the right of his son to succeed to the throne, instead of Anne, was maintained by the French king, who renewed hostilities against England on this account chiefly, and partly for other causes. Therefore, after a peace of scarcely five years, while the colonists were still suffering from the privations and sacrifices entailed by the previous struggle, they were again unwillingly drawn into war as a result of a foreign quarrel. In this contest, which began in 1702 and ended in 1713, known as Queen Anne's War, the New England people suffered the most. Its scenes and trials were repetitions in kind of King William's War.

Deerfield, in the Connecticut valley, was visited in the winter of 1704, (February), by a party of two hundred

Frenchmen, and nearly as many Indians, who had come all the way from Canada on snow-shoes to destroy the village. Their approach was stealthy as a panther's, and on nearing the neighborhood they concealed themselves in a forest until late in the night, when they rushed forth and fell upon the sleeping villagers with terrifying war-whoops, set fire to their dwellings, killed nearly fifty and made captives of over a hundred others. Among those taken prisoners was Rev. Mr. Williams, whose wife, Eunice, being too weak to travel, was tomahawked in the presence of her husband and children.

A very important event of the war was the capture again (1710), by the colonists, of Port Royal in Acadia, and the transfer of that province from French to English possession, the name being changed to Nova Scotia, or New Scotland; and that of Port Royal to Annapolis, in honor of the English queen. This acquisition gave to the New England fishermen who engaged in their occupation of catching cod and mackerel near the banks of Newfoundland, protection from the French, from whom the towns, islands and bays of that region were wrested.

Three years later, in April, 1713, by the treaty made in Utrecht, Holland, English possession of Hudson Bay, Newfoundland, and Acadia, was established, the French retaining Cape Breton Island, where they built a strong fortress named Louisburg.

The comparative peace which followed the treaty lasted about thirty years, during which time much progress was made by the English colonists in the growth of settlements, increase of population, and by the establishment of various new industries; but, in the spring of 1744 the war clouds formed in Europe again overshadowed the land, when the

quarrel between the French king and George the Second of England extended to their subjects in America, and gave rise to a conflict known as KING GEORGE'S WAR. It ended in 1748, and left the French shorn of a great deal of their pride by the capture of the fortress of Louisburg, which they had regarded as the Gibraltar of America. It withstood a siege for fifty days and then yielded to a combined attack by New England militia under William Pepperill and an English fleet commanded by Commodore Warren.

While these wars were giving trouble to the people of New York and New England, affecting Pennsylvania to some extent, the Southern colonies were not exempt from trials arising from them and by other contentions and bloodshed. Indian outbreaks were numerous, and the *Appalachians* in Georgia formed a league with the Spaniards of Florida, between whom and the American colonists near their territory there was strife that grew into warfare. The Spaniards then, as now, were imperious and unreasonable, and the South Carolinians chastised them in 1702 by attacking them at St. Augustine. The next year their Indian allies in Georgia were punished. In May, 1706, a number of French and Spanish vessels came to Charleston to avenge the insults which the Spaniards claimed they had received, but Spanish honor did not get the desired satisfaction, for the attack was repulsed, with a loss to them and their allies of nearly three hundred men.

The years 1712 to 1715 were a period of terror in the Carolinas, when the Tuscarora and Yemassee Indians ravaged settlements, burning villages and plantations and lonely cabins, and killing and scalping both White and Colored people. A league was formed, like that devised by King Philip of New England, to destroy southern colonists, and

all the tribes from Cape Feár to Florida were drawn into the scheme by the influence of the powerful and crafty Yemassees who had the Spaniards to instigate and support them.

In the early morning of April 15, 1715, the village of Pocotaligo and its surrounding plantations were attacked and nearly one hundred of the inhabitants were massacred. Those who escaped were pursued to Port Royal where they, with the people of that village, took refuge on board a ship in the harbor, and sailed to Charleston. Families of that region at a distance, who did not receive warning or who did not have time enough to escape with the others, were either killed or captured.

In the northern part of the territory exposed to the ravages of this league, Captain Barker and a troop of ninety men were ambushed, and many of them were slain. Another party, consisting of seventy White and forty Colored people, who had been compelled to surrender, were soon afterward murdered.

In the southern part, the savages also gained advantages until Charleston was in danger of destruction. Governor Craven, of South Carolina, a brave and energetic man, put the country under marshal law, gathered all the arms and ammunition within reach, and then, as Lossing states, marched against the Indians at the head of twelve hundred men, White and Black. Goodrich, the historian, also mentions that Craven enrolled trusty slaves for this campaign. These, and other authorities, prove that in those distant days Colored men were soldiers in the southern colonies and did hard fighting, for Governor Craven did not stop with defensive operations. He was also aggressive, and fought the Indians to crush their league and make them powerless to

FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, MASS.

OLD STATE HOUSE, BOSTON.

renew it. A hotly contested and very destructive battle, in which Colored men under him helped to win a victory, was fought on the banks of the Salkehatchie where he attacked the Indians in their camp. "Here was fought," says Goodrich, "one of the most severe and bloody battles ever waged in the provinces, and the issue was for a time doubtful. * * * At last the Governor was victorious. He drove them from their camp, pursued them across the Savannah river, and slew great numbers. The few who survived went to Florida, and joined the Spaniards."

Another historian says: "After several bloody encounters he drove them across the Savannah river in dismay, and they did not halt in their rapid flight until they found refuge under the Spanish cannons at St. Augustine." Four hundred colonists, White and Colored, were killed in this war.

In this, as in other colonial struggles, the Colored man proved himself to be not only a brave soldier but also a good protector. The picture in this chapter illustrates an instance of his devotion to his dead master's family. Returning from a distant field he heard cries of distress coming from the planter's home, and cautiously approaching it, he surprised two Indians who had killed his master and who were about to kill or carry off the mother and children. He leaped upon the savages with the spring of a tiger, and with a small axe which he carried, slew them. Then, fearing that others might be near, he quickly conveyed his mistress and her children to a place of safety, carrying one and leading another.

A later war, 1759 to 1761, in which the Carolinians engaged against the Cherokee Indians, enrolled among the

colonial soldiers Francis Marion, Christopher Gadsden and Henry Laurens, who became famous in the Revolution. Perhaps the last named, who advocated the organization of a Negro army in the War of Independence, had his confidence in Colored soldiers established by what he saw of

A COLORED PROTECTOR OF A DEAD PLANTER'S FAMILY.

them, and by what he heard of their conduct, in wars with the Indians.

As this chapter is a mere glance over the extended field of colonial struggles prior to the Revolution, just enough to prove the soldierly worth and heroism of Colored men who

fought Indians, French and Spaniards in the defense and upholding of the structure which was the foundation of the American Republic, it will conclude with a brief account of the conflict known as THE FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR. This struggle, unlike previous ones with the French, originated with the French and English colonists in disputes over boundary lines and territorial possessions, and its outcome was the establishment of England's supremacy in America, and the formation and strengthening of a colonial union which in the near future supplanted that supremacy with its own.

The first blood shed in this long and terrible war was on May 28, 1754, near a place called the Great Meadows, when a portion of the command of MAJOR GEORGE WASHINGTON surprised an advance party of the French, killing their leader Jumonville and some others. At that time Washington had built a fort, naming it *Necessity*, and was awaiting reinforcements so as to push on towards the site of Pittsburg, Pa., which was then occupied by Fort du Quesne, a French stronghold. His force was not strong enough to succeed. In the following year he took part, as colonel, in General Edward Braddock's expedition, which was fitted out to capture Fort du Quesne, and establish English occupancy of that region.

On the 9th of July, 1755, when within a few miles of the coveted fort, the advance of the little army was assailed on the north side of the Monongahela River by the French and Indians. Bullets and arrows fired by the hidden foemen gave warning to Washington and others with him, who were practiced to meet such warfare, to fight them in the same way, by taking cover; but General Braddock, an Irish officer of the English army, who had won distinction in

Europe by fighting according to regular tactics, refused to accept Washington's modest advice. He haughtily rejected Washington's offer to take the lead with his Virginia Blues to dislodge the unseen enemy, and marched on, in his own way, to a disastrous defeat, losing nearly 800 men killed and wounded, while the enemy lost scarcely fifty.

Braddock had five horses shot under him, and received at last a mortal wound in his right side. Washington, whose life seemed to be charmed, had two horses slain under him, and four bullets were shot through his clothing, but he did not receive a wound. It is recorded by Goodrich, and mentioned by other historians, that not long after the battle an Indian warrior stated that Washington was not born to be killed by a bullet; for he had seventeen fair shots at him with his rifle, and yet, after all, he could not hit him. Such a sentiment, observes the historian, whether really uttered by a savage or invented for the occasion, seems to have been prophetic.

When the brave but rash General Braddock fell, the command devolved upon Washington, who threw his Virginians between the whooping savages and yelling Frenchmen, and the demoralized and bewildered English soldiers, and succeeded in conducting an able retreat.

Probably the last survivor of the men who participated in Braddock's campaign was a Colored man named Samuel Jenkins, a slave of Captain Breadwater of Fairfax, Virginia. He died in 1849, at the age of 115 years, and a notice of his death and this circumstance was published in the *Gazette* of Lancaster, Ohio, in February of that year.

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The following is a list of the principal battles, with their dates, of the French and Indian War:

1754—Great Meadows, May 28th; Fort Necessity, July 4th. 1775—Fort Beausejour, June 18th; Fort Gasperau, June 17th; Monongahela (Braddock's defeat), July 9th; near Lake George, September 8th; head of Lake George, September 8th. 1756—Oswego, August 14th. 1757—Fort William Henry, July 9th. 1758—Near Ticonderoga, July 6th; Ticonderoga, July 8th; Louisburg, July 26th; Fort Frontenac, August 27th; Alleghany Mountains, September 21st. 1759—Fort Niagara, July 25th; Montmorenci, July 31st; Plains of Abraham, September 13th. 1760—Sillery, near Quebec, April 28th.

A treaty of peace was concluded at Paris, February 10, 1763, and the long conflict closed which had involved all the colonies and knit them together, giving to them military spirit, power and practice which prepared them to wage soon a war for Independence. The Colored men of that period who were permitted to bear arms, to accompany troops as servants and teamsters, or who stood guard over the homes and families of absent soldiers, gained by exposure to danger and by the discipline of war a valuable experience; and many of the rifles which they used in the French and Indian War were carried into the conflicts of the Revolution; and younger members of their race who had grown to manhood since the deaths of Jumonville, Braddock, Wolfe and Montcalm, excited to patriotism and valor by the narrations of their veteran fathers, stood ready to fall into ranks at the first martial tap of the Liberty Bell.

CHAPTER III.

THE BOSTON MASSACRE.

CRISPUS ATTUCKS LEADS AN ATTACK UPON AGGRESSIVE BRITISH SOLDIERS, AND IS THE FIRST ONE SLAIN BY THEIR FIRE. THE VICTIMS BURIED WITH IMPRESSIVE CEREMONIES.

The spirit of rebellion against the oppressive policy of Great Britain was outspoken in New England, and the people of Massachusetts had incurred, in a high degree, the displeasure of King and Parliament. To cow them into submission royal troops were sent to Boston, numbering seven hundred, under General Gage. They increased the ill will of the citizens by marching in on Sunday with much display and noise, by taking possession of the Common for a camp-ground; and the State House and Faneuil Hall for other purposes. Their imperious demands also incensed the Bostonians, and were either quietly disregarded or peremptorily refused, with disdain.

The people felt that they were intruders, and mercenary hirelings, and were so greatly annoyed and insulted by their presence, their planted cannon, their challenges, that even the boys took every opportunity to express their dislike, applying to the Red Coats the derisive epithet of "lobsters." The populace chafed under this foreign military surveillance, and there were frequent protestations and wordy encounters. The quarreling at last came to blows. On Friday, March 2,

1770, some citizens were severely beaten by the soldiers. The city was thrown into a ferment of indignation. The excitement reached such a tension that it foretold a serious popular outbreak if the soldiers should give another occasion for resentment. The people were disposed to take matters in their own hands. They had heard speeches, and read inflammatory appeals by prominent counsellors, suggesting different means by which to rid Boston of military occupation, but, it remained for them, as usually it falls to the lot of the common people, to take action, to make the first bold stroke for local relief, and to start the avalanche that should crush and sweep away British domination in America.

It was destined that a Mulatto should lead the way to liberty. His name was Crispus Attucks, and at the time of his death he was about forty-seven years old. He was a man of powerful frame, six feet and two inches in height. He ran away from his master, William Brown of Framingham, Mass., on the 30th of September, 1750. In his wandering he had come to Boston, and having broken his own shackles was ready to help White men break theirs, not by getting them to run away from their British masters, but by inducing them to make their masters do the running. He was in the excited crowd that gathered on King Street, Monday evening, March 5, 1770, and was not backward in expressing his opinion of the troops and their efforts to bring Americans under disgraceful subjection.

The soldiers in their barracks, after the affair of the previous Friday, had talked each other into an ugly spirit of revenge, and had decided to teach the Bostonians a bloody lesson of respect to their sovereign and honor to their regiment. A description of the scene which they made, with its immediate events (condensed from *Bancroft*), is as follows:

Evening came on. The young moon was shining in a cloudless winter sky, and its light was increased by a new-fallen snow. Parties of soldiers were driving about the streets, making a parade of valor, challenging resistance, and striking the inhabitants indiscriminately with sticks or sheathed cutlasses.

A band of them rushed out from the barracks in Brattle Street, armed with clubs, cutlasses, and bayonets; this provoked resistance, and an affray ensued. An ensign at the gate of the barrack-yard cried to the soldiers, "Turn out, and I will stand by you; kill them; stick them; knock them down; run your bayonets through them." One soldier after another leveled a firelock, and threatened to "make a lane" through the crowd.

Just before nine, as an officer crossed King Street, a barber's lad cried after him, "There goes a mean fellow who hath not paid my master for dressing his hair;" on which a sentinel left his post, and with his musket gave the boy a stroke on the head which made him stagger and cry for pain.

The street soon became clear, and nobody troubled the sentry, when a party of soldiers issued violently from the main guard, their arms glittering in the moonlight, and passed on hallooing, "Where are they? Where are they? Let them come!"

"Soldiers, spare my life," cried a boy of twelve, whom they met.

"No, no; we will kill you all," answered one of them, and knocked him down with his cutlass. They abused and insulted several persons at their doors and others in the street, running about like mad men in a fury, crying, "Fire!" which seemed their watchword, and "Where are

DEATH OF CRISPUS ATTUCKS.

they? Knock them down." Their outrageous behavior occasioned the ringing of the bell at the head of King Street.

The citizens, whom the alarm set in motion, came out with canes and clubs; a body of soldiers also came up, crying, "Where are the cowards?" and brandishing their arms. From ten to twenty boys came after them.

"There is the soldier who knocked me down," said the barber's boy, and they began pushing one another towards the sentinel. He loaded and primed his musket.

"The lobster is going to fire," exclaimed a boy. Waving his piece about, the sentinel pulled the trigger.

"If you fire, you must die for it," said one who was passing by.

"I don't care," replied the sentry; "if they touch me I will fire."

"Fire away," shouted the boys, persuaded he could not do it without leave from a civil officer; and a young fellow spoke out, "We will knock him down for snapping;" while they whistled through their fingers and huzzaed.

"Stand off," said the sentry, and shouted aloud, "Turn out, main guard!" "They are killing the sentinel," falsely reported a servant, running to the main guard.

"Turn out; why don't you turn out?" cried Preston, who was captain of the day, to the guard. A party of six formed with a corporal in front, and Preston following. With bayonets fixed, they haughtily rushed through the people, upon the trot, cursing them, and pushing them as they went along. They found about ten persons around the sentry, while about fifty or sixty came down with them.

"For God's sake," said a citizen, holding Preston by the coat, "take your men back again; if they fire, your life must answer for the consequences."

"I know what I am about," said he hastily, and much agitated.

None pressed on the soldiers nor provoked them, till they began loading, when a party of about twelve in number, with sticks in their hands, moved from the middle of the street, where they had been standing, gave three cheers, and passed along the front of the soldiers, whose muskets some of them struck as they went by. "You are cowardly rascals," said they, "for bringing arms against unarmed men. Lay aside your guns, and we are ready for you. Come on, you lobster scoundrels; fire, if you dare; we know you dare not."

Just then one of the soldiers had his musket struck with a stick thrown, and the word "Fire" being given, he stepped a little on one side, and shot a Mulatto. The rest fired slowly and in succession on the people who were dispersing. One aimed deliberately at a boy who was running for safety. Three persons were killed; eight were wounded, two of them mortally.

So infuriated were the soldiers that, when the men returned to take up the dead, they prepared to fire again, but were checked by Preston, while the twenty-ninth regiment appeared under arms in King Street, as if bent on a farther massacre. "This is our time," cried the soldiers; and dogs were never more greedy for their prey.

The bells rung in all the churches; the town-drums beat. "To arms! To arms!" was the cry. Now was to be tested the true character of Boston. All its sons came forth, excited almost to madness; many were absolutely distracted by the sight of the dead bodies, and of the blood which run plentifully in the streets, and was imprinted in all directions by the foot-tracks on the snow.

"Our hearts," says Warren, "beat to arms, almost re-

solved by one stroke to avenge the death of our slaughtered brethren; but they stood self-possessed, demanding justice according to law. The people would not be pacified till the regiment was confined to the guard-room and the barracks; and the governor himself gave assurance that instant inquiries should be made by the county magistrates."

An account by another writer states: "Led by CRISPUS ATTUCKS, the Mulatto slave, and shouting, 'The way to get rid of these soldiers is to attack the main guard; strike at the root; this is the nest;' with more valor than discretion they rushed to King Street, and were fired upon by Captain Preston's company. CRISPUS ATTUCKS was the first to fall; he and SAMUEL GRAY and JONAS CALDWELL were killed on the spot. SAMUEL MAVERICK and PATRICK CARR were mortally wounded. The excitement which followed was intense. The bells of the town were rung. An impromptu town-meeting was held, and an immense assembly was gathered."

Hawthorne says: "A gust of smoke overspread the scene. It rose heavily, as if loath to reveal the dreadful spectacle beneath it. Eleven of the sons of New England lay stretched upon the street. Some, sorely wounded, were struggling to rise again. Others stirred not, nor groaned, for they were past all pain. Blood was streaming upon the snow; and that purple stain, in the midst of King Street, though it melted away in the next day's sun, was never forgotten or forgiven by the people."

The bodies of Attucks and Caldwell, who had no homes in the city, were taken to Faneuil Hall, which was again in charge of the citizens, and which became known as the "Cradle of American Liberty." It had been used by the British for a theater, and now the curtain arose upon the

first act in the great drama of the Revolutionary War; a tragedy following farcial attempts to belittle and humiliate a noble people capable of self-government.

Residents of Boston, and throngs of visitors who came in from the surrounding country, towns and villages, congregated from early to late hours at the Hall, and at the homes of Maverick and Gray, and at the homes of the wounded, to express their sympathy, their pity, their admiration, towards the stricken; and their detestation for those who had caused innocent blood to be shed. They conferred with one another in subdued but earnest conversation, and strengthened each other with the pledge that the blood of these martyrs should be the seed of Liberty's redemption, feeling deeply the sentiment that

"They never fail who die in a good cause:
The block may soak their gore, their heads may sodden in the sun,
Their limbs be nailed to city gates and castle-walls:—
But still their spirits walk abroad. Though years elapse and others share as dark a doom,
They but augment the deep and swelling flood which overpowers all others,
And bears the world at last to Freedom."

Wednesday, March 7th, was the day of the funeral. It was an occasion which drew together a larger number of mourners and sincere sympathizers than ever had been seen before in America. The hour having arrived for the procession to move it was formed amidst the solemn sounds of tolling bells and muffled drums. The hearses from Faneuil Hall, bearing the remains of Attucks and Caldwell, were joined in King Street, where the massacre had occurred, by the hearses with the remains of Maverick and Gray, the first from his mother's house in Union Street, and the second from his brother's in Royal Exchange Lane. Marching six abreast, accompanied by very many coaches filled with min-

isters, officials, and other distinguished people, the long column proceeded slowly to the Middle Burying Ground, where, side by side, in one grave, brothers in death and sepulture, these four victims were buried; their mangled bodies committed to the tomb, but not to forgetfulness, with fervent prayers and eloquent addresses; words which lingered in memory and furnished fire-side themes for patriots and their children brooding over political wrongs, told and retold, not only there in the glow and warmth of home-life, but afterwards by those same sires and sons in camp, on the march and on the battle-line; to be handed down to other and all succeeding generations of Americans, teaching purest patriotism and inculcating an irrepressible love of Liberty.

On the memorial stone placed over the grave these lines were inscribed:

> Long as in Freedom's cause the wise contend,
> Dear to your country shall your fame extend;
> While to the world the lettered stone shall tell
> Where Caldwell, Attucks, Gray and Maverick fell.

This event foreshadowed the Revolution. "From that moment," said Daniel Webster, "we may date the severance of the British Empire." Its effect was far-reaching, touching every colony, and stimulating in each the yearning for a free government. It provoked discussion and comment, and evoked resolutions and actions which led to a severance of the colonies from the British Empire. On each recurring anniversary a commemoration was observed, and it was an epoch-making day in Massachusetts until the Fourth of July took its place, in the birth of the Republic.

John Hancock, who became President of the Continental Congress in 1775, and in 1776 as President signed the Declaration of Independence, was the orator on the

fourth anniversary, March 5, 1774, and in his impassioned address showed how public opinion was formed against British cruelty coupled with tyranny, and popular desires for freedom were fostered, by an outlook from that point of view. In hurling maledictions against the perpetrators of the Boston crime he asks: "Do not the injured shades of Maverick, Gray, Caldwell, Attucks and Carr attend you in your solitary walks; arrest you in the midst of your debaucheries and fill even your dreams with terror?"

When the great issue, conceived under the over-shadowing influence of the Boston martyrs, and long struggling for birth, attained a happy delivery at the hands of the immortal Signers; and Liberty Bell hung ready with its prophetic inscription—"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof" to herald the nativity of the American Republic; and the old sexton stood in the tower waiting for a signal from the Congress below to send out the glad tidings on waves of joyful sound; and his little son at last came running, and shouting "Ring! Ring! RING,"—those feeble limbs had light work to do. The bell seemed to swing by supernatural power,—for he was assisted by spirit hands, stretched out long and eagerly, from the tomb of Crispus Attucks.

Note.—It is stated by some historians that Attucks formed the patriots in Dock Square, whence they marched to King Street, to attack the British soldiers; and that he was killed by Montgomery, one of Preston's soldiers, receiving a ball in each breast. Washington, when he made the rounds of his intrenchments at Boston on the sixth anniversary of the Massacre, said to his men: "Remember it is the 5th of March, and avenge the death of your brethren."

CHAPTER IV.

LEXINGTON AND CONCORD. THE BRITISH RETREAT.

FIRST ARMED ENCOUNTERS BETWEEN AMERICANS AND THE BRITISH FIND COLORED PEOPLE IN THE RANKS OF THE PATRIOTS.—PETER SALEM HELPS TO DRIVE THE BRITISH BACK TO BOSTON.

General Gage, commander-in-chief of the British forces in New England, was declared to be an "inveterate enemy" of the American people by the Provincial Congress which convened at Cambridge, Massachusetts, after it had met with ninety delegates at Salem, Oct. 5, 1774. John Hancock was its President.

Although close now to Boston, and within easy reach of Gage, the delegates did not hesitate to voice defiant feelings, and to prepare by legislation to form an army, to resist the English monarch and his minions in their acts of usurpation.

There were then three thousand British soldiers in Boston, at the beginning of April, 1775. Undeterred by their presence, the exasperated Americans secretly carried on in the city, and openly outside of it, co-operative preparations for armed resistance when it should become necessary to meet their enemies in mortal combat.

Gage learned that the Americans had made Concord, a village sixteen miles northwest of Boston, a depot for ammu-

nition and other military stores, and fearful of the gathering storm and hopeful of scattering it, determined to deprive them of their lightning, thunder and hail. He did not foresee that his actions would only invite and precipitate a tempest that would smite with the thunder-bolts of popular wrath the soldiers sent to do his bidding, and rage for years to come.

On Tuesday night, April 18, 1775, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn, with about eight hundred men, departed as secretly and quietly as possible to surprise the Americans, capture their prominent leaders, notably Hancock and Adams, and seize the supplies at Concord. The sleepless eyes of patriots in Boston had, however, watched every movement, and Gage's plans were known before they were executed. Dr. Joseph Warren was one of the vigilant men who stood guard over their country's welfare, and Paul Revere was another. The first sealed his devotion to liberty with his life's blood a few weeks later at Bunker Hill; the second leaving Boston to alarm his endangered countrymen, and give them time to rally for resistance, made the famous night-gallop which gave to Longfellow an immortal subject for his poem—"Paul Revere's Ride."

About the hour when the British were leaving Boston, expecting to steal a march upon their prey, Revere and his companion had reached Lexington, on the way to Concord, and aroused the sleeping inhabitants. The Minute Men lost no seconds in getting together to meet the British, and the rising sun of April 19, 1775, saw fathers, sons and brothers, imbued with hallowed zeal, arrayed on the village green to offer themselves as a breastwork and as a sacrifice for their country's cause.

Eighty men stood in line and did not flinch from duty

INTERIOR OF INDEPENDENCE HALL.

when the large, well-armed force of the British drew near at daybreak. Major Pitcairn was surprised to find his march intercepted by a party of resolute patriots, and riding forward with an oath, shouted angrily, "Disperse, you rebels! Throw down your arms and disperse!"

The Americans paid no attention to his commands, except to compress their lips, to grasp their guns more firmly, to look steadily at the foe, and await the order to fire.

Pitcairn, seeing that the Americans were not to be frightened away by his insolent words, ordered his men to open fire upon them, and in the fight which followed seven patriots were killed and nine wounded. Not being a match for their enemy, who outnumbered them ten to one, the Americans retreated.

The British then marched on to Concord, and destroyed the stores remaining there, consisting of flour, guns and ammunition.

The Concord Militia, which had retired at their approach to watch and wait for a chance to attack them at an advantage, being reinforced by Major Buttrick and his men, took the aggressive. The British fired upon them and killed two men, and a hot fight followed, in which Pitcairn found that he had stirred up a hornet's nest, and began a retreat on Friday, the 21st of April.

From the first skirmish at Lexington, which gave the name of the battle of Lexington to it and the series connected with it, Minute Men and militia of every class had been swarming from all parts of the adjacent country to the scenes of conflict, and the British saw that they were in danger of being hemmed in by the assembled and still-increasing force. The Americans, thrilled to desperation by the death of their compatriots, now boldly assaulted them,

menaced their escape, and forced them into a hasty retreat.

In retracing their march the British at first preserved military order, but became demoralized when at cross-roads, from behind dwellings, barns and other buildings, from trees, stumps and fences, a destructive fire was poured upon them, and they began to huddle together like a flock of driven sheep. The fusilade was continuous, and the Americans, who were all good marksmen, fired with destructive effect, killing and wounding nearly 250 British, and taking 28 prisoners, while their own loss was 84 killed and wounded, and 5 prisoners.

When the British got as far back as Lexington they met a reinforcement of nine hundred men sent from Boston to their assistance, but even with their largely increased force the retreat had to be continued, and at sunset the discomfited Red-coats were glad to reach Charlestown on the outskirts of Boston, pursued by the persevering patriots.

Among these fearless men, who harrassed the British, and depleted their number, was the Colored man, PETER SALEM, who added to his laurels at Bunker Hill by shooting the officer who commanded this expedition and at whose word of command the blood at Lexington and Concord was shed.

He had been a slave. His first owner was Jeremiah Belknap, of Framingham, Mass., who sold him to Major Lawson Buckminister, of the same town. On joining the army he became a free man, and fought like a freeman, faithfully and fearlessly, in defense of human rights. He served seven years in the companies of Captain John Nixon and Captain Simon Edgell, of Framingham, his birth and his burial place, where his memory is honored and cherished.

In April, 1882, that town made an appropriation of one hundred and fifty dollars to erect a memorial over his grave in the old burial-ground at Framingham Center: a fine granite stone with this inscription:

PETER SALEM,

A SOLDIER OF THE REVOLUTION,

DIED AUG. 16, 1816.

CONCORD, BUNKER HILL, SARATOGA

ERECTED BY THE TOWN, 1882.

It may be added, as everything concerning him is interesting, that he was married in 1783 to Katie Benson. After the war he located in Leicester. His last residence there was a cabin on the road to Auburn. His fondness for his native town caused him to return to it, where he died.

In the affair at Concord, and pursuit of the British to Boston, he was conspicuous. He bounded along with fiery zeal, often exposed to British shots, dodging from one place to another, to where he could take deliberate aim, and by his effective shooting helped to turn the retreat into a rout. Soon we shall see him standing his ground at Bunker Hill, and coming out of that illustrious conflict with a fame that is historic.

CHAPTER V.

THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

COLORED MEN SHARE IN THE STUBBORN DEFENSE OF THE HEIGHT, AND THE GLORY OF THE BATTLE.—PETER SALEM AND SALEM POOR DISTINGUISH THEMSELVES.—THE FORMER KILLS A BRITISH COMMANDER, MAJOR PITCAIRN.

The battle of Bunker Hill was fought on Saturday, June 17, 1775. It resulted in a retreat of the Americans from the advanced position taken, but was equivalent to a success for them, because up to spending their last rounds of ammunition they had repeatedly repulsed the British: and their unflinching courage in facing veterans of Europe, and holding their ground against repeated attacks of well-equipped and disciplined battalions, fired patriotic hearts throughout the colonies with pride, enthusiasm and determination. It gave to them the inspiration of a great victory.

In the foreground of the scene, standing where danger was greatest, emulating the example of that pure patriot and gallant volunteer, Dr. Joseph Warren,—poet and painter, orator and historian, have placed two Colored men, representatives of others of their race, who were also engaged in the battle.

One of these prominent figures is Peter Salem, discharging a deadly shot, point-blank, at Major Pitcairn; mentioned with especial praise by Hon. Edward Everett, in

a thrilling oration delivered on the occasion of dedicating General Warren's monument, in which the orator links his name with those most conspicuous in the fight, saying: "It is the monument of the day of the event, of the battle of Bunker Hill; all of the brave men who shared its perils,—alike of Prescott and Putnam and Warren, the chiefs of the day, and the Colored man, Salem, who is reported to have shot * * Pitcairn, as he mounted the parapet. Cold as the clods on which it rests, still as the silent Heaven to which it soars, it is yet vocal, eloquent, in their individual praise."

The companion figure is SALEM POOR, whose conduct was so heroic that it attracted marked attention, and challenged the admiration of all who witnessed his heroism, and gave rise to a petition now among the historic treasures of Massachusetts. It is dated, "Cambridge, Dec. 5, 1775," and is addressed "To the Honorable General Court of the Massachusetts Bay." It is signed by Colonels Jona. Brewer and Wm. Prescott; Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Nixon; Captains Jonas Richardson, Wm. Hudson Ballard and Wm. Smith; Lieutenants Eph'm Corey, Joseph Baker, Joshua Row, Josiah Foster and Richard Welsh; 2d Lieutenant Eben'r Varnum; Sergeants Eliphalet Bodwell and John Morton. It is endorsed, "In Council Dec. 21, 1775, —Read, and sent down. Perez Morton, Dep'y. Sec'y." The petition is as follows:

The subscribers beg leave to report to your Honorable House, (which we do in justice to the character of so brave a man), that under our own observation, we declare that a Negro man named Salem Poor, of Col. Frye's regiment, Capt. Ame's Company, in the late battle at Charlestown, (Bunker Hill), behaved like an experienced officer, as well as an excellent soldier. To set forth particulars of his conduct would be tedious. We only beg leave to say, in the person of this said Negro centers a brave and gallant soldier. The reward due to so great and distinguished a character, we submit to Congress.

How tried by fire these men were, and not found wanting in courage, endurance and lofty patriotism, let a truthful story of the battle tell.

Following the disastrous retreat of the British from Concord, the aroused Americans, coming in from all directions, increased the Continental forces to twenty thousand men, old and young, who invested Boston to confine the British there until they could strike them with an effective blow.

In May they were encouraged by very cheering news from the northern frontier—tidings of the capture of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, with spoils of one hundred and forty pieces of cannon, a large amount of ammunition and stores, a sloop of war and a schooner prepared for service on the lake. The expedition, which consisted of two hundred and seventy men, militia of Connecticut, Massachusetts and Vermont, the men from the latter being known as the "Green Mountain Boys," and led by Colonel Ethan Allen, was conducted by him, with Colonel Benedict Arnold next in command. They reached Lake Champlain, at a point opposite Ticonderoga, on the 9th of May. Having procured, with difficulty, enough boats to carry eighty-three men, and desiring to surprise the garrison before the break of day, they landed with this small force undiscovered on the morning of the 10th, and by a quick movement entered the fort, the sentinel snapping his musket at Allen and Arnold who marched in abreast, and then retreated from them. The Continentals gave three cheers, which brought the British from their bunks to a slight skirmish, and to hear Allen's bold command to surrender. "By what authority do you demand it?" asked the astonished British commander. "I demand it," replied Allen, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the

Continental Congress!" This was surely sufficient authority, and the officer surrendered without asking for specifications. The success of this great enterprise was enhanced on the 12th by the surrender of Crown Point to a detachment under Colonel Seth Warner, and both affairs were accomplished without any loss of life.

The patriots investing Boston were also glad to learn that in all the colonies the spirit of revolution and independence was active, from New England to Georgia, overturning royal authority, seizing arms and ammunition, and forming assemblies to consider and decide measures favorable to the common cause.

The Provincial Congress of Massachusetts, which sat in continuous sessions, presided over by General Joseph Warren, was unceasing in its efforts to organize a system of supplies, to raise a large amount of money on bills of credit, to organize and equip troops, and to appoint suitable officers, and an efficient Committee of Public Safety. Its seat was at Cambridge, close to Boston, at the time of the battle of Bunker Hill.

Boston stands on a peninsula, separated from Charlestown, which is on another peninsula, by the narrow Charles River. Copp's Hill on the Boston side, close to the river, commanded Charlestown, while Bunker Hill and Breed's Hill, on the Charlestown side, commanded Copp's Hill and Boston. The beleaguered British having received large reinforcements, which arrived by water, May 25th, commanded by Generals Howe, Clinton and Burgoyne, all experienced officers, and having now a compact and disciplined force of twelve thousand men, decided to extricate themselves from the Continental environment. Admiral Graves, with his war vessels, was there to co-operate with their land forces,

and together they expected an easy task of ridding Boston of the presence of the "Rebels."

Skirmishing became frequent between the Red-coats and Continentals, and the latter became aware of General Gage's intention to break their lines, to command the surrounding country, and to seize, if possible, John Hancock and Samuel Adams, who were to be sent to England to be hung as warning examples to other American revolutionists.

In order to anticipate the movements of the British Commander-in-chief (General Gage), the Americans, under their commander-in-chief (General Artemus Ward), strengthened their forces and fortifications on Boston Neck to keep the British bottled, and also determined to seize by a daring, secret movement, Bunker, or Breed's Hill, from which to smash "the bottle," or compel a surrender of its contents.

There were men to lead the eager patriots, Prescott, Putnam, and others, whose long experience in the French and Indian War, fitted them for hazardous attempts, and their coolness, courage and daring became infectious. The followers were no less brave when tried than their leaders.

On Friday night, June 16th, Colonel William Prescott, with 1,000 men, was sent into the Charlestown peninsula to execute the perilous task of fortifying one or the other, or both, of the heights mentioned. At dusk the troops chosen for this purpose paraded at Cambridge, and before they began their march towards Charlestown, which was near nine o'clock, prayer was offered in their presence by President Langdon of Harvard College, invoking God's blessing upon them, and asking His guidance and protection.

When they had marched as far as Charlestown Neck they were joined by General Putnam and Major Brooks, and men with wagons loaded with entrenching tools. From

FORTIFYING BREED'S HILL.

this point of juncture Prescott cautiously conducted the detachments to Bunker Hill, a round, smooth elevation, 110 feet high, where, after a brief consultation, it was decided to move on to Breed's Hill, which, though 35 feet lower, was 700 yards nearer Boston, and had a better command of the enemy they were seeking to dislodge. Some historians say that Breed's Hill was occupied by mistake, but this statement discredits the sanity of men who knew every foot of ground around Charlestown and Boston. They made no mistake; they were not men to lose their way after dark; they simply sought a better vantage ground and closer shots at the British. As Bunker Hill figured in the battle it gave its name fortunately to the conflict and thus made possible the writing of an enduring song—"The Sword of Bunker Hill," which never could have been written with the words "Breed's Hill," with equal harmony of sound and sense.

The patriots on Breed's Hill are not thinking, however, of poetry. They are marking the lines of, and throwing up, a redoubt, a strong earth-work fortification, in this instance, one about eight rods square and four feet high; and they are flanking it with a breastwork northerly towards the Slough. With spades, pickaxes and shovels, they are working like beavers, and the Colored man yonder by that tree appears to be as busy and as interested as the rest. Morning finds them toiling on, but with a great deal accomplished; and the British rubbed their eyes before taking a second look; for there, on that height overlooking them, like a thing of magic, "rebel" works have sprung up, defying and threatening them.

Now listen to the uproar in Boston, if you are with the patriots on Breed's Hill. Drums are loudly beating and fifes are shrilly playing, arms are rattling, and officers and

aides are dashing here and there to give and receive orders that will ere long teach the audacious Continentals not to venture again so near this lair of the cubs of the British Lion. The ships in the harbor—that began to fire at early dawn—are joined in their cannonade by batteries in Boston, but the firing is one-sided. The patriots are too busy to pay attention just yet to the plunging shots and bursting shells that fall among them, and they work on through the scorching-hot forenoon to complete their defenses, with the loss of only one man. They know that a greater trial of their courage is coming, and they are preparing for it. Extending his line to the right by throwing some troops into Charlestown, and to the left towards the Mystic River, by running a rustic breastwork made of rails and new-mown hay, Prescott feels able to make a strong defense of his position, but he needs many more men to hold his lines and make his battle sure. He therefore sends an urgent request to General Ward for reinforcements and provisions for his tired and hungry men; but that officer hesitates to risk a general engagement, and does not seem to see the necessity of quickly and strongly supporting the small force which he has thrown into an exposed and critical position. General Putnam goes in person to state the need of more men, ammunition and provisions, and Ward yields to the extent of ordering Stark at Medford with his 500 New Hampshire men to support Prescott, and he arrives at 2 o'clock. General Warren has also come upon the field to fight as a volunteer, declining to take Putnam's command at the rail-and-hay breastwork, and Prescott's at the redoubt, but chooses a place of greatest danger with the men at the latter place, cheered by them, and all along the line, for they know him to be a faithful and fearless patriot.

In the meantime the British have been busy. Their cannonade has been kept up incessantly, and during it boats and barges have been conveying grenadiers, light infantry, artillerists and field guns, from Boston over to Morton's Point, in front of the left of the Americans' position. There are between two and three thousand of them, and they are formed into two columns or divisions, General Howe commanding the one on the right and General Pigot the one on the left; Howe to advance along the Mystic River towards the rustic breastwork to force it and outflank and surround the American line; Pigot to ascend the hill and carry the redoubt.

As you look down upon them they appear to be conscious of their strength, and are taking things leisurely; resting and refreshing themselves before advancing to the attack. Up on the hill our preparations are still going on to resist the assault when it shall come, and over to the left, Putnam, who is with Knowlton and Stark, is here and there and everywhere, hurrying up recruits, dashing off to Bunker Hill, where the intrenchment tools have been taken, to see about fortifying that height, then back again, riding along the line with words of praise for some, and of rebuke for others. Those who are disposed to criticise him for trying to be omnipresent haven't time now, for the British are advancing. It is half-past 2 o'clock and dreadfully hot. On they come, marching like veterans, which they are, making an imposing appearance and one that would be terrifying to other than the very brave men who have to withstand the impending shock of their assault. This hill, with its defenders and assailants, is the focus of many eyes. Thousands of spectators have taken positions on steeples, house-tops and other high places in and around Boston, and with great

interest and suspense are watching the moving scenes—the terrible panorama of a desperate battle.

As Pigot's British advance within range, firing as they march up the ascent, the American militia in and near Charlestown gall them with a flank-fire, but those behind the breastworks and in the redoubt, by strict orders, hold their fire until they can cut down whole swaths of the enemy; and now, when his division is within eight rods of the redoubt, and Howe's division is within nine of the frail breastwork, the American officers give orders—"Ready boys, keep steady, take good aim, FIRE!" The volley that flashed from the redoubt to the Mystic River into the faces of the foe was a veritable blast of death. No wasted lead and powder. The British fall in platoons, and those not stricken stagger and recoil, but the loud and imperative commands of their officers—"Stand up to your work! FORWARD, Men!" hold the wavering ranks until a second and more destructive volley is received. There is now a close struggle, a rapid firing for a few minutes, the Americans making every shot count, when the British, unable longer to face such fighters, break in disorder and retreat in confusion, going back much quicker than they advanced. Some of them in their flight do not stop until they reach their boats.

The American officers, justly proud of their men for their firmness and conduct like veterans, though mostly militia with inferior arms and with but few bayonets, now move among them, praising them, cheering them, and thus stimulating them to perform greater deeds and to endure greater stress when the British should renew the assault with increased impetuosity. Peter Salem and Salem Poor, two of the Colored men who have made themselves prominent for courage in resisting the first assault, come in for a good

share of compliment and praise, and they feel like men with men. So also do their brave comrades, Titus Coburn, Barzilai Lew, Alexander Ames, Cato Howe, Seymour Burr, and other men of their race, who have fought under the broiling sun until their faces drip with black perspiration; colored not by their skin but by the pall of powder. Powder smoke in battle makes people one color and kin. A wave of cheering rolls along the American line, and it would be echoed from the house-tops of Boston if the sound were not deflected by British barriers. At the same time the Colored fifer Lew wets his lips, takes a long breath, and starts up "Yankee Doodle," the drums quickly responding; and martial music swelling in volume proves again

There's nothing makes the British run like Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Looking towards Charlestown Neck we see recruits for the Americans hastening to the front, but assistance now is much hindered by British vessels which sweep that isthmus with an incessant fire. Oh that Ward had sent a large reinforcement and plenty of ammunition sooner!

Looking down upon Charlestown itself we see a new feature added to the terrors of battle. The British have set it on fire with shells thrown from Copp's Hill, and its five hundred houses are being wrapped by a fast-spreading conflagration. Patriots who view it, some of whom see their own homes burning, feel its fire in their breasts, and with fire shining out of their eyes, impatiently wish for the British to come within their reach.

Their wish is gratified. Here they come again, firing as they advance, and provoking no reply until they are near enough, within a hundred feet, about forty steps, to get the full force and damage of a fire aimed at their breasts.

Many fall before it and others recoil, and while the American line stands without wavering, and needs no exhortation, that of the British breaks. Their officers gesticulate; they plead; they remonstrate; they threaten; they curse some of their faltering men, and strike others with the flat of their swords, driving them towards the Americans. All in vain. The veterans of Europe cower in the presence of American militia, and leaving some of their dead and wounded within a few yards of the flaming works they fall back in dismay and confusion, to their starting point.

Hear the Americans cheer! "Hurrah!" exclaimed Prescott. "If we drive them back once more they cannot rally again." Warren, Putnam, Stark and other leaders shower praises upon the brave men around them and extol them as heroes. The Americans are bound to win if—if what? If the powder holds out. There are men enough now in the redoubt and behind the breastworks to whip all the British at Boston, for each patriot in an hour has grown to be a giant, and has multiplied himself by courage and success to be equivalent to ten of the enemy.

General Gage raves in Boston, and can scarcely hold the glass through which he has witnessed the discomfiture of his picked troops. Clinton, on Copp's Hill, agitated by what he has seen, crosses over with reinforcements for Howe and Pigot. Three divisions advance now, from the south, east, and north-east, and when close receive a murderous volley from the Americans. They close up the gaps in their ranks, and urged by their officers, press on with fixed bayonets. The second fire of the Americans is not so strong. Some of them have spent their last grain of powder. A few have three charges left, and many only one or two. These are about gone now, and the British understanding

the meaning of the slackened fire and seeing only a few bayonets to oppose them, rush up to the works.

Now witness a scene of unexampled valor. Using their guns as clubs the Americans strive to repel them and strike against their enemies' bayonets until nothing but bare barrels remain in the hands of many. This unequal contest cannot be kept up, and the British force the works. As they are about to succeed, Major Pitcairn leaps upon a parapet and with great exultation exclaims "The day is ours!" Only a few patriots have a shot left, and one of them is the Colored American, Peter Salem. He sees the towering form of Pitcairn, hears his proud exclamation, and sharp order to surrender, and quick as a flash brings his gun to bear upon him and with his last load fires him out forever from the conflicts of Time.

It is nearly 4 o'clock. Prescott orders his stubborn men to retreat. They obey slowly and reluctantly. He remains among those who are last to leave. As they quit the redoubt a destructive volley is fired at them, and Warren, the matchless Warren, falls, shot through the head.

The redoubt having fallen, Stark and Knowlton retire their men slowly from their part of the line, one of them, Pomeroy, in spite of his three score years and ten, stops to load and fire, so as to give his country's enemies the remaining contents of his powder-horn and bullet-pouch, and keeps this up until his musket is shattered by a ball intended for him.

Back to Bunker Hill the Americans retreat, where Putnam, who had gathered some reinforcement, urges them to make a stand; but the works commenced there by him are so incomplete that it is deemed best to retire beyond Charlestown Neck, which is done, under the fire of British

pursuers, ships and batteries. At nightfall they encamp on Prospect Hill, under Putnam, while Prescott goes to headquarters at Cambridge, full of fight and faith, to beg for three regiments with which to return and recover the lost ground.

The Battle of Bunker Hill may be called an American victorious-defeat. The prestige of the conflict remained with the patriots, and its results for them amounted to a victory. General Gage, who doubtless thought it good policy not to exaggerate his losses, stated them to be 13 commissioned officers killed and 70 wounded, and 1,054 killed and wounded in all. The American loss in killed and missing was 145, and 304 wounded, in all not half that of the British.

Bunker Hill Monument, commemorating the events of that glorious 17th of June, stands on Breed's Hill, in the center of what was the redoubt enclosure. It is an obelisk of Quincy granite, 221 feet high, 31 feet square at its base and 15 at the top. Its foundations extend 12 feet under ground. The visitor can mount to a chamber, 11 feet in diameter, beneath the apex, by 294 stone steps, where he may see two cannons used in the Revolutionary War, named Hancock and Adams; and from the windows obtain magnificent views.

The corner-stone was laid June 17, 1825, the fiftieth anniversary, with impressive ceremonies, by General Lafayette, who was then on a visit to this country. Daniel Webster delivered the oration, and in the immense concourse who listened to it with rapt attention were forty survivors of the battle, and altogether two hundred of the Revolution. It was completed in 1842 at a cost of $150,000, and was dedicated June 17, 1843, Hon. Daniel Webster being again the orator of the day.

PETER SALEM SHOOTING MAJOR PITCAIRN.

When Afro-Americans see in reality, or in picture, this beautiful and interesting structure, and when their children study the story of Bunker Hill, they have great cause to be proud of that monument, for it is a memorial, in part, recognized in history, song, story and art, to the patriotism and valor of their own forefathers.

GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN.

This noble patriot was the last man to leave the redoubt when it became necessary for the Americans to retreat in the battle of Bunker Hill. He was killed almost instantly on or near the spot where the monument stands, by a musket ball; and as he fell, the Americans near him rallied for the defense and rescue of his body. One supported him as he gasped his last breath, and pushed aside a bayonet that was about to be plunged into his body, a British officer assisting to prevent this cowardly act. [*See illustration.*] At the time of his death he was only thirty-four years old, and died fighting as a volunteer, although he had received the commission of major-general three days before the battle. He was born in Roxbury, Mass., in 1741; was a graduate of Harvard College, and a physician of extensive practice in and around Boston; and both in his profession and private life he was greatly loved and respected. He had distinguished himself also by a bold resistance to England's oppression, and was the orator on the fifth anniversary of the death of Crispus Attucks.

Concerning his death, Mrs. Adams wrote: "Not all the havoc and devastation they have made has moved me like the death of Warren. We want him in the Senate; we want him in his profession; we want him in the field. We mourn for the citizen, the Senator, the physician and the warrior."

CHAPTER VI.

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY-SIX.

EVENTS OF 1775 INTENSIFY OPPOSITION AND LEAD TO THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.—OPERATIONS IN THE NORTH AND SOUTH AIDED BY COLORED MEN.—PRINCE WHIPPLE, A COLORED SOLDIER, HELPS WASHINGTON TO CROSS THE DELAWARE.—BATTLE OF TRENTON.

A continual strife, in the domestic relation, growing more active and bitter, will often induce a persecuted woman who has borne much on account of her ties and old affection, and who has tried hard to secure peace and her rights within the married state, to sue for divorcement, and be satisfied with nothing less. This was the condition of affairs, and the feeling, between England and the Colonial Union, when, seeing that the former was inveterate in domineering and determined to maintain tyrannical decrees by a fierce warfare, the latter dismissed all desire to remain in allegiance, even should there be a pretense of reform and a pledge of better treatment, decided to sever the political bonds, and to set up an independent household.

The death of General Warren, in the battle of Bunker Hill, and of General Montgomery, leading the attack upon Quebec, with the sacrifice of so many compatriots in the effort to correct British aggression, smothered a feeling of attachment for England, cherished by a number of Ameri-

cans, whose arraignment of her was for the purpose of securing rights, but not independence. The contention had gone too far for them to think of continuing to live under the same roof and of being subject to fitful outbreaks of imposition and chastisement, and they now believed that peace, protection and prosperity could only be secured by leaving the old home forever.

While there continued to be throughout the Revolution a class of troublesome royalists known as Tories, one of whom led, at midnight, the British General Gray to the camp of General Wayne, at Paoli, to massacre sleeping Americans, they were generally held in check through fear of the overwhelming sentiment of the colonies. In the South, where they were very numerous, Generals Marion, Moultrie and Sumpter made it hot for them; but they managed to give much aid and encouragement to the British, especially when the seat of war was transferred to the South, and an effort was being made, sanctioned by Congress and undertaken by Colonel John Laurens, to raise an army of Negroes. His father, Hon. Henry Laurens, ex-President of Congress, was heartily in favor of enlisting them, and had written to General Washington a letter containing this statement: "Our affairs in the Southern department are more favorable than we had considered them a few days ago; nevertheless, the country is greatly distressed, and will be so unless further reinforcements are sent to its relief. Had we arms for *three thousand such Black men* as I could select in Carolina, I should have no doubt of success in driving the British out of Georgia, and subduing East Florida before the end of July."

Colonel John Laurens, previously of Washington's staff, endeavored to persuade the Legislature of his native

State, South Carolina, to grant him permission and authority to recruit a large force of Negroes for the Continental army, and Alexander Hamilton, who stood high in the favor of Washington, expressed in a lengthy letter his views on the subject. One paragraph deserves particular notice: "An essential part of the plan is to give them their freedom with their muskets. This will secure their fidelity, animate their courage, and, I believe, will have a good influence upon those who remain by opening a door to their emancipation. This circumstance, I confess, has no small weight in inducing me to wish the success of the project; for the dictates of humanity and true policy, equally interest me in favor of this unfortunate class of men."

Great objection was made by the Tories against enlisting slaves for soldiers, both because of selfish interests involved and for the reason that their friends, the British, would suffer as described by Henry Laurens. They were ceaseless in prophesying rapine and slaughter by armed Negroes, and exerted a damaging influence, so as to thwart the hopes and plans of those favoring their enlistment. However, a large number of Negroes found a way to enter the patriot army of the South, as soldiers, teamsters, hostlers and cooks; and it was one of the latter who spread before Marion and the British officer who had come under a flag of truce to see him on official business, a dinner served on bark, consisting entirely of roasted sweet potatoes. The British officer, who was accustomed to having a variety of good things to eat, with other comforts, was very much surprised at the frugal meal, and when he learned that Marion and his soldiers thrived and fought on such a limited diet, he stated on returning to his fellow-officers that such men could never be conquered; resigned his commission, and returned to England.

The Tories of the South sustained about the same relation to the Government, in the Revolution, as the Tory faction of New England did in the War of 1812. They were moved by purely selfish motives. The latter went so far as to hold a convention of delegates from different States at Hartford, Connecticut, December 15, 1814, and in secret sessions denounced the Administration and plotted to put obstacles in the way of a successful conduct of the war. In both instances their opposition did not prevent a sufficient union of true Americans from advancing their ideas, and establishing them with victory.

Looking at the incipient struggle of the colonies, contending for a recognition of their rights, it will be seen that friends of liberty who were pronounced opponents to separation, became converted to the doctrines of Independence when oblations of patriotic blood began to be freely offered at its shrines; step by step they drew nearer, some quickly, others more deliberately, until they, too, knelt there in unison with the pioneer spirit of James Otis, of Massachusetts, and Patrick Henry, of Virginia. In denouncing the British Government for taxing Americans without their consent, and forcibly trying to execute their exactions, Otis, who was Advocate-General of the Provinces, declared in a general court at Boston, in 1765: "To my dying day I will oppose, with all the power and faculties God has given me, all such instruments of slavery on one hand and villainy on the other!" John Adams, who was present, said: "Then and there the trumpet of the Revolution was sounded—the independence of the colonies was proclaimed." Henry, in the same year in the Virginia Assembly, had asked: "What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of

chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!" He was a member of the First Continental Congress, which convened in Carpenters' Hall, Philadelphia, September 5, 1774, composed of fifty-one delegates; and with Washington and Adams, and its other great men, had united in commending the course of the people of Boston in their resistance to British oppression; in a "Declaration of Rights;" a covenant to abstain from commercial transactions with England; and in an appeal to its king.

Appeals had been in vain; "spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne;" and when the Second Continental Congress met in Philadelphia, May 10, 1775, animated by the spirit and purpose shown at Lexington and Concord, it resolved to raise an army of twenty thousand men. On the 15th of June following, two days before the battle of Bunker Hill, by a unanimous vote it appointed George Washington "Commander-in-chief of the forces raised, or to be raised, in defense of American Liberties."

Washington, whose superior military and other abilities were well known, accepted the commission with dignified modesty, thanking Congress for the confidence reposed in him, but said: "I beg it to be remembered by every gentleman in this room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with." Declining compensation for service, he added, "I will keep an account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, will be discharged; and that is all I desire."

Resigning his position in Congress he proceeded to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to meet the heroes of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill, and other patriots who had joined

their ranks. He arrived on July 2d, in the evening. On the next morning he formally took charge of the army. The troops paraded on the Common, and Washington, facing them, standing in the shade of a large tree since known in history as Washington's Elm, with his officers near him, read his commission, addressed words of encouragement to his men, drew his sword, and entered upon the command which brought him years of anxiety, of constant vigil, of almost insupportable burdens, of exposure to danger and death; but, as an offset to all, the inestimable honor of being "the Father of his Country."

He saw some dark faces in the ranks, which saluted him with respect, admiration and enthusiasm, and as a result of what he learned of them then, and by his own observations of Colored soldiers, he afterwards wrote from Cambridge, in the following December, to the President of Congress, "It has been represented to me that the free Negroes who have served in this army are very much dissatisfied at being discarded. * * * I have presumed to depart from the resolution respecting them, and have given license for their being enlisted."

General Gates seemed to have as poor an opinion of Negroes as the Americans had occasion later to have of him. In a recruiting order issued by him at Cambridge in July, 1775, he instructed his officers "not to enlist any deserter from the Ministerial army, nor any stroller (tramp?), *Negro*, vagabond, or persons suspected of being an enemy." This was ignoring the distinguished services of Peter Salem, Salem Poor, and other Colored men, and the kindly disposition of many free Negroes who were desirous of joining, or remaining in, the Continental army. It was also a rebuff to patriotic slaveholders who had offered to permit their slaves

to enlist and had promised them freedom for military service. Salem, Poor, Ebenezer Hills, and other Colored men, who were in the battles of Stillwater and Saratoga, might have remembered this stigma, and commented on the conduct of Gates, whose boasted laurels were won for him by others, and their opinion of him did not get to be any better when he joined the "Conway cabal" against Washington; and exchanged his "Northern laurels for Southern willows" in his dismal campaign in the South.

The first thing Washington did, after taking his place at the head of the army, was to reconnoitre the British position with his field-glass, and to learn all he could of the number and condition of British troops in Boston. He saw that they were strongly situated, their force large, and that they were well equipped and disciplined. His own army numbered about fourteen thousand men, who had but nine cartridges apiece, and who were very much in need of training. Many of his men were unfit for long service. Some were sick; some were gray-headed, and some had only down on the upper lip, grand-sires and youngsters trying to outvie each other in a race to the front to face with arms the foes of their country. They had received but little pay, many were poorly clad, and most of them had miserable shelter. From Roxbury on the right to the Mystic River on the left, a distance extending twelve miles, their line was stretched, their camps presenting a varied scene of weather-beaten canvas tents, board shanties, and huts constructed of logs, rails, stones and turf, and in styles that only Yankees could invent.

With this investment Washington strengthened his lines, and held the British in Boston. Their only way to get out, without exposing themselves to a destructive fire,

DEATH OF GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN.

was to go out by water. At first Washington did not feel able with his small army to drive them out by an attack, but later, having been reinforced, he matured a feasible plan to frighten them out or hold them at his mercy. In order to conceal his intended movement for this purpose, he diverted the attention of the British from the point he wished to gain by opening a heavy canonnade upon them from Cambridge and Lechmere's Point, and then, on the night of March 4, 1776, seized Dorchester Heights, in the opposite direction. General Thomas, with 800 armed men, and a large working party with necessary tools, crossed from Roxbury, silently ascended the Heights, and by morning had them fortified, their cannons commanding Boston and giving due notice to the astonished British to evacuate the city or take the consequences of a refusal.

James Easton, a Colored man, was one of this daring and successful party, who saw from the advantageous position secured, the consternation of the British, and witnessed with joy, on the 17th, their departure under General Howe, successor of General Gage. They sailed for Halifax, Nova Scotia, and with them went the families of fifteen hundred Tories who did not dare to meet patriotic Americans when they marched triumphantly into the city.

Having lost Boston, the British turned their attention to New York and Charleston, with the intention of visiting the South Carolinians first. The expedition for this purpose was commanded by Admiral Sir Peter Parker, and General Henry Clinton, whose land force numbered 2,800 men. Their fleet of two fifty-gun ships, four twenty-eight-gun frigates, and a number of other vessels, sailed from Cape Fear, and on June 4th anchored six miles from Charleston. Their first attempt (June 28th), was against the fort on

Sullivan's Island, since called Fort Moultrie, in honor of the commander who defended it, and which was situated at the entrance of the harbor. Its sixty pieces of cannon bravely served for ten hours, riddled and repulsed the British ships, and killed and wounded two hundred men on board, with a loss to the Americans of only ten killed and twenty-two wounded.

During the engagement, at its hottest period, the flag-staff was shot away, when Sergeant Jasper leaped over the parapet, secured the flag, and without being harmed by the shower of cannon balls, restored it to its place on the fort. For this fearless feat Governor Rutledge presented him with a sword.

The British having failed to reduce the fort, and to gain the harbor, sailed for New York where they joined General Howe from Halifax, and where, unfortunately for the American cause, they were more successful.

The successes, so far, of 1776, increased the spirit of independence, and all eyes centered on the State-House in Philadelphia, now known as Independence Hall. It was built in 1735, and its bell-tower put up in 1750. The bell made in England was cracked in importation in 1752, and was recast in America in 1753. Under its prophetic inscription—"Proclaim liberty throughout all the land and to all the inhabitants thereof," the second Continental Congress convened in May, electing John Hancock, of Massachusetts, to be its President. Its sessions were of all-absorbing interest, for its delegates were there to voice the spirit and demands of a great people determined to be free.

On the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, introduced a resolution "that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they

are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is and ought to be totally dissolved;" and this resolution he advocated with one of the most eloquent speeches ever uttered. It also prompted other distinguished men to make stirring and eloquent addresses, the 11th of June and the 1st of July being days of special interest in its discussion. On the 2d of July it was adopted by a large affirmative vote, and a committee was appointed to use it as a basis in drafting the Declaration of Independence, consisting of THOMAS JEFFERSON, of Virginia, JOHN ADAMS, of Massachusetts, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, of Pennsylvania, ROGER SHERMAN, of Connecticut, and ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON, of New York.

July the 4th, the Declaration, which was written principally by Jefferson, chairman of the committee, after having been duly considered paragraphically by the Continental Congress, was adopted at 2 o'clock in the afternoon by an unanimous vote, and the announcement of the decision by Secretary Thomas was followed by deep silence and solemn thought, which gave place to enthusiasm and joyful congratulation, as the peals of Liberty Bell made known to thousands of anxious citizens outside their declared freedom and independence, and brought immediate responses of loud acclamations, and firing of cannons. The popular excitement was unbounded and was continued at night with bonfires, illuminations, ringing of bells, and loud huzzas.

The Declaration of Independence begins as follows:

A Declaration by the Representatives of the United States of America in Congress Assembled, July 4, 1776.

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and

equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and, accordingly, all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But, when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having, in direct object, the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

Following these statements is a lengthy and specific detail of the wrongs imposed by Great Britain upon the American people, and then comes the conclusion:

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name, and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare, that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent States, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

This Declaration was signed on the day of its adoption by the President of the Congress, JOHN HANCOCK, and thus it went forth to the world. By order of Congress it was engrossed on parchment, and on the 2d of August it was signed by all the members then present, some of whom had been absent on the 4th of July. There were fifty-six signers, whose names and States are here appended:

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Josiah Bartlett, William Whipple, Matthew Thornton. MASSACHUSETTS BAY.—John Hancock, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert Treat Paine, Elbridge Gerry. RHODE ISLAND.—Stephen Hopkins, William Ellery. CONNECTICUT.—Roger Sherman, Samuel Huntington, William Williams, Oliver Wolcott. NEW YORK.—William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Francis Lewis, Lewis Morris. NEW JERSEY.—Richard Stockton, John Witherspoon, Francis Hopkinson, John Hart, Abraham Clark. PENNSYLVANIA.—Robert Morris, Benjamin Rush, Benjamin Franklin, John Morton, George Clymer, James Smith, George Taylor, James Wilson, George Ross. DELAWARE.—Cæsar Rodney, George Read, Thomas McKean. MARYLAND.—Samuel Chase, William Paca, Thomas Stone, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton. VIRGINIA.—George Wythe, Richard Henry Lee, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Thomas Nelson, Jr., Francis Lightfoot Lee, Carter Braxton. NORTH CAROLINA.—William Hooper, Joseph Hewes, John Penn. SOUTH CAROLINA.—Edward Rutledge, Thomas Heyward, Jr., Thomas Lynch, Jr., Arthur Middleton. GEORGIA.—Button Gwinnett, Lyman Hall, George Walton.

The Declaration of Independence meant war: war by Great Britain against the colonies in revolt, to bring them under subjection, and resistance by them to maintain their independence and the cause to which the Signers, representing the people, had pledged their "lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor."

There were many in Great Britain who were friends of the colonists, who were in sympathy with them, and who did not favor a war of subjugation. Enlistments were slow, and the British Government had to resort to hireling German soldiers, who went by the general name of *Hessians*, from the fact that the Prince of *Hesse* Cassel furnished most of

them. They are described as "ignorant, brutal and bloodthirsty; hated by the patriots, and despised by the regular English army. They were always employed in posts of greatest danger, or in expeditions least creditable. These troops cost the British Government almost eight hundred thousand dollars, besides the necessity, according to the contract, of defending the little German principalities thus stripped, against their foes."

These hirelings, so hated and feared, learned to have a dread of Colored soldiers, for the Black regiment from Rhode Island gave fifteen hundred of them, led by Count Donop, a terrible handling and repulse, in the heroic defense of Red Bank, New Jersey.

The British forces having assembled on Staten Island, New Jersey, near New York, with the intention of taking that city, which was now held by Washington's army, a disastrous battle for the Americans was fought August 27, 1776, on Long Island. Generals Sullivan and Putnam, with about 15,000 troops, were stationed at Brooklyn, and Howe crossed over to engage them with three divisions, two of which attacked the Americans in front, and one in the rear. His army was much the larger (about 30,000 men); was better armed and trained, and the American militia were at a great disadvantage. They fought bravely to cut their way out, losing many killed, wounded, and made prisoners, among the latter General Sullivan and Lord Sterling. Five thousand men of the American army were taken into the action and met the attacks of fifteen thousand of the enemy. On the 28th, Washington, who had entrusted the greater part of his army to subalterns, crossed from New York to extricate it from imminent peril of capture, and greatly exasperated, went as far in venting his disappointment and im-

patience, with strong expletives, as he dared to go for a pew-holder in the Episcopal Church at Alexandria, Va.

On the night of the 29th, taking advantage of a heavy fog, Washington skilfully withdrew his army from its perilous position to New York. It is stated that "he had been on horseback continually two or three days and nights, and had not closed his eyes in sleep for the whole time, and was, therefore, ill-prepared to endure the mortification of so severe a defeat."

In this battle the British total loss was 367, and that of the Americans 500 killed and wounded, besides losing 1,100 made prisoners, who were soon suffering dreadful horrors in prisons and prison-ships in and around New York. Among these unfortunates were Colored men. From an historical sketch, written by Rev. Theodore Parker, the following extracts are taken to substantiate the above statement:

"While the excavations for the vaults of a great retail dry goods store of New York were going on in New York, in 1851, a gentleman from Boston noticed a large quantity of human bones thrown up by the workmen. * * The skulls bore unmistakable marks of the race (African) they belonged to. They were shovelled up with the earth which they had rested in, carted off and emptied into the sea to fill up a chasm, and make the foundation of a warehouse.

"On inquiry, the Bostonian learned that these were the bones of Colored American soldiers, who fell in the disastrous battles of Long Island, in 1776, and of such as died of wounds then received. At that date, as at this, spite of the declaration that 'all men are created equal,' the prejudice against the Colored man was intensely strong. The Black and the White had fought against the same enemy, under the same banner, contending for the same 'unalienable right of life,

liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' The same shot, with promiscuous slaughter, had mowed down Africans and Americans; but in the grave they must be divided. On the battle-field the Blacks and Whites had mixed their bravery and their blood, but their ashes must not mingle in the bosom of their common mother.

"Now, after seventy-five years have passed by, the bones of these forgotten victims of the Revolution are shovelled up by Irish laborers, carted off, and shot into the sea, as rubbish of the town. Had they been White men's relics, how they would have been honored with sumptuous burial anew, and the prayers and preaching of Christian divines! Now they are the rubbish of the street!

"True, they were the bones of Revolutionary soldiers; but they were Black men. What boots it that they fought for our freedom; that they bled for our liberty; that they died for you and me?

"Three-quarters of a century have passed by since the retreat from Long Island * * and under the pavement of Broadway, beneath the walls of the Bazaar, there still lie the bones of the Colored martyrs to American Independence!"

From New York Washington retreated northward, and the British took possession of it September 15th. At White Plains, twenty-seven miles from the city, there was an engagement on October 28th, after which, the British being reinforced, Washington deemed it prudent to retreat to North Castle, five miles away. From there he proceeded to cross the Hudson. Forts Washington and Lee falling into the hands of the British, he continued his retreat through New Jersey towards Philadelphia, followed by Lord Cornwallis. When he crossed the Delaware, at Trenton, December 8th, the number of his effective men had been

reduced to three thousand, and these were in a very destitute condition for want of sufficient food and clothing.

So dark and hopeless seemed the prospects of the Americans at this time, and so elated and confident were the British, that Cornwallis returned to headquarters at New York, leaving the task of winding up Washington's career to some of his officers, who boasted that they could do it "with a corporal's guard."

In the midst of all this discouragement, Washington remained hopeful, cheerful and serene, with faith in Heaven and confidence in the final triumph of his country's cause; and he accomplished a feat that immediately brightened the American outlook. In this great achievement two Colored men are prominent actors, one with Washington, and the other with Colonel Rahl and his Hessians.

It was Christmas night, 1776; a time for good cheer and feasting, and on the New Jersey side of the Delaware there was plenty of wine, mirth and song, in the town of Trenton. In snug quarters, with an abundance of food and clothing, with nothing to fear, apparently, from the "sly Old Fox," as some of Washington's enemies styled him, the Hessians were drowsy with stuffing and carousal. Rahl, their commander, warmed with wine, was engaged in card playing, and all went "merry as a marriage bell."

On the other side of the Delaware, in Pennsylvania, Washington's army hungered and shivered in the sleety blasts. It was a night dark and stormy, but the patriot army, now increased by some reinforcements, were not to be deterred from making at that time a brilliant stroke for their country.

Prince Whipple, a Colored body-guard to General Whipple, is seen in the march to the banks of the Delaware,

portrayed in an historic painting, on horseback; and, when the army crosses the rapid current, filled with rushing and crushing masses of ice, that man in the boat with Washington, vigorously pulling the stroke-oar, is Whipple again. Of the divisions which tried to cross, at three different places, the one commanded by Washington in person was alone successful. Did that stroke-oar have something to do with its success?

At eight o'clock, on the morning of the 26th, Washington was before Trenton. Tidings of his approach had been sent during the night to Rahl by a Tory, but the Negro servant to whom the note was handed by the Tory's messenger, did not care or dare to disturb his master while he was having such a good time, and when, later on, he did give it to him, Rahl thrust it into his pocket unopened, deferring reading it "until a more convenient season." Consequently, he was not aroused from his stupor and feeling of security until the drums and fifes and musketry of Washington enlivened the streets of Trenton, when he was sobered in an instant, leaped upon his horse, and endeavored to oppose the Americans. In vain he fought. The patriots, with their small force, overcame all resistance. Many of the Hessians were killed or wounded, and about 1000 were taken prisoners. Colonel Rahl was mortally wounded, and, being carried to the house of a Quaker family, Washington and General Green stood by his death-bed, and in the greatness of their hearts administered to him kind attention and words of sympathy.

With this great victory, great because of the circumstances under which it was achieved, and great because of the cheering and stimulating effect it had upon discouraged patriots, the year ended,—but not the "Spirit of '76."

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTURE OF BRITISH MAJOR-GENERAL PRESCOTT.

COLORED MEN ATTEND COLONEL BARTON IN THIS HAZARDOUS EXPLOIT.—ONE OF THEM, PRINCE, ACTS AS A BATTERING RAM.—HE BREAKS THROUGH THE DOORS AND SEIZES THE GENERAL.

It is an advantage to have a hard head, when the skull incloses brains of good quality, for giving and taking blows when necessary. That was the kind of a head set between the shoulders of a powerful Colored man in the Continental army, whose name was PRINCE, and who was very active in one of the most brilliant feats of the Revolutionary War. The part which he played in it went far towards winning for his brave leader the gift from Congress of a beautiful sword of honor, and merits a permanent place in the history of our country.

At the time of its execution, General Charles Lee, of the American army, was in the hands of the British, having been taken prisoner through his tardiness and carelessness, and probable disloyalty, in the retreat from New York to the Delaware. He was ordered to leave his post near the Hudson, and follow the main army. He loitered in his movements, and at Baskenridge took quarters in a house remote from his troops, where Colonel Harcourt, of the pursuing British force, easily captured him. He had the

reputation of being a brave soldier and skilful officer, having served under Braddock and Abercrombie, and the Americans who had not yet penetrated his disguise, or discovered his unscrupulous ambition, deplored his loss to their army.

In order to get him back it was necessary to have a prisoner of equal rank to exchange for him, and this necessity prompted some Americans to devise a plan to capture a British general. They succeeded in both purposes. The capture added a brilliant page to records of brave achievements; but unfortunately restored to the circle of Washington's generals a man who was a viper, and, as is now generally believed, a traitor at heart.

General Prescott was the officer marked for seizure. His capture would accomplish the main thing in view, and would also disgrace him or make him crestfallen, all of which he deserved. He was in command of a force in Rhode Island, and his treatment of the inhabitants was cruel and tyrannical. Quartering his troops among them, he oppressed them until the ordinary dislike for a military enemy had turned into hate, and they wished for his removal by defeat, death or capture.

His abode was under the peaceful roof of a Quaker's house, five miles from Newport. His headquarters there were seemingly secure from intrusion by the Yankees, being well guarded, and the haughty general was not troubled with insomnia and nightmare on their account. He had not yet learned to know all about their ingenuity and daring, and the possibilities of a Negro soldier's head.

William Barton, a colonel in the Rhode Island Militia, confiding his intentions to a few trusty followers, among whom were Colored men, arranged to make a sudden, secret, night descent upon the general and his guards, and carry him off, if possible, without the firing of a gun.

The night of July 10, 1777, was the time chosen to carry out his designs, and with fifty picked men he succeeded without mishap in kidnapping his game—Major-General Prescott.

The surprise party embarked in two whale-boats and moved expeditiously with muffled oars, using great vigilance and tact in passing unchallenged the British ships-of-war and guard-boats on Narragansett Bay. There was no talking, except whispered instructions.

It was expected that the house to which they were going would have to be broken into quickly, and Colonel Barton knew that it would not do to carry any instrument for that purpose, for to do so would instantly place the sentries on hostile guard, and give no chance for a deceptive parley such as he intended to use to get advantage over them. Prince was therefore given the contract to butt in the doors, or their panels, and thus open the way to Prescott's bedroom. He assured Barton that his head was hard enough, and he had bones and muscles behind it strong enough to force it through any Quakers' door, who, being men of peace, were not supposed to live in citadels.

From where the party landed to General Prescott's quarters was three-fourths of a mile. To get there they must first elude the main guard. This was stationed at a considerable distance from the house, between it and the landing-place; and just as sentries on the guard-boats, and of the main guard, and at the house were repeating the cry, "*All's well!—All's well!—All's well!*"—Barton's band unseen cleverly gave them the dodge.

The greatest obstacles now passed Barton went ahead with the Colored men, to give the appearance of their being servants, while the remainder of the party, at a little distance, surrounded the house.

He advanced unhesitatingly toward the front door, as if he were one of Prescott's men; and as the sentry there, having too much confidence in the main guard, and being deceived by Barton's free and easy actions, took him for one of the British, he was slow in challenging and demanding the countersign.

"Never mind the countersign," replied Barton. "What I want to know is about the Rebel prisoners. Where are we to put them?"

By this time he was close to the door, and suddenly changed his tactics. With one hand he struck aside the presented bayonet, and with the other he seized the sentinel, and secured him with the assistance of his attendants. He was cowed into submission and silence by threats of instant death if he spoke a word, or made resistance. He was then taken in charge by guards who came forward according to pre-arrangement, and conducted to a safe distance.

Prince, having assisted in this successful ruse and capture, now felt for a soft spot in the door which was locked and barred, and selecting his panel drew back far enough to get sufficient momentum; and dashing against it with two strokes of his head bursted it in. This admitted them, and as they got inside the proprietor made his appearance, holding a light, and in tones not exactly peaceful, demanded of Barton:

"What does thee mean by disturbing me at this hour, and breaking in my door with thy rudeness?"

"What I mean, is this," replied Barton: "I want you to show me to the room occupied by General Prescott, and, Friend, be mighty quick about it."

"I cannot do it," said the Quaker. "He is my tenant, and harm might come to him and me."

"Be quick!" urged the impetuous Barton, drawing and presenting a pistol. "Take your choice—life or death: tell me at once, or die!"

"The Quaker, pale and trembling with terror, pointed up stairs to the door of Prescott's chamber, and Barton rushed to it, finding it securely locked; but Prince was ready with his head again to force it. One tremendous dash shattered a panel and sprung the lock, and bounding in he grabbed the General, who had been startled out of sound repose by the noise made below, and partly sitting on the bed had seized his gold watch for fear of robbers.

While Prince held him, Barton, with drawn pistol, approached and said:

"You are my prisoner, General. On pain of death, keep silence. Utter not a word. Put on your breeches quickly, and come along."

Other members of Barton's party had entered the house by this time, and Prescott saw that he was overpowered. He permitted himself to be hurried away to the boats, which his highly elated captors reached without detention, the main guard and guard-boat sentries being again outwitted.

Speeding over the bay, past the British ships, nothing was said, but doubtless Prescott did a good deal of thinking. At length, when they landed at Warwick Point, Prescott ventured a compliment to Barton, saying:

"You have made a bold push to-night, sir."

Barton, who had no respect for him, coldly and briefly replied,

"We have done well, sir."

The skill and daring shown in this affair, and its complete success, made a great feeling of exultation among Americans, and they not only profusely praised Barton for

his leadership, and his White companions, but they gave Prince credit for removing the chief barriers in the way. Often he was humorously approached by the soldiers, who wished to feel his head, and the question was asked by one of them: "Prince, are you any shorter and thicker since you staved in the Quaker's doors?"

His coolness, bravery and faithfulness, called renewed attention to the merits of Colored soldiers, and increased the demands already made, to give them access to the army without the hindrances of race distinction.

PRINCE WHIPPLE.

This Colored man, briefly referred to in the preceding chapter, had a singular experience. He was born in Africa, and when about ten years old was sent by his parents, who were in good circumstances, to America to be educated. An older brother had enjoyed this advantage and had returned, four years before. Prince, accompanied by a youthful cousin, was put in charge of a captain who turned out to be a villain, and who sold the boys as slaves on the auction block in Baltimore. Both were bought by Portsmouth, N. H., men, Prince being bought by General Whipple, and becoming his body-guard on reaching maturity, in the Revolution. He was always trustworthy. On one occasion, after the war, he was sent by General Whipple with a large sum of money to carry to Portsmouth. Near Newburyport he was attacked by two ruffians. One of them he shot, and the other he struck down, and accomplished his mission without any loss.

This was the kind of stamina possessed by many Colored soldiers of the Revolution: men not only brave, but trusty.

CHAPTER VIII.

BURGOYNE'S SURRENDER.

THE BATTLES OF BENNINGTON, STILLWATER AND SARATOGA.—EBENEZER HILLS, PETER SALEM, AND OTHER COLORED SOLDIERS IN THE NORTHERN CONTINENTAL FORCES, ARE HAPPY WITNESSES OF THE SURRENDER OF AN ENTIRE BRITISH ARMY.—PRECEDING AND SUCCEEDING EVENTS.—A COLORED MAN TOWS 700 PRISONERS.

While General Washington watched and confronted the enemy in New Jersey, foiling his attempt to reach Philadelphia by crossing that State, and then marched to head him off at the Brandywine, a large British army had moved from St. John's, Canada, invading New York, chiefly by way of Lake Champlain.

This army consisted of ten thousand men, made up of British, Canadian and Hessian troops, with Indian allies, and was under General Burgoyne, who had been appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in Canada, superseding General Carleton. The design of the campaign was to take possession of all military points along Lake Champlain and the Hudson River, and by holding this line, separate New England from communication with the Middle States, and thus make each section an easy prize.

While Burgoyne advanced with the main army, a detachment of two thousand men, under St. Leger, was sent

by way of the St. Lawrence River to capture Oswego, on Lake Ontario, and Fort Schuyler (now Rome, N. Y.), on the Mohawk River. Along the route he was joined by many Indians, increasing his force largely, and the terrors of his march. Oswego was taken and he proceeded to invest Fort Schuyler. His instructions from Burgoyne were to rejoin him at Albany, when the former should have reduced the fort and the latter should have carried his campaign to the designated place of reunion, but fortunately for the American cause, neither got to that goal.

Fort Schuyler had a garrison of only seven hundred men with which to maintain its defense. Its commander, Colonel Gansevoort, was no pattern for General Miles of Harper's Ferry fame, and he determined to resist the enemy. He declined to surrender, and resolved to hold the fort at any cost.

An effort was made to reinforce him, by Colonel Herkimer, who gathered a force of militia; but when marching to his assistance he fell into an ambush. In the battle which ensued the Americans fought with desperate energy, against the combined British and Indians, to extricate themselves; but surrounded on all sides, with Colonel Herkimer mortally wounded, they were overpowered, and defeated with terrible slaughter.

When the garrison learned their fate, and heard the demoniacal yells of the Indians returning from their carnival of blood, exulting over their gory trophies, they knew what to expect if they, too, should have to yield to savage power. Surrounded as they were it was almost impossible to send a messenger for relief, but there were men brave enough to make the effort. Colonel Willetts, with a companion, took advantage of a very dark and stormy night to steal through the ranks of the enemy. Creeping noiselessly through a

swamp they came to the river, and finding a log they paddled across on it. When they plunged into the thick forest, amidst the darkness and the storm, they got bewildered as to the right direction to take, and they reluctantly lay down to await the early daylight. Then, having taken their bearings, they pursued a devious course, wading streams and using other methods to cover their trails, until they were beyond danger of capture. When they got to where they could get horses they rode with all speed to Stillwater, to implore help from General Schuyler.

General Arnold volunteered to lead a detachment of several hundred to relieve the fort, and knowing that no time could be spared to wait for more men to join his party, he started on the almost hopeless expedition: but what he lacked in numbers he made up in strategy.

Among the prisoners taken was a half-witted youth, whose name was Hon Yost, and he was persuaded by promises of freedom, and threats of death, to flee into the British camp with exaggerated reports of the size of Arnold's command. His coat was pierced in a number of places to show how he had been fired at, and how closely he had come to being killed; and with a semblance of terror he asked for, and was shown to, St. Leger's headquarters. There he was questioned, and told his story so plausibly, representing the army of Arnold to be numerous as the forest leaves. St. Leger knew the temper of Arnold, that he was a fearless and desperate fighter, and believing the boy's story he ordered a retreat; his army became panic-stricken, the Indians deserted him, and he precipitately returned to Canada.

This part of the British army of invasion having been disposed of, it will now be in order to note a still better disposition made by the Americans of Burgoyne's larger part.

Advancing along Lake Champlain he took possession of Crown Point and Ticonderoga; and then pushed forward to Fort Edward on the Hudson. From this point he sent a large force, under Colonel Baum, to seize military stores deposited by the Americans at Bennington, (now in Vermont.) Here, on August 16, 1777, the Americans under General Stark, having arrived just in time to meet the enemy, fought a most determined and victorious battle, taking Baum and 700 prisoners, and increasing their stores with large quantities of captured arms and ammunition. In going into the battle, Stark rode along his lines and shouted, "See there, men: there are the Red-coats; we must beat them to-day, or Molly Stark will be a widow;" and his men bravely and successfully saved his wife the necessity of going into mourning.

A very amusing incident connected with the surrender, is related of the part which a Colored man was given. He was in the service of Hon. Moses Robinson whose wife had no love for the British. When the prisoners were put into line, over 700 of them, to be marched to Boston, for greater precaution against their escape and to require a less number of guards to escort them, they were tied to ropes, double file, the rope between each two. There was a scarcity of ropes, and when Mrs. Robinson was asked to furnish some, she laughed as she said to Stark, "I will give you the very last one belonging to my bedsteads if you will promise to let my Negro man harness up my old mare, and hitch the rope to the whipple-tree, mount the mare, and lead the British, Hessian, and Tory prisoners away." The general laughingly consented and the novel spectacle was seen of a Colored man, on an old nag, proudly towing overland the captured part of the left wing of Burgoyne's army.

On the same day, August 16, that Baum was defeated, a detachment sent to aid him received the same treatment.

On the 19th of September, Burgoyne having advanced to Stillwater, N. Y., a village on the Hudson, the Americans attacked him at Bemis Heights near that place, and there one of the most hotly contested battles of the war was fought. The British lost five hundred mén, and Burgoyne was unable to force his way forward. The Americans held and strengthened their position, and the British finding they must fight or surrender, concluded to risk another battle. Accordingly, the second battle of Stillwater, near Saratoga and known also as the battle of Saratoga, was fought on October 7th, when Burgoyne was repulsed, losing more than four hundred men in killed and wounded with many valuable officers, among whom was General Frazer, his best and bravest.

General Burgoyne had boasted that he would eat his Christmas dinner in Albany, but he now concluded that it would be better for him to eat it in Canada, but the Americans objected to his retreat, and insisted on his eating it in the place he had first selected to be the scene of his holiday festivities—but not according to his original programme. He did eat it there as the guest of General Schuyler, but as a prisoner of war; for on the 17th of October, finding it impossible either to advance or retreat, he surrendered at Saratoga his army of nearly 6,000 men, of whom about 2,500 were Hessians, who were marched to Boston, and thence most of them were afterward sent for safe keeping into Virginia.

This victory greatly influenced the court of France in favor of the American cause, and an alliance was soon formed between France and the United States, (February 6, 1778); and in England, the surrender of Burgoyne encour-

aged the friends of America in Parliament to plead her cause with greater zeal and boldness. The eloquent Pitt exclaimed, in his denunciation of the employment of Hessians and savages: "If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never, never, never!" and with him stood other great men and friends of the struggling colonists—among them Burke, Fox and Barré.

It is needless to state that great joy and encouragement were produced by the defeat of Burgoyne's army and his surrender, among Americans, and it gave them renewed hope, faith and persistency, after the defeats and losses of the year, previously sustained.

It is worthy of note here, to quote from General Schuyler, who wrote to the President of Massachusetts Bay, "that of the Continental troops we have had to the Northward, one third part is composed of men too far advanced in years for field service, and of boys or rather children * * and of *Negroes*."

In this successful campaign, therefore; in the movements and actions which defeated the well organized plans of the Northern British army, and which resulted in St. Leger's expulsion and Burgoyne's surrender, Colored men were participants, and were among the happiest who rejoiced over the triumph of Liberty's arms.

NOTE.—EBENEZER HILLS, whose name appears in the heading of this chapter, died at Vienna, N. Y., in August, 1849, aged 110 years. He was born a slave in Stonington, Conn., and became free about ten years before the Revolutionary War, through all of which he served faithfully.

CHAPTER IX.

THE MIDNIGHT OF THE REVOLUTION.

A DEFEAT AT BRANDYWINE,—MASSACRE AT PAOLI,—REPULSE AT GERMANTOWN,—LOSS OF PHILADELPHIA,—STARVATION AT VALLEY FORGE,—GLORIOUS DEFENSE OF RED BANK, N. J., BY COLORED TROOPS.—GLIMMERINGS OF HOPE. —COLORED SOLDIERS BRING LIGHT AND AID.

The old adage—"The darkest hour is just before the dawn" held true respecting the world's day of liberty and equality. Its sun was destined to rise in the occident. Reversing old systems with their oft recurring eclipses keeping mankind in political semi-darkness, it was to shine on, from these western shores, with increasing splendor, until all lands should feel its quickening and enlightening power.

In the times "which tried men's souls", 1777 will always be regarded as the crucial year for those who stood as the advocates and champions of beneficent representative government. It witnessed their trial, in which patience, fortitude, courage and unshaken faith were exemplified to the highest degree. When human endurance had passed its limits, and they had shown their fitness to be free by tests adapted to immortals: when Washington, chosen to be the father of an innumerable multitude, stood under the starless canopy of Valley Forge, beside the desolate altar, on which the young Republic lay not awaiting the sacrificial stroke, but, stricken and dying—looking up with Abrahamic faith,

he believed that life could come yet from the dead:—then, when steadfastness and faith could find no greater proof, Heaven decreed that America should be free; and that her progeny should be numerous as the stars of oriental skies, populating all countries, or propagating their principles, to make a universal race of freemen.

At this period of gloom, extending into 1778, when many were desponding, it is gratifying to Afro-Americans to know that Colored men continued to enlist in the Continental army; and that their devotion to its cause, and soldierly qualities, had made them acceptable and in demand by different States.

Rhode Island, for one, came forward to give her Colored men a better opportunity, and more encouragement to enlist; and to accept their services in the time of the Nation's greatest need. Her General Assembly

"Voted and Resolved, That every able-bodied Negro, and Mulatto, may enlist * * * to serve during the continuance of the present war with Great Britain; that every slave so enlisted shall be entitled to receive all the bounties, wages, encouragements allowed by the Continental Congress to any soldier enlisted into their service.

"That every slave so enlisting shall, upon his passing muster, * * be immediately discharged from the service of his master or mistress, and be absolutely free, as though he had never been encumbered with any kind of servitude or slavery; and in case such slave shall, by sickness or otherwise, be unable to maintain himself, he shall not be chargeable to his master or mistress, but shall be supported at the expense of the State.

"Whereas, slaves have been by the laws deemed the property of their owners; and therefore compensation ought

to be made to the owners for the loss of their service,—It is further Voted and Resolved, That there be allowed, and paid by this State to the owners, for every such slave so enlisting, a sum according to his worth at a price not exceeding one hundred and twenty pounds for the most valuable slave, and in proportion for a slave of less value; *provided*, the owner of said slave shall deliver up to the officer who shall enlist him the clothes of said slave; or otherwise he shall not be entitled to said sum."

Rhode Island proudly sent Colored regiments to the war, and consistently gave every slave his liberty and bought his freedom from his owner, and pledged herself to maintain him when he should become disabled; besides, she put him on precisely the same footings as her White soldiers—as above stated—and her praiseworthy course had a good effect upon him. He had now every inducement to be a patriot and a soldier, and his conduct made many White officers eager to take command of Colored soldiers.

In other instances battalions, companies, squads and lesser numbers of Colored men from Massachusetts, New York and other States were scattered through the army, serving in company with White men, winning their respect in battles, and fellowship at the mess-table and around the camp-fire.

On Wednesday, the first day of January, 1777, General Washington was at Trenton, N. J., with an army increased to five thousand men by the arrival of some troops under Generals Mifflin and Cadwallader.

General Cornwallis, alarmed at the news of Rahl's defeat, had hastily returned to New Jersey, and with a strong force marched to meet Washington by way of Princeton, at which place he concentrated his troops. On the afternoon

of January 2d, with a large portion of his army, he reached Trenton, and as it was near evening, he postponed a main attack until the next day, feeling that Washington and his little army were now sure of being captured.

Washington's position was perilous, but he showed a bold front, and kept up a steady fire upon the enemy from his side of a narrow stream which separated the armies from each other. It was not prudent for him to remain to take the chances of a battle with the force that was strong enough to flank and surround him ; the Delaware could not be crossed, under the circumstances, and besides he thought it necessary to hold on to New Jersey for the protection of Philadelphia, to encourage enlistments, and to sustain the confidence of Congress and the people. He, therefore, decided to make another bold stroke, and that night, while his camp fires were kept brightly burning by some of the rear-guard, he made a forced march to Princeton, and at daylight fell upon the British reserves who had just started to join their army at Trenton. Cornwallis was awakened by the rumbling of cannon, to find that Washington had escaped from his clutches, and was pounding his reserves to pieces, and hurried away to reinforce them. He arrived at Princeton too late. The severe and stubborn battle was over, and Washington with his victorious army had retired towards Morristown, where it went into winter quarters. From this place, and from Princeton, where General Putnam with a detachment was stationed after the retirement of the British, attacking parties were sent out, and from other places where cantonments had been stationed, which harrassed the British, capturing many prisoners, arms, wagons, horses, ammunition, etc. By the first of March the British had been driven back until they occupied in New Jersey only Amboy and New Brunswick.

Washington's army was increased during the spring to 15,000, and he removed in May to a fortified camp at Middlebrook, from which he watched and foiled the enemy. The British, at length, convinced that Philadelphia must be approached from some other direction, sent a fleet under Lord Howe with an army of 18,000, commanded by Generals William Howe and Lord Cornwallis, from New York into the Chesapeake Bay. This they ascended to the Head of Elk, not far from Wilmington, Delaware, about thirty miles southwest of Philadelphia.

The British forces hastened to debark, moved rapidly into Pennsylvania, and on through Chester county towards Philadelphia. Washington, in the meantime, had advanced by rapid marches to intercept their movement and brought them to a stand on the Brandywine, where he disputed their passage at Chadd's Ford. The battle of Brandywine, fought on the 11th of September, 1777, was a victory for the British. A part of their army, under Knyphausen, made a great bluster at Chadd's Ford, as if intending to force a crossing there, while the main army proceeded up stream, its movements concealed by a fog, crossed it without hindrance, and advanced to Birmingham meeting-house where it routed the right wing of the American army.

Washington was deceived by false, or imperfect information, and discovered the real intention of the enemy when too late. He tried hard to overcome the advantages gained by the foe, but after severe fighting he withdrew from the field with a loss of 1,200 men, in captured, killed, and wounded. That evening he retreated to Chester, and on the next day marched to Philadelphia. Here his army rested a few days, and then again advanced to give battle, meeting the British twenty miles from the city, near the Warren

tavern, about twenty miles west of Philadelphia, but just as the conflict commenced a heavy rain storm set in, wetting the ammunition, and otherwise preventing a general engagement. Washington then fell back toward Reading, leaving General Anthony Wayne with 1,500 men to harass the enemy's rear, cut off straggling parties, and delay the advance of the British across the Schuylkill.

While Wayne was encamped near the Paoli tavern, on the night of September 20, 1777, a large party detached from the British army marched silently and quickly under General Grey, guided by a tory, and fell upon the surprised camp at midnight, killing and wounding about three hundred of the patriots, and dispersing the remainder. This affair is commonly known as the Paoli Massacre. Soon after the British army crossed the Schuylkill, and on the 26th of September took possession of Philadelphia, the main body being posted seven miles north of the city at Germantown.

Washington had advanced along the Schuylkill, and watching for a favorable opportunity to strike the enemy made a rapid night march, and in the early morning of October 4th surprised the British at Germantown, and by the vigor of his attack drove them back at various points, taking a number of prisoners. When victory seemed certain for him, and the British were retreating in disorder, an unfortunate delay to dislodge some of them from the Chew Mansion, and a thick fog coming on, disconcerted the Americans, who in turn were driven, and retreated after a hard struggle, with a loss of 1,200 men; the British losing about half that number.

Washington returned to his former position on Skippack Creek, and made preparations to go into winter quarters at White Marsh, fourteen miles from Philadelphia; but

for greater security chose later a much stronger position, twenty miles northwest of Philadelphia, on the Schuylkill, at Valley Forge. Here, on the 18th of December, the army began to construct log huts, fourteen by sixteen feet in dimensions, and made to accommodate twelve men in each. The hillsides were dotted with these rude structures, and they became during the winter habitations of great distress, owing to the fact that thousands of the soldiers had no blankets; besides, at one time over a thousand were without shoes, and their foot-prints in the snow were marked with blood; there was a great scarcity of food; and the winter being one of extraordinary severity, the sufferings of the patriots were intense in every way, and required for their endurance the greatest fortitude and the most unselfish patriotism. The trials of Valley Forge were borne, however, by both White and Colored Continentals with sublime patience, hope, faith and courage, and the camp-fires they lighted on those bleak hills can never be extinguished.

Camp fires of Valley Forge still burn!
And clearly through the mists of Time,
Within their light, nations discern
Heroes and patriots sublime,—

Who fed the flames of Freedom's fires
With their own lives, in sacrifice;
That from the awful funeral pyres
Enduring beacons might arise;

To shed the beams of Liberty
And scatter dark Oppression's nights:
To show the worth of being free
And guide mankind to equal rights.

* * *

O holy fires! a hundred years
And more, have failed to quench your glow;
The tyrant's threat, our doubts and fears,
Ye have consumed, long, long ago!

Your sacred embers owned of God,
In every land will start the flame,
To burn the throne, and despot's rod,
And add new lustre to your name.

An event occurred in the fall of the year which did much to offset the disasters and gloom of that period. It was the battle of Fort Mercer, at Red Bank, New Jersey, in which Colored soldiers took the principal part in defending the fort; and the naval attack at the same time upon Fort Mifflin, situated upon an island on the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware, which was also repulsed.

After the battle of Brandywine, while the British army was marching towards Philadelphia, the British fleet under Earl Howe entered the Delaware Bay, and he proceeded up the river with several light vessels, for the purpose of clearing it of obstructions presented by the Americans in forts, fortifications, *chevaux de frise*, and a small flotilla.

The British having now occupied Philadelphia it was very important that the Delaware River be free for their navigation, so that their fleet could co-operate with the army in defense, and the furnishing of supplies, and it was determined to reduce the forts which still held out. As stated, they were Fort Mifflin and Fort Mercer, a short distance below the city, the first on the Pennsylvania side on Mud Island, and the second on the New Jersey side at Red Bank.

Two Rhode Island regiments belonging to the command of General James M. Varnum, under Colonel Christopher Green, garrisoned Fort Mercer, and about the same number of Maryland troops, under Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Smith, occupied Fort Mifflin.

Count Donop, with four battalions, consisting of 1,200 picked Hessians, sent by General Howe, undertook to take

Red Bank. He crossed the Delaware and landed at Cooper's Ferry, on the 21st of October, and began his march down the river. Being detained by the loss of a bridge, taken up by the Americans, he did not arrive at the designated point of attack until the morning of the 22d. Then he appeared with his force, at the edge of a wood, within cannon-shot of Fort Mercer, well prepared and ready for battle against the four hundred and fifty men in the fort. They were informed that the Hessian force amounted to 2,500 men, but they did not intend to let the prospect of fighting against such odds deter them from making a defense, and repelling if possible the confident enemy. "In Rhode Island," said Governor Eustis, "the Blacks formed an entire regiment, and they discharged their duty with zeal and fidelity. The gallant defense of Red Bank, in which the Black regiment bore a part, is among the proofs of their valor." How true his words of commendation were the reader will see.

While the patriots were busy preparing to resist the coming assault, a Hessian officer approached the outworks of the fort under a flag of truce, preceded by a drummer. He rode up and insolently proclaimed: "The King of England orders his rebellious subjects to lay down their arms; and they are warned that, if they stand a battle, no quarters whatever will be given!"

"We ask no quarters, nor will we give any! Come on!" was the prompt reply of Colonel Green; and his men backed his utterance with defiant cheers; and the little band of patriots stood ready to combat an overwhelming force of fierce and thoroughly disciplined hirelings.

The Hessian officer retired, and when he reported the result of his distant interview with Colonel Green, Count Donop thought it best to make elaborate preparations for the

assault, by planting a strong battery as near to the outworks of the fort as he could get,—about half cannon-shot. At four o'clock P. M. he opened his cannonading upon the fort, and at five a battalion advanced to the attack on the north side of the fort. Finding the advance posts and unfinished outworks unoccupied, the enemy imagined that the Americans had been frightened away from them, and would make no resistance. So the Hessians raised a shout of triumph, and with a drum beating a lively tune, rushed toward the redoubt. They had nearly reached the ramparts, and an ensign was about to place his flag upon a merlon, shouting victory, when from the embrasures in front, and from a half-masked battery upon their left, a blast of grape-shot and musket balls struck them with such terrible effect, that those who were not helplessly wounded, were driven back to the remote intrenchments. Another division, under Count Donop, attacked the fort on the south side at the same time, and met with a similar treatment. He advanced with great determination and bravery, some of his men reaching and mounting the parapet, but the Americans stood undismayed, fired so rapidly and with such precision, that his division was repulsed with great loss, the Count himself being mortally wounded and left on the field. The total Hessian loss was over four hundred. Each patriot in the fort on an average brought down a man apiece.

The naval attack upon Fort Mifflin was also repulsed, by the brave Marylanders, the British losing two ships, which took fire and blew up.

Some time later Fort Mifflin was subject to an attack by both land and water, and its little garrison was obliged to evacuate it. This made Fort Mercer, and Red Bank, untenable, and that fort was also abandoned. The stubborn

defense of these two forts accomplished, however, a great service in retarding the inland movements of the British commander at Philadelphia, so that he could not make another advance against Washington before the winter set in; and this was fortunate for the American cause, for the army of Washington having suffered great reverses was in no condition then to withstand the large and victory-flushed army of the enemy; and before spring operations were begun, France had espoused the cause of the patriots, and the help sent made the British fear for their safety in Philadelphia, and to retreat from there to New York.

The defense of Red Bank, N. J., when Colonel Green with his 450 patriots, White and Colored, repulsed at Fort Mercer, Count Donop, with his force estimated by some historians as high as 2,000, was considered one of the most heroic and successful conflicts of the war; and all candid writers who have investigated the actions there of the Rhode Island Colored regiment, agree that those Colored soldiers displayed firmness, bravery, and enthusiastic defiance of the Hessians and the black flag which they unfurled, worthy of highest praise and grateful remembrance.

JACK SISSON.

The Colored man who was generally called PRINCE, and who figured as a battering-ram in the exploit described in Chapter VII, deserves to be remembered by his proper name, which was JACK SISSON. He died in 1821, aged seventy-eight years. In the list of names kept by Colonel Barton, of those who accompanied him on the night of July 10, 1777, and preserved after his death by his son, John B. Barton, Esq., of Providence, R. I., the correct name of "Prince" is given.

CHAPTER X.

THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

SAMUEL CHARLTON, A COLORED SUBSTITUTE, OBSERVES THAT HOT SABBATH DAY BY HELPING TO BEAT THE BRITISH, AND WITNESSES AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE—A WOMAN SERVING AT A CANNON, MOLLIE MCCAULEY,—BETTER KNOWN AS MAJOR MOLLIE PITCHER.— OLIVER CROMWELL.

The alliance formed with France, news of which came to the Americans at Valley Forge like a message from heaven, had an entirely opposite effect upon the British, and England trembled when her ancient, natural and powerful enemy openly sided with her rebellious colonies. So she decided to do some coaxing, and sent over (June, 1778), three commissioners to propose better treatment, to plead with Congress, and induce the revolted States to renew their allegiance.

When fair words and promises failed to turn the heads of pure Americans another inducement was used, namely, bribery. Congress having refused to entertain any terms of peace that did not fully acknowledge the independence of the States, one of the commissioners offered General Joseph Reed ten thousand pounds, about fifty thousand dollars, to use his influence with Congress to persuade its members to favor the British proposals. His reply deserves to be stamped

on every coin of our country. It was this: "*I am not worth purchasing; but, such as I am, the King of Great Britain is not rich enough to buy me!*" The commissioners found inflexibility wherever and whenever they made overtures, and giving up the task as hopeless, they returned in October to report to the King of England the results of their mission, which, being barren of comfort to him, he resolved to wage the war with increased power and fury.

The French Government collected a strong fleet, and sent it, with large supplies, under Count D'Estaing, who sailed in April for the United States.

Sir William Howe, having resigned his command, Sir Henry Clinton had succeeded him as General; and as the British Government now feared for the safety of its army at Philadelphia, General Clinton was ordered to evacuate that city, and proceed to New York, before the arrival of the French fleet.

His departure from the Quaker city was the signal to Washington to break camp at Valley Forge, and march to intercept him in his retreat across New Jersey. All hearts were cheered with the prospects that had opened, and the patriot troops advanced by rapid marches to the Delaware, which they crossed without detention, and pressed on unmindful of severe heat and fatigue, to strike the British army in its retreat and while encumbered with its immense wagon-train, which was twelve miles long.

Washington's plans were well laid, but were shorn of much of their benefits by the misconduct of General Charles Lee, who, after hesitating to take the part to which his rank entitled him, and which Washington would gladly have assigned to Lafayette, changed his mind and claimed the position. It was the most important one, for when Wash-

ington's army overtook the British on Sunday, June 28, 1778, near Monmouth court-house, a little beyond Hopewell meeting-house, sixty-four miles north-east from Philadelphia, Lee, who was in advance with a strong force, had orders to engage the enemy, and detain him, until the other divisions of the army should come up. Generals Wayne, Green and Lafayette were to co-operate, and were within supporting distance; but at the most critical moment, and most important point, Lee began to retreat, throwing the army into confusion and almost into a disaster. Washington, coming up with the reserves, meeting the almost routed force of Lee, and enraged at the unnecessary retreat, rebuked that officer and ordered him to face about and renew the attack. The action then became general, Washington exerting himself to the utmost in reforming and leading his troops, and urging them on to victory.

The battle raged until nightfall, the Americans remaining in possession of the field, and intending to continue the conflict early next morning. The day had been excessively hot,—one of the hottest ever known in the month of June, and many soldiers on both sides had died without a wound, overcome by heat, fatigue and thirst. Washington, with Lafayette by his side, slept under a tree that night, in the midst of his exhausted soldiers; and at dawn was in the saddle to complete his victory. General Clinton, however, had wisely decided to steal away during the night, and had such a long start, that Washington did not again overtake him, and he succeeded in reaching Sandy Hook. From there his army was transported by his fleet to New York. Washington followed, and took a position across the Hudson at White Plains, a few miles from New York, from which post he directed operations until late in the autumn, when he returned

to New Jersey, and went into winter quarters at Middlebrook.

For his misbehavior at Monmouth, Lee was court-martialed, and suspended from command for one year. He was a proud, selfish man, and unscrupulous in his ambition, not hesitating in his envy of Washington to undermine him, and to treat him with insolence. He never returned to the army, which was fortunate for the Continental cause, and died at a public house in Philadelphia, in 1782.

In the battle of Monmouth the British lost about five hundred men, besides a thousand by desertion in their retreat. The American loss was about two hundred and forty in killed and wounded.

One of the most noted incidents of the battle was the part taken in it by Mollie Pitcher, whose name appears as McCauley on the monument over her grave in the old cemetery at Carlisle, Pa. She followed the army with her husband, who was a cannoneer, acting as his cook, and before the battle of Monmouth had gained a reputation for fearlessness. In the hottest part of the engagement, hot in fighting, and intensely hot because of the heat and sultriness of the weather, Mollie was carrying water to her husband, and the men at his cannon, when he was killed while in the act of loading, and fell at her feet. Undismayed she immediately took his place, seized the rammer, handled it dextrously, and performed her husband's duties throughout the action with such skill and courage, that officers and soldiers marching by stopped, with wonder and admiration, to gaze at her. She was then twenty-two years of age, was well formed, of medium height, had an attractive face, with handsome, piercing eyes. The soldiers gave to her the nickname of Major Mollie, and when presented shortly after the

battle to General Washington, by General Green, the commander-in-chief complimented her for her bravery, thanked her for the service she had rendered, and commissioned her as sergeant, and by his recommendation she received the thanks of Congress, and was placed on the list of half-pay officers for life. The French officers were greatly charmed by the story of her bravery, and gave her many presents.

Among those who stopped with astonishment, to watch her at the cannon, was SAMUEL CHARLTON, a Colored man, who, when he caught sight of her, suddenly reined up his artillery horses, and half turning around, became so interested in her movements that he forgot danger, and almost his own duties. He was only a young man then, about eighteen years old, but was brave himself, and an admirer of bravery. He was a native of New Jersey, and a slave, and his master having no taste for military life, and wishing to avoid service in the army, permitted Samuel to go as his substitute, for which enlistment he received the large bounty of one silver dollar! He acted as a teamster at times, and at others handled the musket, and came under the favorable notice of Washington, who had him attached to his baggage-train, and who praised him publicly for his patriotism and faithfulness. When he had finished his service, like many other Colored Revolutionary soldiers who had fought for Liberty, and after helping to win freedom for the White man returned to the house of bondage, so Charlton went back to slavery; but it is only just to remark, that by his master's will he became free—was pensioned for life.

OLIVER CROMWELL, was another one of the Colored soldiers who were in the battle of Monmouth, and he also served in the battles of Trenton, Princeton, Brandywine and

Yorktown. According to an old number of the Burlington, N. J. *Gazette*, Cromwell was born at the Black Horse, (now Columbus,) in that county, in the family of John Hutchin. He enlisted in a company commanded by Captain Lowery, attached to the 2nd New Jersey Regiment, under the command of Colonel Isaac Shreve. He was with the army in the retreat to the Delaware, at the memorable crossing of the 25th of December, and used to relate the story of the battles on the succeeding days with much enthusiasm. He was also at the battle of Springfield, and said he saw the house burning in which Mrs. Caldwell was shot, at Connecticut Farms. At the time of publishing these statements the *Gazette* said:

"The attention of many of our citizens has doubtless been arrested by the appearance of an old Colored man, who might have been seen sitting in front of his residence, in East Union street, respectfully raising his hat to those passing by. His attenuated frame, his silvered head, his feeble movements, combine to prove that he is very aged, and yet comparatively few are aware that he is among the survivors of the gallant army who fought for the liberties of our country, 'in the days which tried men's souls.'

"On Monday last we stopped to speak to him, and asked him how he was. He asked the day of the month, and being told it was the 24th day of May, replied with trembling lips, 'I am very old—I am a hundred years old to-day.'

"Although his faculties are failing, he relates many interesting reminiscences of the Revolution. At Yorktown he said he saw the last man killed, and he spoke with much humor how they 'knocked the British about lively' at Princeton."

Among the stirring events of 1778, in which Colored men bore themselves nobly as patriots and soldiers, was the battle of Rhode Island, on the 29th of August. It was fought at a place called Quaker Hill, between General Sullivan, commanding 5,000 Anglo and Afro-Americans, and General Pigot, the British commander, who had the same number of men.

When Count d'Estaing with his French fleet, arrived at the mouth of the Delaware, and found that the British had retreated to New York, he sailed thither to be in communication with the American army at White Plains. Washington thought that then would be a favorable time to drive the British from Rhode Island, which they had occupied for eighteen months. Accordingly, General Sullivan was sent there with a strong force, and Count d'Estaing was instructed to co-operate with him; but, just before the battle of Rhode Island, the French admiral, despite the remonstrances of Sullivan and his officers, sailed to Boston to refit his fleet, leaving the Americans in a critical position. The enemy took advantage of the situation to attack Sullivan, and attempt to relieve Newport of the siege which that commander had been conducting.

The battle was fought with great determination on both sides, and with a display of high military ability. Students of battles, who were, or are, competent critics, agree that it was one of the most skilfully managed engagements of the Revolution, and they give much credit to Negro soldiers for the repulse of Pigot, and Sullivan's success in extricating his command from its perilous position.

In proof of what has been claimed for the Negro soldiers' part in this battle we quote from *Arnold's History of Rhode Island*, vol. ii. pp. 427-428. "A third time the

MOLLIE PITCHER IN THE BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

enemy, with desperate courage and increased strength, attempted to assail the redoubt, and would have carried it, but for the timely aid of two continental battalions despatched by Sullivan to support his almost exhausted troops. It was in repelling these furious onsets, that the newly raised Black regiment, under Colonel Green, distinguished itself by deeds of desperate valor. Posted behind a thicket in the valley, they three times drove back the Hessians, who charged repeatedly down the hill to dislodge them ; and so determined were the enemy in these successive charges, that, the day after the battle, the Hessian colonel, upon whom this duty had devolved, applied to exchange his command, and to go to New York, because he dared not lead his regiment again to battle, lest his men should shoot him for having caused them so much loss."

The Rev. Dr. HARRIS, who was a veteran of the Revolution, in an address delivered before the Congregational and Presbyterian Anti-Slavery Society at Francestown, N. H., in 1842, referred to the "Battle of Rhode Island" as follows: "The regiment to which I belonged was ordered to what was called a flanking position, that is, upon a place which the enemy must pass in order to come around to our rear, to drive us from the fort. This pass was everything, both to them and to us ; of course, it was a post of imminent danger. They attacked us with great energy, but were repulsed. They were reinforced and attacked us again, with more vigor and determination, and again were repulsed. Again they reinforced, and attacked us the third time, with the most desperate courage and resolution, but a third time were repulsed. The combat was fearful. * * *

"There was a Black regiment in the same situation, yes, a regiment of Negroes, fighting for *our* liberty and in-

dependence; not a White man among them but officers, and stationed in this same dangerous place. Had they been unfaithful, or given way before the enemy, all would have been lost. Three times in succession were they attacked, with most desperate valor and fury, by well disciplined and veteran troops, and three times did they successfully repel the assault, and preserve our army from capture. They fought through the war. They were brave hardy troops; and they helped us, as I have said, to gain our liberty and independence."

The Marquis de Chastellux, in his book of *Travels*, Vol. i. page 454, thus writes concerning these Colored soldiers: "The 5th [of January, 1781,] I did not set out till eleven, although I had thirty miles' journey to Lebanon. At the passage to the ferry, I met with a detachment of the Rhode Island regiment,—the same corps we had with us all last summer; but they have since been recruited and reclothed. The greatest part of them are Negroes, or Mulattoes: they are strong, robust men; and those I have seen had a very good appearance."

Many instances of individual bravery, among the Colored soldiers of the Revolution, could be cited; and they frequently formed topics of conversation between distinguished men. The eminent Judge Story used to relate a number of such incidents, one of which was that of a Colored artillerist, who, while serving a cannon with a White soldier, received a severe wound in the arm. He immediately turned to his comrade and proposed to change places, exclaiming, "I've one arm left to fight for my country!" The hero had scarcely changed his position, when another shot from the enemy killed him upon the spot.

CHAPTER XI.

THE CAPTURE OF STONY POINT.

AN EXPLOIT PLANNED BY WASHINGTON IS EXECUTED BY GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF A NEGRO, NAMED POMPEY LAMB.—OTHER IMPORTANT EVENTS.

General Wayne, whose detachment at Paoli, Pennsylvania, suffered the midnight surprise and massacre, was acquitted by a military court of every charge against him arising from the disaster, and the verdict declared that he had done everything that a brave and careful officer could do; but he smarted under the lash of his own reflection how the British had stolen upon him by treachery,—by tory aid,—and he longed for an opportunity to give *them* a surprise. He had no desire to butcher men in their sleep, or half awake, or bewildered, but he wished to give the enemy a specimen of surprise and capture unattended by merciless warfare.

He was a favorite with Washington, and the commander-in-chief relied upon him when there was anything to be done needing extra sagacity, daring and fighting. Washington had cut out a piece of work that required a man like Wayne to finish it, and the latter was glad to get the job, for it afforded him the long wished for opportunity—and "Mad Anthony" became the "Hero of Stony Point."

This brilliant affair, for the Americans,—their greatest

victory in 1779,—came off on Thursday night, July 15th, with a loss to the British of ninety-four killed and wounded, the garrison of six hundred taken prisoners, and the capture of cannon and military stores. The Americans lost ninety in killed and wounded in the short but terrific assault.

It would have been almost impossible to capture the works, and it could not have been done at that time without a much greater loss of life, if it had not been for a Colored man's assistance.

Stony Point was a very strong military post on the west bank of the Hudson, opposite Verplanck's Point, and with it commanded King's Ferry; controlling the highway of communication between New England and the Middle States, crossing the river at these points.

This stronghold had the protection of the river on three sides, and in front of the fourth there was a swamp, passable only by means of a causeway running through it to the fort, or at low tide. An attacking party would have to advance on and near this causeway, and if the sentinels stationed at its outer end should give an alarm, there would be time enough for the garrison to prepare for a resistance, which, made in an apparently impregnable position, gave little encouragement for an assault.

General Wayne's first step, and the most important one, was to engage the services of a shrewd Negro, who went by the name of Pompey, and whose master, Captain Lamb, was an ardent patriot living near Stony Point. For the able manner in which Pompey carried out his part in the plan of capturing the fort, his master rewarded him with a horse, and never required any labor from him after that eventful night.

Soon after the British had taken possession of Stony

Point, June 1, 1779, Pompey began to visit the fort to sell vegetables and strawberries, and he was encouraged by the garrison to make frequent trips, as the berries, cherries and vegetables which he brought to them were very much in demand. He made himself agreeable, and being liberal in his prices, became a favorite with the officers and men, who did not notice how observant his eyes and ears were to everything going on in the fort, and did not suspect that he was an accurate and regular reporter to his master, of all that he had there seen and heard.

Washington greatly lamented the loss of Stony Point, as its capture by the British endangered West Point, and it was a valuable stronghold for the Americans in other respects, and he began to devise a plan by which he could recover it. On the 23d of June he established his head-quarters at New Windsor, and on the 1st of July appointed General Wayne commander of the light infantry of the line, sending him to a station toward Stony Point, in the vicinity of Dunderberg, between Fort Montgomery and the main army at the Cove.

Stony Point and Verplanck's had been strengthened by order of General Clinton, and the first named was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson of the 7th Regiment, who was well supplied with ammunition and artillery, and whose force consisted of the 17th Regiment of Foot, and the grenadier companies of the 71st. The garrison at Verplanck's Point was equal in strength to that at Stony Point, and was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, but the fort did not have the same natural strength, and the American General Howe, who was appointed to take it, might have succeeded, if he had only had a smart Colored man to help him.

General Wayne and Captain Lamb conferred together, and instructed Pompey to work this scheme: he was to inform the officers at Stony Point that his master would not allow him to come with fruit in the daytime, for he was needed to hoe corn, but he might be able to call after dark if he could get a permit. The officers were unwilling to lose the daily supply of luxuries furnished by Pompey, and they gave the countersign regularly, so that he could pass the sentinels nightly without molestation. The countersign for Thursday night, July 15th, was "The fort 's our own," and General Wayne, on receiving this information, decided to make it the watch-word and war-cry of his men, for the time had now come when he was ready to make the daring attempt to scale the enemy's works.

As a novel preliminary work, he had the dogs of the neighborhood, and on the line of his secret march, killed, for fear their barking at his soldiers might give an alarm to the British, and at noon of July 15th, he started on a difficult march from Sandy Beach, fourteen miles from Stony Point, to a place not far from the fort. Leaving his troops in the cover of a wood he went forward with several officers, to reconnoitre the position of the enemy, and the fortress appeared to them almost impregnable, it being defended by strong outworks, and a double row of abatis, and situated as it was on a rocky height, protected on three sides by the Hudson River, and on the fourth by the deep and dangerous morass, as already mentioned.

General Wayne knew that the place could be taken only by strategy, but he had arranged for that, and returning to his command formed his columns for the attack.

First and foremost went Pompey Lamb carrying a basket, and with him two strong men disguised as farmers,

also carrying baskets, filled with berries and vegetables. They came to the first sentinel, at the outpost, on the high ground west of the morass, to whom they gave the countersign; and while Pompey attracted his attention by conversation and the gift of some fruit, the men seized and gagged him before he could make any outcry, and he was taken to the rear by a detail which followed near for that purpose.

Advancing to the sentinel at the causeway, his person and silence were secured in a like manner. With these sentinels out of the way, Wayne took advantage of the cleared causeway, and the ebbing of the tide, to cross the morass; some of his men wading through breast deep in the mud and water. Three hundred men, under General Peter Muhlenburg, were left behind as a reserve force.

Wayne now advanced his columns to the foot of the western declivity of the promontory (as described by Lossing), without being observed by the enemy. There he divided the troops into two columns, the van of the right, consisting of 150 volunteers, under Major Stewart, with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. An advance-guard of 20 picked men, for each company, under Lieutenants Gibbon and Knox, preceded them, to remove the abatis and other obstructions. These vans composed the "forlorn hope" and required men of great physical strength combined with unfaltering courage.

At a little past midnight the advanced parties moved silently to the charge, one company on the southern and the other toward the northern portion of the height. They were followed by the two main divisions, the right composed of the regiments of Febriger and Meigs, being led by General Wayne in person. The left was composed of Colonel Butler's regiment, and two companies under Major

Murphey. The Americans were undiscovered until within pistol shot of the pickets on the heights, when a skirmish ensued between the sentinels and the advanced guards. The pickets fired several shots, but the Americans, true to orders, relied entirely upon the bayonet, and pressed forward with vigor. The garrison was aroused from slumber, and instantly the deep silence of the night was broken by the roll of the drum, and the loud cry To arms! To arms! the rattle of musketry from the ramparts and from behind the abatis, and the roar of cannon, charged with grape shot, from the embrasures.

In the face of this terrible storm the Americans forced their way, at the point of the bayonet, through every obstacle, until the van of each column met in the center of the works, where each arrived at the same time. At the inner abatis General Wayne was struck upon the head by a musket ball which brought him to his knees. His two brave aids, Fishlow and Archer, raised him to his feet, and carried him gallantly through the works. Believing himself to be mortally wounded he exclaimed, as he arose, "March on! Carry me into the fort, for I will die at the head of my column!" but the wound proved less severe than was at first expected, and soon getting over the shock received from it, the General joined in the loud huzzas when the columns possessed the fort. Colonel De Fleury first entered the works, and struck the British standard with his own hands. The garrison surrendered at discretion as prisoners of war, and the brilliant achievement was rendered the more glorious by the clemency which the victors exercised toward the vanquished. Not a life was taken after the flag was struck and the garrison had asked for quarters. This was in bright contrast with the conduct of Grey and his minions

LAYING OUT THE ENCAMPMENT AT VALLEY FORGE.

at Paoli, when they surprised Wayne's detachment in September, 1777, where a butchery of helpless men was kept up, until, as some of the British boasted in their letters about the affair, their gun barrels were filled with blood.

The British ships on the Hudson, opposite the fort, became alarmed for their safety, when the cheers of the Americans on Stony Point told that the fort was theirs, and slipping their cables moved away to a safe distance.

Wayne, elated over the success of his assault, and knowing that General Washington would be anxious to hear from him, wrote the following brief but comprehensive note, soon after the surrender:

STONY POINT, 16th JULY, 1779, 2 o'clock, A. M.

Dear Gen'l:—The fort and garrison with Col'l Johnson are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free.

Yours most sincerely,

Gen'l Washington. ANT'Y WAYNE.

General Robert Howe who was to have taken the fort at Verplanck's Point did not succeed in his attempt, and Sir Henry Clinton sent relief to the threatened garrison, making it so strong, that efforts to capture it were abandoned. Stony Point not being tenable, under the circumstances, for the Americans, its works were destroyed, and its valuable stores and munitions of war were removed on the night of July 18th. They were valued at $158,640, and that amount of money was divided among the troops who stormed the works. The first man who entered received $500, the second $400, the third $300, the fourth $200, the fifth $100, and a general distribution was made among officers and privates, according to rank.

While the fighting was going on, Pompey, who was a non-combatant, was left at the causeway, but not out of danger. He, however, received no harm, and had a good

opportunity to witness and to hear the terrific storm that had broke over Stony Point by his guidance, and when the loud, long cheers of victory silenced the clash of bayonets and the report of firearms, he hurried up the height to join the victors in their joyful demonstrations, and no man there could feel a greater sense of satisfaction than that felt by himself; for upon his service hinged the possibility of the Americans entering this Gibraltar of the Hudson.

The next day congratulatory messages began to pour in upon General Wayne and they continued to come until many high officers had expressed to him their admiration of his exploit. Congress gave him a vote of thanks for his brave, prudent and soldierly conduct; and also a gold medal emblematic of the action; and it was generally acknowledged that his capture of Stony Point was the most brilliant event in the Revolutionary War.

Giving to Washington who ordered it; to Wayne who planned the details of its execution; and to him and the brave officers and men who accomplished it, with sword and bayonet, —all due praise and honor, we cannot lose sight of a figure without whose aid the victory of Stony Point would not emblazon American history; it is that of a keen, alert, fearless Colored man, leading Wayne and his fighters, and brushing away obstacles before them with his market-basket,—Pompey Lamb, the hero-maker of Stony Point.

On Thursday, July 19th, another victory was gained by dash and courage, Major Henry Lee leading the Americans in a descent upon Paulus Hook (now Jersey City). He completely surprised its garrison of 250 British, carried the fortification, and captured them and Sutherland, their commander, with a loss of but two men killed and three wounded.

General SULLIVAN also gained an important victory, August 29th, over the Indians in Western New York. He entered that region near the head-waters of the Susquehanna and Genesee Rivers, and at Chemung he routed the Indians and tories after a fierce battle, and then laid waste the country, destroying villages and growing crops, teaching the Indians a severe lesson in retaliation for their barbarities in Wyoming Valley, Pa., and Cherry Valley, N. Y., and to deter them from similar acts in the future.

It was in July, 1778, that the "Massacre of Wyoming" was perpetrated by a force of tories, Indians and British, under Colonel John Butler. Advancing from Southern New York, they entered the beautiful valley of Wyoming, and laid it waste in their march along the Susquehanna. Peaceful settlers in their homes, or working in their fields, were surprised and murdered, and their buildings given to the flames. On July 3d, a little band of patriots in Forty Fort, under Colonel Zebulon Butler, "looking to their dependent wives, mothers, sisters, and little ones, took counsel of their courage, and resolved to give the enemy battle." They marched out to meet their savage foes, but were flanked, overpowered, and routed with great slaughter. Forty Fort fell, as others had fallen previously in the track of their invasion, and the valley throughout became a scene of ruin and desolation.

Turning toward the South, where the hostilities and military operations that had been transpiring during the struggle, were greatly increased, by a transfer to that section of the main theater of war, we will find that Colored soldiers shared in the conflicts of that department, and in its crowning victory.

CHAPTER XII.

CAMPAIGNS IN THE SOUTH.

COLORED PATRIOTS RENDER GOOD SERVICE, AS LABORERS AND SOLDIERS.—JAMES ARMISTEAD, SCOUT AND SPY FOR LAFAYETTE.—OTHERS SERVE UNDER DIFFERENT GENERALS.—AT SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS. —RICHARD VENIE, ALIAS FREEMAN.

In the South, as stated in a former chapter, there was less encouragement given to Colored men for enlistment, than in the North, and the strong opposition to it came chiefly from the tories; but it found some ardent advocates, —officers willing to accept them, and masters to give them up.

There were also friends in Congress, and in State Legislatures in the South, who, with glowing words, paid tribute to Negro soldiers and laborers, and were instrumental in securing enactments by which slaves, who served the Government in any capacity during the war, should be emancipated, and otherwise rewarded.

Hon. Charles Pinckney, Member of Congress, from South Carolina, in an address before the House of Representatives in 1820, speaking of the faithfulness of Negroes in the South throughout the Revolution, and of service performed by them, said: "They were then, as they still are, as valuable a part of our population, to the Union, as any other equal number of inhabitants. They were in numerous instances the pioneers, and in all, the laborers, of your

armies. To their hands were owing the erection of the greatest part of the fortifications raised for the protection of our country; some of which, particularly Fort Moultrie, gave at the early period of the inexperience and untried valor of our citizens, immortality to American arms: and, in the Northern States, numerous bodies of them were enrolled, and fought, by the side of the Whites, the battles of the Revolution."

As proof that they were not only army laborers but also soldiers in the South, we may quote a very valuable document for Colored people to preserve, especially those in Virginia, whose Legislature, in 1783,—the year in which the treaty of peace with England was signed,—remembering gratefully their services, and indignant at their re-enslavement, enacted the following bill:

An Act directing the Emancipation of certain Slaves who had served as Soldiers in this State, and for the Emancipation of the Slave, Aberdeen.

I. Whereas, It hath been represented to the present General Assembly, that, during the course of the war, many persons in this State had caused their slaves to enlist in certain regiments or corps, raised within the same, having tendered such slaves to the officers appointed to recruit forces within the State, as substitutes for free persons whose lot or duty it was to serve in such regiments or corps, at the same time representing to such recruiting officers that the slaves, so enlisted by their direction and concurrence, were freemen; and it appearing further to this Assembly, that on the expiration of the term of enlistment of such slaves, that the former owners have attempted again to force them to return to a state of servitude, contrary to the principles of justice, and to their own solemn promise:

II. And Whereas, It appears just and reasonable that all persons enlisted as aforesaid, who have faithfully served agreeable to the terms of their enlistment, and have thereby of course contributed towards the establishment of American liberty and independence, should enjoy the blessings of freedom as a reward for their toils and labors:

Be it therefore enacted, That each and every slave, who, by the appointment and direction of his owner, hath enlisted in any regiment or corps raised within this State, either on Continental or State establishment, and hath been received as a substitute for any free person whose duty or lot it was to serve

in such regiment or corps, and hath served faithfully during the term of such enlistment, or hath been discharged from such service by some officer duly authorized to grant such discharge, shall, from and after the passing of this act, be fully and completely emancipated, and shall be held and deemed free, and in as full and ample manner as if each and every one of them were specially named in this act; and the Attorney-General for the Commonwealth is hereby required to bring an action, *in forma pauperis*, in behalf of any of the persons above described who shall, after the passage of this act, be detained in servitude by any person whatsoever; and if, upon such prosecution, it shall appear that the party is entitled to his freedom in consequence of this act, a jury shall be empaneled to assess damages for his detention.

III. And Whereas, It has been represented to this General Assembly, that Aberdeen, a Negro man slave, hath labored a number of years in the public service at the lead mines, and for his meritorious service is entitled to freedom;

Be it therefore enacted, That the said Aberdeen shall be, and he is hereby, emancipated and declared free in as full and ample a manner as if he had been born free.

In the month of November, 1778, Sir Henry Clinton, at his headquarters in New York, decided to begin an invasion of the South, and on the 27th he sent a land force of about 2,000 men under Colonel Campbell with the co-operating fleet of Admiral Parker, to seize Savannah, Georgia. General Robert Howe, with only seven or eight hundred Americans, occupied the place, and made a brave resistance, but losing half his soldiers he was obliged to surrender, December 29, and it remained in the possession of the British until 1783.

Other misfortunes befell the South soon after the loss of Savannah. The fort at Sunbury, twenty-eight miles to the south-west, was taken by the enemy, and Georgia was soon overrun by British and tories. At Kettle Creek, February 14, 1779, the reverses were interrupted by an American victory, when General Pickens, with 300 men defeated Boyd who had 700; but on March 3d the British General Prevost, with 1800 men, defeated at Brier Creek, a division of General

Lincoln's forces, numbering about 1,300 men, commanded by General Ashe, surprising and routing them.

General Prevost next attempted to take Charleston, but his designs were frustrated by General Lincoln; the latter, however, in a battle at Stono Ferry, June 20th, fought to drive the British from their position near Charleston, suffered a repulse; but the enemy soon after retreated to Savannah.

The campaign of 1779, in the South, ended with another disaster for the Americans at Savannah, much greater than the one before, and owing chiefly to the erratic actions of Count d'Estaing. He had returned suddenly from the West Indies with his fleet, and appearing off Savannah, demanded its surrender. This being refused, after a parley, a siege was commenced, October 4th, General Lincoln having marched his regular troops and a body of Carolina and Georgia militia, to assist in a combined attack. The siege might have been successful had not d'Estaing become impatient and proposed the alternative of either raising it, or storming the works. General Lincoln decided to accept the latter proposition.

The 9th of October was the day chosen for the assault, when about 1,000 Americans and 3,500 Frenchmen advanced to the attack. Great bravery was shown by the patriots and their allies, and at one time the flags of France and South Carolina waved on the parapet, but only for an instant, for the enemy rallied and fought obstinately, and at length succeeded in repelling the almost victorious assailants, inflicting a heavy loss upon them. Sergeant JASPER, the hero of Fort Moultrie, was mortally wounded while planting his banner upon the fortifications, and Count PULASKI, the Polish nobleman and friend of the patriots, also received wounds from which he soon afterward died.

In the southern campaign of 1780, operations were commenced by General Clinton in besieging Charleston. Its forces, under General Lincoln, held out for forty days and then surrendered, May 12th, as the town was subjected to a terrific bombardment which set fire to many of its houses, and threatened its total destruction.

General Lincoln being now a prisoner of war, General Gates was sent by Congress to take command of the Southern Department. General Clinton, satisfied with his success, and feeling that he could safely leave, returned to New York, appointing Cornwallis to take his place in the South.

The operations of the year were mostly disastrous to the Americans. On April 14th, 300 of their cavalry and militia under Huger were defeated at Monk's Corner, thirty-two miles north of Charleston, by the British trooper Tarleton, with a force of 600; at Charleston, on May 12th, Lincoln with 3,700 men surrendered to Clinton's force of 9,000; on May 29th, at Waxhaw, Buford with 400 men was defeated by Tarleton who had 700; at Sander's Creek, near Camden, S. C., on August 16th, Gates met Cornwallis, the former having 3,000 men and the latter 2,200, and the battle resulted in a crushing defeat for the Americans, who lost about 2,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners. Among the killed was the brave Baron de Kalb. This was followed by another defeat, August 18th, at Fishing Creek, when Tarleton fell upon Sumpter, who had taken a small fort with about 300 prisoners, and a large quantity of stores intended for the British army at Camden, and surprising him, rescued the prisoners, and killed, wounded or dispersed Sumpter's whole force.

This series of reverses was broken October 17th by a victory gained at King's Mountain, N. C., by Colonel Camp-

bell, commanding 900 Americans. Cornwallis had detached Colonel Ferguson, sending him with 1,100 men into the western part of North Carolina to assist the tories, and becoming hard pressed by partisan bands of patriots, he took a strong position upon the summit of a lofty hill, which he called King's Mountain. He fought hard and died fighting, to make the name one of honor to His Brittanic Majesty, and the height seemed to defy any approach to it from any one point; but the American soldiers, many of whom were hardy mountaineers, fought their way up, encircling Ferguson, attacking him from all points simultaneously, and killed or captured his whole force.

The light of triumph which gleamed from the camp-fires of the victorious patriots on the top of King's Mountain dispelled much of the gloom which had enveloped their cause. "Hitherto," writes a Southern historian (Blackburn), "nothing but disaster and ruin had attended the operations of the Americans in the South. The regular armies there had been defeated and scattered to the winds. The State of South Carolina had been overrun and subdued, Georgia was in but little better condition. Cornwallis was in North Carolina, at the head of a powerful army, awaiting the success of Ferguson's expedition in finishing the subjugation, so that, with his rear protected, he might safely carry his victorious arms into Virginia, and reduce her to the same condition with her sister States at the South. This brilliant success at King's Mountain, however, roused the flagging spirit of the patriots, depressed the tories, and so startled Cornwallis that he precipitately retreated from Charlotte to Winnsboro, South Carolina, where he went into winter quarters. From this time forward success attended the American arms, until, as will be seen, Cornwallis ended his career at Yorktown."

The year 1781 brought a victory early at Cowpens, where General Morgan, on January 17th, defeated the British under Tarleton. General NATHANIEL GREENE was now commanding the American forces in the South, Gates having been removed after his defeat near Camden. Greene established himself in North Carolina, and sent Morgan with nearly 1,000 men to help reclaim South Carolina. Cornwallis, to prevent this, sent Tarleton with a detachment of 1,100, expecting to defeat Morgan, but the Americans sustained his fierce attack, and in return broke the British line with a dashing charge of cavalry under Colonel Washington, and routed Tarleton's force, causing him a loss of 600 men. After this Morgan rejoined Greene; and on March 15th, the Americans were attacked by Cornwallis at Guilford Court House, who forced them to retreat, but the British suffered so severely in the battle that the result was almost the same as a defeat for them. They lost 600 men in the engagement, and fell back to Wilmington, N. C.

In the latter part of April, Cornwallis marched toward Virginia, Arnold was in the vicinity of Richmond on a plundering expedition, commanding about 1,600 British, and Cornwallis intended to co-operate with him. General Greene followed him at first, but deciding that General Washington would attend to them, he hastened into South Carolina to recover possession of that State, and advanced to Hobkirk's Hill, near Camden, where he took a position. Lord Rawdon attacked him at that place April 15th, and Greene withdrew, but in good order.

On September 8th, at Eutaw Springs, nearly fifty miles from Charleston, Greene boldly attacked the British under Stuart, whose force numbered 2,800 men to Greene's 2,000. The Americans were successful in the beginning of the battle,

driving the British back at all points, but were tempted to halt by the rich plunder. The enemy took advantage of this, rallied, and regained the field, but lost in the conflict 1,100 men, while the American loss was only 555. Colonel Stuart was really the defeated party, and next day destroyed his stores and retired to Charleston.

Cornwallis arrived at Petersburg, Va., on the 20th of May, where he received reinforcements, and then made efforts to defeat General Lafayette, who had been appointed by Washington to command the American forces in Virginia. A plan of his to surprise Lafayette was discovered by a Colored soldier, JAMES ARMISTEAD, who acted as a scout and spy for Lafayette. His timely warning probably saved Lafayette's force from a surprise, and perhaps a disaster. Armistead was a faithful soldier. He was present at Cornwallis' surrender. After the war, in which he had performed a noble part, he was returned to his master, but the Virginia Legislature, having been informed of his valuable services, and his return to slavery, passed a special act of manumission, and set the hero free.

RICHARD VENIE, a Colored man of Virginia, also a slave, served in the army of the Revolution and fought for the liberties of America, at Camden, King's Mountain, Eutaw Springs, and on other hard-fought fields. His master, Colonel Taylor, was an officer in the army, and offered Venie and some more of his able-bodied slaves their freedom if they would enlist under him. They accepted his offer and expected their manumission after the Yorktown surrender, of which he was a witness, but their master held on to them, violating his sacred promise. Venie then decided to set himself free, ran away and reached Baltimore, where he found employment and also a wife. For the purpose of

remaining undiscovered by his former master, he took his wife's maiden name instead of giving his name to her. He was then Richard Freeman, and his adopted name was suited to his escape from bondage. Afterward, under the act of the Virginia Legislature which secured freedom for slaves who had served as patriot soldiers, he obtained the papers due to him. He also received bounty-lands from the Government, in Ann Arundel County, Maryland, where he died.

His grandson, Jas. H. Freeman, of Baltimore, was an officer in Company G, 39th Regiment, U. S. Colored Troops; was sergeant-major in the charge at the Petersburg mine and crater; served in a number of engagements, losing an eye, and in his military career in the war for the Union proved himself to be a worthy descendant of Richard Venie, *alias* Freeman, the Colored soldier of Greene, Lafayette and Washington.

Resuming the account of the movements of Cornwallis, we find him leaving Petersburg, crossing the James River below Richmond, marching into Hanover County, attempting to draw Lafayette into battle to surprise him, and having failed in this, taking a position at Yorktown. By order of Sir Henry Clinton, he made that place a base for future operations, and fortified it with extensive and formidable works.

Now was Washington's opportunity to deliver a stroke that would end the British prospect of success, and bring about the recognition of Independence, and on the 19th of July he left the vicinity of New York, and before General Clinton could perceive his intention, he was well on his way to Yorktown. Count de Grasse, with a French fleet, having appeared off the Capes of Virginia, a successful combined attack was anticipated. On the 30th of September,

1781, the allied armies under Washington laid siege to Yorktown, Count de Grasse having blockaded the mouth of York River. Washington hurried up his heavy artillery and pushed the siege rapidly, for Sir Henry Clinton had seen the danger to Cornwallis, and was hastening to reinforce and relieve him. By the 11th of October, Washington had commenced his second parallel, and had now advanced so near that his position was very much threatened and annoyed by two of the enemy's strong redoubts. He therefore determined to assault them, and in order that the storming parties might be fired with enthusiasm and a spirit of noble rivalry, he permitted the Americans to carry one and the French the other, and the banners of France and America were borne onward with chivalric competition. The Americans succeeded, with but little loss, in taking theirs, but the French, having a much larger garrison to overcome, lost more than one hundred men in their gallant, determined, and also successful assault.

Cornwallis made frantic attempts to break from the net by an unsuccessful sally; and also by trying to transport his army over York River to Gloucester Point, but this last effort to escape was foiled by a great storm which scattered his vessels, and deprived him of this forlorn hope.

Washington kept up an incessant and terrific bombardment, tightened his investment, and Cornwallis saw that he was doomed. With great reluctance and mortification, he surrendered on the 19th of October, declining to appear in person to surrender his sword and army, and deputed to General O'Hara this distasteful task. General Lincoln, who had known the pangs of capture, at Charleston, was given the honor and joy of receiving the surrender of Cornwallis, and the allied armies of the French (numbering

5,000) and Americans (11,000) rejoiced together over the triumph of their united arms and the trailed banner of their common foe.

While the surrender was in progress, one of the Colored men who helped to bring it about, feeling good, and being jocular, exclaimed: "Mr. British General, you am called *Corn*wallis but I 's going now to change your name to *Cob*-wallis, for General Washington, with us Colored pussons, has shelled all the corn offen you."

In the Yorktown siege and combats, the combined armies, the American under Washington, and the French under Rochambeau, lost in killed and wounded about 300; while the British loss was 452, in killed, wounded and missing; besides more than 7,000 men were included in the surrender; also 75 brass cannon, 164 iron cannon, 7,794 muskets, 28 regimental standards, a large quantity of ammunition, and the military chest containing nearly $11,000 in specie. The shipping was surrendered to Count de Grasse, who soon afterward left the Chesapeake and went to the West Indies.

Sir Henry Clinton arrived in sight too late, with his 7,000 men, to reinforce Cornwallis. Off the entrance to Chesapeake Bay he learned of the irretrievable disaster to the British arms in America, and with humiliation and discouragement sailed back to New York.

American patriots were loud in their thanksgiving and rejoicing over this crowning success, for they saw in it the certain triumph of their cause; and they proclaimed the praises of Washington and his generals, of Lafayette, Rochambeau, of Count de Grasse, and all who had helped to bring it to pass. Tories slunk away abashed and silent; and when the news reached England, it is said that Lord

North received the intelligence as he would have done a cannon-ball in his breast. He paced the room, and throwing his arms wildly about, kept exclaiming, "O God! it is all over, it is all over!"

NOTES.—HENRY HILL, a colored soldier of the Revolution, died in Chillicothe, O., August 12, 1833, aged eighty years. An obituary notice in the *Chillicothe Advertiser* stated that he was in the battles of Lexington, Princeton, Brandywine, Monmouth and the siege of Yorktown.

SEYMORE BURR, of Connecticut, was a slave to a brother of Colonel Aaron Burr, and having made unsuccessful efforts to escape from bondage, his owner proposed, on finding that he yearned for personal liberty, that he should join the American army, give up the bounty money, and at the end of his service be a freedman. Seymore gladly accepted the offer, and united with the Seventh Regiment, commanded by Colonel Brooks, afterwards Governor. He made a good soldier, and endured much suffering from exposure to extreme cold, and from hunger, in the siege of Fort Catskill. At the close of the war he married a Punkapog Indian, and located in Canton, Mass., where he died. His widow lived to be over a hundred years old, and drew his pension.

CHAPTER XIII.

CLOSE OF THE WAR FOR LIBERTY AND INDEPENDENCE.

AT LEAST FIVE THOUSAND COLORED SOLDIERS, AND MANY MORE WHO WERE NOT ENROLLED AS SOLDIERS, CONTRIBUTED TO ITS SUCCESS.—A RESUMÉ OF THEIR VALOR AND SERVICE.—A COLORED WOMAN SOLDIER.—VARIOUS INCIDENTS.

The surrender of Cornwallis, October 19, 1781, virtually ended the war, but it was not until March 4, 1782, that the British House of Commons passed resolutions to that effect, and ordered instructions to be sent to its commanders in America to cease hostilities.

Before their cessation General Leslie made foraging raids from Charleston, South Carolina, and on August 25, 1782, in ascending the Combahee River an encounter took place between him and General Gist of the Maryland line. In this fight, Colonel JOHN LAURENS, who fought as a volunteer soldier, was killed at daybreak; and America lost one of her noblest men. In September following, there was another skirmish, when the brave Captain Wilmot shed at Stono Ferry the last blood of the Revolutionary War.

In the meantime, General Wayne held the British fast in Savannah, Georgia, until they evacuated the place, July 11, 1782. The enemy in Wilmington, North Carolina, joined Leslie at Charleston. The latter city was evacuated

December 14, 1792. General Clinton with his army remained in New York, Washington keeping him penned in the city. He was superseded by Sir Guy Carleton, under whom the city was evacuated November 25, 1783, after the full ratification of peace by the joint commissioners, at Paris, France, on the 3d of the preceding September.

By this final treaty the United States of America were recognized as an Independent Nation, to have a permanent standing among the great Powers of the earth, and the boundaries of its territory conceded from the Atlantic Ocean to the Mississippi River, and from Lake Superior to Florida, —Florida remaining a Spanish possession until its purchase from Spain in 1819. A part of Louisiana, which territory belonged to France until bought from Napoleon Bonaparte in 1803, joined Florida, and thus kept the original domain of the Union from bordering on the Gulf of Mexico. The vast territory of Louisiana, extended along the Mississippi River to the northern boundary of the United States, and north-westerly to the northern and eastern lines of the Oregon country, which became a territory of the Union by rights of discovery and exploration in 1792 and 1805.

The Revolutionary War was over. A new Nation had been born, which, in the language of Lincoln, was "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that 'all men are created equal.'" Its paternity was composite, to be in unison with its spirit, and conformable to its destiny, and its creation was hastened by Afro-Americans who rocked it in its cradle, and carried it in their arms. According to the researches of the Rev. Dr. J. W. C. Pennington, they were the actual pioneers of the Revolution. In an address delivered by him in a convention of the Colored citizens of Ohio, at Cleveland, September 8, 1852, he read a number of docu-

ments, collected by him from the archives of the State of New York. WILLIAM C. NELL, the Colored historian, to whom we are indebted for the information, gives a sketch furnished by a Colored phonographic reporter, the substance of which is as follows:

"The doctor took the stand and delighted the convention with a brilliant and instructive address on the part which the Colored people have taken in the struggles of this Nation for independence, and in its various wars since its achievement.

"Mr. Pennington is a graduate of America's Peculiar Institution, (slavery.) His graduation fees were paid only very recently by the beneficence of sundry English ladies and gentlemen; and his Doctorate of Divinity was conferred upon him by one of the German universities. He claimed for his Race the honor of being the first Americans whose bosoms were fired by the spirit of American Independence. The documentary evidence presented by him showed that some thousands of Colored people in the State of New York, thirty years before the Declaration of Independence, were charged by the King of Great Britain with conspiring against his authority, attempting to throw off their obedience to him, and seeking to possess themselves of the Government of the Colony of New York. Some of them were banished, and others were hanged. Those Colored fathers, said the Rev. Doctor, attributed their slavery to King George, and maintained their rights to freedom to be inviolable.

"Subsequently, when the White fathers of the Revolution, 'walking in the footsteps of their illustrious Colored predecessors,' declared against Britain's King, they said to them: That King did make you slaves. Now come and help us break his rule in this country, and that done, we'll all be free together.

"Dr. Pennington exhibited to the audience an autograph petition of the Colored people of Connecticut to the Government of that State, presented immediately after the Revolutionary War, and praying that Government to comply with the promise which had been made them of freedom, and under which they had helped fight the battles of that war.

"He read, also, an autograph paper of Washington, dismissing from the service of that war, with high recommendation of their courage and efficiency, several Colored men; and also certificates of a like character from a number of officers, both naval and military, in both wars with England."

In summing up our brief account of the Colored patriots of the Revolution we must not omit mentioning a Colored woman-soldier

DEBORAH GANNETT.

It is well known that in the Civil War a number of women disguised themselves as men and enlisted as soldiers, performing picket and camp duties, and braving the ordeals of battle. Some were wounded and killed. One escaped detection entirely, obtained a discharge, and was thus enabled afterward to join the Grand Army of the Republic. This display of disguised feminine bravery was antedated, however, by a Colored woman in the Revolution, DEBORAH GANNETT, whose enlistment was officially recognized and rewarded, as will be seen by reading the following extract from "the Resolves of the General Court of Massachusetts during the session of 1791:

"XXIII.—Resolve on the petition of Deborah Gannett, granting her £34 for services in the Continental Army. January 20, 1792.

"On the petition of Deborah Gannett, praying for com-

pensation for services performed in the late army of the United States:

"WHEREAS, it appears to this Court that the said Deborah Gannett enlisted, under the name of Robert Shurtliff, in Captain Webb's Company, in the 4th Massachusetts Regiment, on May 20, 1782, and did actually perform the duty of a soldier, in the late army of the United States, to the 23d day of October, 1783, for which she has received no compensation; and, WHEREAS, it further appears that the said Deborah exhibited an extraordinary instance of female heroism, by discharging the duties of a faithful, gallant soldier, and at the same time preserving the virtue and chastity of her sex unsuspected and unblemished, and was discharged from the service with a fair and honorable character; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the treasurer of this Commonwealth be, and he hereby is directed, to issue his note to the said Deborah for the sum of thirty-four pounds, bearing interest from October 23, 1783."

SAMBO LATHAM AND JORDAN FREEMAN.

While the British were carrying on their marauding operations, on the New England coast, the traitor Arnold landed at the mouth of the Thames and proceeded to attack Fort Trumbull, near New London. The garrison evacuated it, and the village was burned. Another division of the expedition went up on the east side of the Thames, and attacked Fort Griswold at Groton, September 6, 1781. According to the *Historical Collections of Connecticut*, when Major Montgomery, one of the British leaders, was lifted upon the walls of the fort by his soldiers, flourishing his sword, and calling upon them to follow him, JORDAN FREE-

MAN, a colored soldier, attacked him with a pike, and pinned him dead to the earth. SAMBO LATHAM, another Colored soldier, also fought so bravely, that when the garrison was overpowered, and its Commander, Colonel Ledyard surrendered, these Colored men were among the number massacred. A monument to the memory of Colonel Ledyard, and the brave men who died with him, has been erected at Groton, and on it are carved the names of Latham and Freeman.

COLORED MEN DIE WITH COLONEL GREEN.

Colonel CHRISTOPHER GREEN who so ably defended Red Bank, N. J., repulsing the Hessians and killing their commander, Count Donop, tested there the valor of his Colored soldiers; and when May 13, 1781, he was attacked in his quarters near Croton River, in Westchester County, N. Y., they gave to their dying commander another proof of nobility and faithfulness. When tories and British dragoons surrounded him, he fought desperately and killed several of his enemies, but was overpowered and mortally wounded; but not until the sabres of the dragoons had pierced and stricken down his guard of Colored soldiers, who tried to defend him, and all of whom were killed.

GENERAL WASHINGTON SLEEPS WITH PRIMUS HALL.

Many incidents and anecdotes might be related of Colored patriots in the Revolution, showing their bravery and faithfulness, but space remains for only one more. It was first published in *Godey's Lady's Book*, in 1849, and was written by the Rev. Henry F. Harrington, who vouched for its truthfulness, and whose ministerial profession ought to give the story weight. Somewhat condensed it is as follows:

Primus Hall, throughout the Revolution was the body servant and attendant of Colonel Pickering, of Massachusetts. It is well known that there was no officer in the whole American army whose friendship was dearer to Washington, and whose counsel was more esteemed by him than that of the honest and patriotic Colonel Pickering. He was on intimate terms with him, and unbosomed himself to him with as little reserve as, perhaps, to any confidant in the army. Whenever he was stationed within such a distance as to admit of it, he passed many hours with the Colonel, consulting him upon anticipated measures, and delighting in his reciprocated friendship.

Washington was, therefore, often brought into contact with Primus Hall. On the occasion of an important visit, the great General was engaged in earnest consultation with Colonel Pickering in his tent until after the night had fairly set in. Headquarters were at a considerable distance and Washington signified his preference to staying with the Colonel over night, provided he had a spare blanket and straw. "Oh yes," said Primus, who was appealed to; "plenty of straw and blankets—plenty."

Upon assurance, Washington continued his conference with the Colonel until it was time to retire to rest. Two humble beds were spread side by side in the tent, and the officers laid themselves down, while Primus seemed to be busy with duties that required his attention before he himself could sleep. He worked, or appeared to work, until the breathing of the prostrate gentlemen satisfied him that they were sleeping; and then, seating himself on a box or stool, he leaned his head on his hands to obtain such repose as so inconvenient a position would allow. In the middle of the night Washington awoke. He looked about and descried

the Negro as he sat nodding. He gazed at him a while and then spoke:

"Primus?" said he calling, "Primus?" Primus started up and rubbed his eyes. "What, General?" said he.

Washington rose up in bed: "Primus" said he, "What did you mean by saying that you had blankets and straw enough?" Here you have given up your blanket and straw to me, that I may sleep comfortably, while you are obliged to sit through the night."

"It's nothing, General," said Primus. "It's nothing; I'm well enough. Don't trouble yourself about me, General, but go to sleep again. No matter about me. I sleep very good."

"But it is a matter—it is a matter," said Washington, earnestly. "I cannot do it, Primus. If either is to sit up, I will; but I think there is no need of either sitting up. The blanket is wide enough for two, come and lie down here with me."

"Oh, no, General! said Primus, starting, and protesting against the proposition. "No; let me sit here, I'll do very well on the stool."

"I say come and lie down here," said Washington authoritatively. "There is room for both and I insist upon it!"

He threw open the blanket as he spoke, and moved to one side of the straw. Primus was exceedingly shocked at the idea of lying under the same covering with the Commander-in-chief, but his tone was so resolute and determined that he could not hesitate. He prepared himself, therefore, and laid himself down by Washington; and on the same straw, and under the same blanket, the General and the Negro slept until morning.

Colored soldiers, sailors, and attendants, having been connected with the Revolution from its inception to its close, it is safe to affirm that they were represented in most, if not in all, of the following named engagements, which were the principal battles. First the date is given; then the name of the battle; followed by name of American commander with the number of his force; then the British or Hessian commander with number of his force, likewise:

1775.—April 19, Lexington: Parker, force unknown; Smith and Pitcairn, 1,700. June 17, Bunker Hill: Prescott, 1,150; Howe, 3,000. December 31, Quebec: Montgomery, 900; Carleton, 1,200.

1776.—June 28, Fort Moultrie: Moultrie, 400; Parker, 4,000. August 27, Long Island: Putnam, 5,000; Howe, 20,000. October 28, White Plains: McDougall, 1,000; Leslie, 2,000. November 16, Fort Washington: Magaw, 3,000; Howe, 5,000. December 26, Trenton: Washington, 2,400; Rahl, 1,000.

1777.—January 3, Princeton: Washington, 3,000; Mawhood, 1,800. July 7, Hubbardton: Warner, 700; Frazer, 1,200. August 6, Oriskany: Herkimer, 1,000; St. Leger, 1,500. August 16, Bennington: Stark, 2,000; Baum, 1,200. September 11, Brandywine: Washington, 11,000; Howe, 18,000. September 19, Bemis Heights: Gates, 2,500; Burgoyne, 3,000. September 20, Paoli: Wayne, 1,500; Grey, 3,000. October 4, Germantown: Washington, 11,000; Howe, 15,000. October 7, Saratoga: Gates, 8,000; Burgoyne, 4,500. October 22, Fort Mercer: Col. Greene, 450; Donop, 2,000.

1778.—June 28, Monmouth: Washington, 12,000; Clinton, 11,000. July 3, Wyoming: Col. Z. Butler, 400; John Butler, 1,100. August 29, Rhode Island: Sullivan,

BUNKER HILL MONUMENT.

5,000; Pigot, 5,000. December 29, Savannah: Robert Howe, 900; Campbell, 2,000.

1779.—February 14, Kettle Creek: Pickens, 300; Boyd, 700. March 3, Brier Creek: Ashe, 1,200; Prevost, 1,800. June 20, Stono Ferry: Lincoln, 800; Maitland, 1,200. July 15, Stony Point: Wayne, 1,200; Johnson, 600. July 19, Paulus Hook: Major Lee, 350; Sutherland, 250. August 13, Penobscot: Lovell, 900; McLean, 3,000. August 29, Chemung: Sullivan, 4,000; Brant, 1,500. September 23, Flamboro Head: Paul Jones, with squadron; Pearson, two vessels. October 9, Savannah: Lincoln, 4,500; Prevost, 2,900.

1780.—April 14, Monk's Corner: Huger, 300; Tarleton, 600. May 12, Charleston: Lincoln, 3,700; Clinton, 9,000. May 29, Waxhaw: Buford, 400; Tarleton, 700. August 16, Sander's Creek: Gates, 3,000; Cornwallis, 2,200. August 18, Fishing Creek: Sumpter, 700; Tarleton, 350. October 7, King's Mountain: Campbell, 900; Ferguson, 1,100.

1781.—January 17, Cowpens: Morgan, 900; Tarleton, 1,100. March 15, Guilford Court House: Greene, 4,400; Cornwallis, 2,400. April 25, Hobkirk's Hill: Greene, 1,200; Rawdon, 900. September 6, Fort Griswold: Ledyard, 150; Eyre, 800. September 8, Eutaw Springs: Greene, 2,000; Stuart, 2,800. October 19, Yorktown: Washington and De Grasse, 16,000; Cornwallis, 7,300.

CHAPTER XIV.

BEGINNING OF THE WAR OF 1812.

THE UNJUST SEIZURE OF DANIEL MARTIN, JOHN STRACHAN AND WILLIAM WARE, COLORED AMERICAN SEAMEN, BY THE BRITISH, STARTS THE CAMP-FIRES OF 1812.

The gigantic struggle between England and France, in the wars of Napoleon, included a desperate strife for supremacy on the ocean, which caused a whirlpool into whose eddies the commercial interests of the United States were disastrously drawn.

To get an advantage over one another, the English and French Governments did not scruple to ignore the welfare of neutral nations, and to violate their rights. Britannia tried to rule the wave to such an extent as to declare a blockade of most European ports, and Napoleon retaliated with decrees shutting the ports of the British Isles against the world's commerce.

These acts were ruinous to American merchants with shipping interests, and the carrying business was forced down to almost a mere home coast trade, and in themselves gave to Americans grievances demanding redress. In addition, France and England, in their jealousy, permitted their cruisers to seize and overhaul American vessels, the latter claiming a right to search them for English sailors who had served in the British navy, or who had transferred their citi-

zenship to the United States. Once an Englishman, always an Englishman, was her motto, not willing that a native-born subject should be the adopted child of another country, although he had already become its citizen by naturalization.

The United States, with a policy just and liberal, did not claim such a jurisdiction, but did claim, and maintained it, that its laws and its flag gave equal protection to all subjects who were citizens either by nativity or adoption, and this claim made no distinction of color. The youthful Republic that successfully waged a long war to achieve independence and secure international rights, was in no humor to submit to a curtailment of prerogatives, and to admit the right of the mother country that had forced, by tyranny, a separation, to brandish a threatening rod, and abduct children of the Stars and Stripes. It was evident, from the actions of England, that she entertained desires and intentions to make the United States return to her fold, to hold on to them, as she now holds on to Canada, and was not at all averse to provoking a war by which she could accomplish this purpose.

The outrage which hurried the United States into a second war with England, and from which the Nation emerged with an independence enlarged and strengthened, and defiant of future aggression, was perpetrated on the 22d of June, 1807. Under instructions of the English Admiral Berkley, whose fleet was then in American waters, the British frigate *Leopard* hailed the American frigate *Chesapeake*, off the coast of Virginia, and insisted on searching the latter for English deserters. Commodore James Barron refused the demand, and before he suspected the full extent of the *Leopard's* evil designs, broadsides were fired into the

Chesapeake, killing three men and wounding eight. Unprepared for this unexpected attack, Barron struck his colors, and submitted to the search. The commander of the *Leopard* would not accept the surrender of the *Chesapeake*, but dragged off in irons four seamen, one White and three Colored. The first named was John Wilson, an Englishman who had been impressed into the British navy, and had justly deserted; and the others were DANIEL MARTIN, JOHN STRACHAN and WILLIAM WARE. These Colored men, formerly of the British warship *Melampus*, were American citizens, and had enlisted in the U. S. Navy at Norfolk, Va. All three were native Americans, and by England's own rule, were exempt from seizure. Martin and Ware had papers of citizenship to show, and Strachan had possessed a certificate, but it was lost. These men had been examined by United States authority, receiving confirmation of right to serve under the United States flag, being proved citizens, and having been impressed, and not enlisted men, in the British service.

Back of these Colored men who were dragged from the bloody deck of the *Chesapeake*, was the power of the United States Government, which, while it conceded that Wilson, the White man, was a British subject, claimed the Colored men to be American subjects, and demanded their release. The controversy over them continued into 1811. One of them died in England before the affair was settled; the other two were returned, but in surrendering them England would not yield the claim which subjected American ships to similar outrages.

In *Hildreth's* U. S. History, it is stated that upwards of six thousand cases of alleged impressments were recorded at Washington, and that the British Government admitted that there might have been, at the commencement of the year

1811, sixteen hundred bona fide American citizens serving by compulsion in the British navy. Upon the breaking out of hostilities, in 1812, twenty-five hundred impressed sailors, still claiming to be American citizens, and refusing to fight against their country, were committed to Dartmore, and other prisons in England, where most of them were detained until the close of the war.

This policy of England, and her persistency in asserting it against the honor and welfare of the United States, and at the expense of the lives and interests of American citizens, was branded by most of the people of the United States as a crime against Nations, deserving the punishment of war. The dead and dying sailors of the *Chesapeake*, the American seamen dragged like felons from beneath their flag to languish in British chains; in short, the piratical conduct of England, made it necessary for the American Ship of State to clear her decks for action, and bear down upon her foe.

It was a war in which twenty-seven of its principal battles were fought on land, and nineteen on the water. There were many minor engagements, military and naval, the latter consisting of privateering which greatly terrorized and crippled British commerce. It was a war, also, in which Colored Americans were largely and honorably represented, in the number and quality of its soldiers and sailors, the former upholding the American flag from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, many of them fighting under Jackson at New Orleans: the latter serving the guns, wielding the cutlass, pistol and pike, on Lakes Erie and Champlain, and out on the Ocean, from the shores of the Union to far distant seas.

The naval branch of the United States service presented greater inducements to Colored men to enlist, for

there they found much less prejudice against their Race, and more of that fraternity which should exist among men fighting for one country and one flag.

Surgeon USHER PARSONS, U. S. N., who, in 1814, was with the fleet when it sailed to the Upper Lakes to co-operate with Colonel CROGHAN at Mackinac, is quoted in Mackenzie's Life of Commodore PERRY, as stating that "about one in ten or twelve of the crews were Black." Referring to crews that served on the *Java* and the *Guerriere* later, he said about one in six were Black. He also made this noteworthy statement: "There seemed to be an entire absence of prejudice against the Blacks as messmates among the crew."

With respect to the qualifications of Colored seamen who helped to man United States men-of-war, Commodore CHAUNCEY wrote to Perry, recommending them as follows: " * * * A part of them are not surpassed by any seamen we have in the fleet, and I have yet to learn that the color of the skin can affect a man's qualifications or usefulness. I have nearly fifty Blacks on board of this ship, and many of them are among my best men. They are attentive and obedient, and, as far as I can judge, many of them are excellent seamen."

To this estimate, from such good authority, establishing the capability and value of Colored seamen, in every respect, much could be added of equal weight. It is enough to know that a large proportion of Perry's men, when he gained the great victory on Lake Erie, were Colored men. As soldiers, too, they gained plaudits from a man who knew how to distinguish brave men from poltroons, GENERAL JACKSON, as will be seen in the chapter describing the battle of New Orleans.

As we have space to give but few accounts of the engagements of this war, we append a list of the principal land and naval battles, and the Colored reader, in making a note of them, can feel assured that most, and perhaps all of them, witnessed the participation of Colored men battling for the Republic, and against its threatened destruction by Great Britain. First the date is given; then the name of the battle; followed by name of American commander; then the name of the British or Indian commander, with the force, in round numbers, of each.

LAND BATTLES.

1812.—August 5, Brownstown: Van Horn, 200; Tecumseh, 600. August 9, second of Brownstown: Miller, 600; Tecumseh, 900. October 13, Queenstown: Van Rensselaer, 1,200; Brock, 2,500.

1813.—January 22, Frenchtown: Winchester, 800; Proctor, 1,500. April 27, York: Pike, 1,700; Sheaffe, 1,500. May 5, Fort Meigs: Clay, 1,200; Proctor, 2,000. May 29, Sackett's Harbor: Brown, 1,000; Prevost, 1,000. August 2, Fort Stephenson: Croghan, 100; Proctor, 1,300. October 5, Thames: Harrison, 2,500; Proctor, 2,000.

1814.—July 5, Chippewa: Brown, 1,900; Riall, 2,100. July 25, Lundy's Lane: Brown, 3,500; Drummond, 5,000. August 15, Fort Erie (assault): Gaines, 2,500; Drummond, 5,000. August 24, Bladensburg: Winder, 3,500; Ross, 5,000. September 11, Plattsburg: Macomb, 3,000; Prevost, 14,000. September 12, North Point: Stricker, 2,000; Brooke, 5,000. September 13, Fort McHenry: Armistead, 1,000; Cochrane, 16 ships. September 15, Fort Bowyer: Lawrence, 120; Nichols, not known precisely. September 17, Fort Erie (sortie): Brown, 2,500; Drummond, 3,500.

1815.—January 8, New Orleans: Jackson, 6,000; Pakenham, 12,000.

NAVAL BATTLES.

1812.—August 13, off Newfoundland: American frigate *Essex*, Porter; British sloop *Alert*, Laugharne. August 19, off Massachusetts: Am. frigate *Constitution*, Hull; Br. frigate *Guerriere*, Dacres. October 18, off North Carolina: Am. sloop *Wasp*, Jones; Br. brig *Frolic*, Whingates. October 25, near Canary Islands: Am. frigate *United States*, Decatur; Br. frigate *Macedonia*, Carden. December 29, off San Salvador: Am. frigate *Constitution*, Bainbridge; Br. frigate *Java*, Lambert.

1813.—February 24, off Demerara: Am. sloop *Hornet*, Lawrence; Br. brig *Peacock*, Peake. June 1, Massachusetts Bay: Am. frigate, *Chesapeake*, Lawrence; Br. frigate *Shannon*, Broke. August 14, British Channel: Am. brig *Argus*, Allen; Br. sloop *Pelican*, Maples. September 5, off the coast of Maine: Am. brig *Enterprise*, Burrows; Br. brig *Boxer*, Blythe. September 10, Lake Erie: nine American vessels, 54 guns, Perry; six British vessels, 63 guns, Barclay.

1814.—March 28, Harbor of Valparaiso: Am. frigate *Essex*, Porter; Br. brig *Phœbe*, Hillyar. April 29, off coast of Florida: Am. sloop *Peacock*, Warrington; Br. brig *Epervier*, Wales; June 28, near British channel: Am. sloop *Wasp*, Blakely; Br. sloop *Reindeer*, Manners. September 11, Lake Champlain: fourteen American vessels, 86 guns, McDonough; seventeen British vessels, 95 guns, Downie. December 14, Lake Borgne: five American gunboats, Jones; forty British barges, Lockyer.

1815.—February 20, off Island of Madeira: Am. frigate *Constitution*, Stewart; Br. ships *Cyane*, Falcon, and *Levant*, Douglass. March 23, off Brazil: Am. sloop *Hornet*, Biddle; Br. brig *Penguin*, Dickinson.

PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

CHAPTER XV.

VICTORIES ON LAKES ERIE AND CHAMPLAIN.

COLORED SEAMEN, UNDER PERRY AND MACDONOUGH, HELP TO WIN GREAT VICTORIES.—COLORED MILITIA UNDER MACOMB ASSIST IN DEFEATING "WELLINGTON'S INVINCIBLES."—THEY RECEIVE PRAISE FROM EMINENT JUDGES.

Rossiter Johnson, in his History of the War of 1812, says it is worth noting that in the bloody and brilliant battle on Lake Erie, a large number of Perry's men were Negroes; but Commodore OLIVER H. PERRY, when he was gathering recruits to man his squadron on Lake Erie, to give battle to the British squadron commanded by Commodore Barclay, was disposed to complain at the sending of so many "Blacks" to him. He never made that mistake again.

When his famous battle was over, he sent to General W. H. Harrison the laconic message—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours; two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop;" and he could have added truthfully, "largely by the aid of Colored men."

Commodore CHAUNCEY had seen and tested their qualifications, and in answer to Perry's objection sent a reassuring reply, so that when he entered upon the battle, with many Black men around him, he had ceased to worry on their account, for from its beginning he saw them stand at their quarters with a courage that could not be surpassed.

As a specimen of the courage and self-sacrifice which animated Colored American seamen, and which enabled men-of-war and privateers to gain such renown over the British in the war of 1812, and helped to win Perry's victory, incidents may be cited here which occurred on the armed schooner *Governor Thompkins*, commanded by Nathaniel Shaler. He wrote a letter relating them, which was published in Nile's Register of Saturday, February 26, 1814, dated at sea, January 1, 1813, in which he described an action between his vessel and a large British frigate. The enemy's first broadside killed two and wounded six of his crew, but his officers and men acquitted themselves in a way that honored American naval warfare.

He mentioned two men particularly, whose names, he declared, ought to be registered in the book of fame and remembered with reverence as long as bravery is considered a virtue. "The name of one of my poor fellows," he wrote, "was a Black man by the name of John Johnson. A twenty-four pound shot struck him on the hip and carried away a part of his body. In this state the poor, brave fellow lay on the deck, and several times exclaimed to his shipmates—'Fire away, my boys; no haul a color down!' The other was a Black man too, by the name of John Davis, and was struck in much the same way. He fell near me, and several times requested to be thrown overboard, saying he was only in the way of others. When America has such tars, she has little to fear from tyrants on the ocean."

Having constructed and collected a squadron at Erie, Pa., to co-operate with the Army of the West, Commodore Perry undertook to gain the command of the lake, so as to enable American forces to land in Michigan and recover Detroit, which town, with its garrison, stores, and the control

of Michigan territory, had been lost by Hull's surrender, August 16, 1812. His vessels carried fifty-four guns, and he had on his muster-roll, at the time of the battle, the names of 490 officers and men, but of these, 116 were sick with a scourge of bilious remittent fever, and most of them were too weak to go on deck. *One-fourth of his fighting force was composed of Negroes.* The names of his vessels were the *Lawrence*, *Niagara*, *Caledonia*, *Ariel*, *Somers*, *Tigress*, *Scorpion*, *Porcupine* and *Trippe*. The *Ohio* was not in the action, having gone back to Erie for supplies.

With these vessels he fought the British squadron, which consisted of six vessels, carrying sixty-three guns, commanded by Commodore Barclay. It was necessary to capture or destroy this squadron to accomplish the purpose mentioned, and Perry sailed on his search sanguine of success, and determined to succeed.

On the morning of September 10, 1813, he met the enemy off Put-in-Bay, and at once prepared to go into action. He brought out a blue battle-flag, about eight feet square, on which were the words, in large letters made of white muslin, DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP.

He then, in a few thrilling words, addressed his officers and crew, and closing said, "My brave lads, this flag contains the last words of Captain LAWRENCE. Shall I hoist it?" The instantaneous and unanimous response was Ay, ay, sir! and their shout, as the flag floated from the main-royal mast-head, was taken up and repeated with cheers by the crews of all his vessels.

"Behold the chieftain's glad, prophetic smile,
As a new banner he unrolls the while;
Hear the gay shout of his elated crew
When the dear watchword hovers to their view;
And LAWRENCE, silent in the arms of Death,
Bequeaths defiance with his latest breath!"

While nearing the enemy, thoughtful for the comfort of his men, Perry ordered refreshments to be distributed, as the battle would probably be on at the noon hour. Then the decks were wetted, and sprinkled with sand, to keep feet from slipping when blood should begin to flow; and the men were ordered to their different stations.

The British squadron made an imposing appearance. The ships had been newly painted and refitted; and as they hove near with a profusion of bright banners flying, with bugle calls, and bands playing "Rule Britannia," the Americans felt that a hard battle would have to be fought to overcome the apparent strength and confidence of their enemy; and their vessels, which were the flagship *Detroit*, ship *Queen Charlotte*, schooner *Lady Prevost*, brig *Hunter*, sloop *Little Belt*, and schooner *Chippewa*. These were manned by 150 men from the Royal navy, 80 Canadian sailors, 240 soldiers, mostly regulars, and some Indians; in all over 500. Barclay had 35 long guns to Perry's 15, having thus a great advantage over him at long range, and altogether he had 63 carriage guns, one on a pivot, two swivels, and four howitzers. At close quarters Perry had an advantage in the weight of metal, and therefore decided to run close to his enemy quickly as possible.

According to his order of battle the swift, staunch and well-manned *Niagara*, Captain Elliot, would lead the line, but in trying to gain the weather-gauge of the enemy, and Barclay changing his position, the *Lawrence* moved ahead, and received the first shots, the conflict beginning at a quarter to 12 o'clock. The first ball, from a 24-pounder on the *Detroit*, fell short, but the second struck the *Lawrence*, when at a distance of a mile and a half. It went crashing through her bulwarks, and provoked her crew to respond,

but Perry held back their fire until he could get near enough to do effective work. In the meantime, as the distance was lessened between the hostile ships, a terrific fire was concentrated upon the *Lawrence*, from the *Detroit*, *Queen Charlotte*, and some of the other vessels, it being Barclay's intention to destroy Perry's flagship first, and the others in detail. The *Lawrence* suffered terribly, and after two hours fighting, out of her crew of 103 sound men, 22 were killed, and 61 were wounded. Her spars were shattered, sails torn into shreds, guns dismounted, bulwarks crushed in, and her gun-deck was a pool of blood. Through some oversight, misunderstanding or neglect, Captain ELLIOT kept aloof, not coming to the relief of the *Lawrence* by going ahead and drawing the enemy's fire that was poured upon her incessantly. Firing a last gun with his own hands, aided by the purser and chaplain, and transferring to Lieutenant YARNALL, the command of his disabled vessel, with instructions to use his own judgment in her management, or disposal, Perry took his battle-flag and broad pennant, and with a few men in an open boat rowed to the *Niagara*. [*See illustration.*] She was then abreast, nearly half a mile distant, and over this space which required fifteen minutes rowing, Perry proceeded fearlessly, standing upright in the frail boat, while Barclay seeing his intention, directed a storm of cannon balls, grape, canister, and musketry upon him. Under this fire he kept on, while some of the oars were shattered and the inmates of the boat were splashed with water thrown against them by the missiles which fell all around them. Fortunately for America, Perry succeeded in reaching the *Niagara*, and hoisting his battle-flag and pennant, he dashed at the enemy's line, broke through it, firing broadsides within half-pistol shot, and being now supported by his un-

harmed vessels, he won, within a short time, a glorious victory. The British flagship's colors were hauled down in less than ten minutes after Perry broke Barclay's line of battle, and his other ships quickly followed his example. By 4 o'clock all had surrendered excepting the *Chippewa* and *Little Belt*, which tried to escape, but were overtaken, and brought back.

The gallant young Commodore, then only twenty-seven years old, received the formal surrender of the British officers on the gun-deck of the *Lawrence*, where they had an opportunity to see how courageously the Americans had fought the battle, by viewing the shattered vessel; and the thickly lying victims of the awful carnage, among whom were many "Blacks." That class had not only fought faithfully, but in every way had shown their worth as true American seamen; and in the ordeal on the *Lawrence*, and in the open boat when he rowed to the *Niagara*, under his own observation, they had acted like veteran tars and fighters, so that henceforth his opinion of the "Blacks" was the same as Commodore Chauncey's, and he wished for no better men.

At the dedication of the statue of Perry in Cleveland, Ohio, September 10, 1860, there was a vast concourse of people, and a reunion of the soldiers and sailors of the War of 1812. About 300 of them sat down to a banquet given to them. The oldest soldier among them was a Colored man, ABRAHAM CHASE, aged 90 years; and JESSE WALL, aged 74 years, a Colored sailor, was a fifer on the *Niagara*, in the battle on Lake Erie.

Prior to that occasion, the dedication of Perry's monument, the Colored people held a celebration in Cleveland in September, 1851, extending over the anniversary of Perry's victory, and among the participants were a number of

Colored men who had served in the War of 1812. One of them, who was one of the speakers, was JOHN JULIUS, of Pittsburg, then about 70 years old.

The victory on Lake Erie was of great importance. It is credited by historians as being the decisive battle of our Second War with England. By means of it Gen. Harrison embarked his army in Perry's vessels and landed them in Canada, near Fort Malden. The British, under Proctor, fled from it, setting it and the store-houses on fire. Harrison pursued them, and on the 29th of September recovered Detroit. Proctor kept up his retreat until he reached a Moravian town on the Thames, in Upper Canada, 86 miles north-east from Detroit, where he made a stand in a very advantageous position, Harrison coming up with about 3,000 picked men, October 5, 1813, and attacking him with skill and energy.

Tecumseh, the celebrated Indian chief, fought in this battle with his usual indomitable bravery, and by his example kept his warriors in line and steady in fighting. Colonel JOHNSON, commander of mounted Kentuckians, who confronted Tecumseh and his men, made a furious charge upon them. He singled out the chief for a personal combat, and, though wounded repeatedly himself, succeeded in shooting Tecumseh dead. On seeing him fall the Indians fled, and the British also soon gave way, suffering a complete defeat, and losing in killed, wounded and prisoners over 700 men. About 120 Indians were slain. Among the trophies of the victory were six brass cannon which Hull had surrendered, on two of which were engraved the words, "Surrendered by Burgoyne at Saratoga." With this victory the war in the North-west ended, Michigan Territory was restored to American control, all that was lost by Hull's surrender was re-

gained, and, in addition, the American forces gained advantages which brought about other successes that vitally affected the issue of the remaining struggle.

The battle on Lake Erie, which Colored men helped to win, was thus the main factor in working out the problem of final success in the "War of 1812," and for this reason Colored Americans can justly feel proud of their Race record there.

Another great naval battle in this war, in which they won fame, was fought on Lake Champlain, September 11, 1814, under Commodore THOMAS MCDONOUGH. In connection with it a battle was fought on land, at Plattsburg, N. Y., where Colored men, under General MACOMB, helped to defeat the British General, Sir George Prevost.

Before giving some details of these battles, we will quote from a speech by DR. CLARK, delivered in 1821, in the convention elected to revise the Constitution of New York:

"My honorable colleague has told us that as Colored people are not required to contribute to the protection or defense of the State, they are not entitled to an equal participation in the privileges of its citizens. But, sir, whose fault is this? It is haughtily asked, who will stand in the ranks shoulder to shoulder with a Negro? I answer, no one in time of peace; no one when your musters and trainings are looked upon as mere pastimes; no one when your militia will shoulder their muskets and march to their trainings with as much unconcern as they would go to a sumptuous entertainment or a splendid ball. But, sir, when the hour of danger approaches, your 'White' militia are just as willing that the man of color should be set up as a mark to be shot at by the enemy as to be set up themselves. *In the War of the*

Revolution, these people helped to fight our battles by land and sea. Some of our States were glad to turn out corps of Colored men, and their soldiers to stand 'shoulder to shoulder' with them.

"*In your late war (1812–1815), they contributed largely towards some of our most splendid victories. On Lakes Erie and Champlain, where our fleets triumphed over a foe superior in numbers and engines of death, they were manned in* A LARGE PROPORTION *with men of color.* In this very House, in the fall of 1814, a bill passed, receiving the approbation of all the branches of our Government, authorizing the Governor to accept the services of a corps of two thousand free people of color. Sir, these were times which tried men's souls. In these times it was no sporting matter to bear arms. These were times when a man who shouldered a musket did not know but he bared his bosom to receive a death wound from the enemy ere he laid it aside; and in these times, these people were found as ready and as willing to volunteer in our service as any other. *They were not compelled to go; they were not drafted.* No; your pride had placed them beyond your compulsory power; but there was no necessity for its exercise; THEY WERE VOLUNTEERS; yes, sir, volunteers to defend that very country from the inroads and ravages of a ruthless and vindictive foe, which had treated them with insult, degradation and slavery!"

In a debate in Congress, January 22, 1828, the Hon. Mr. Martindale, of New York, said: "Slaves, or Negroes who had been slaves, were enlisted as soldiers in the war of the Revolution; and I myself saw a battalion of them, as fine martial-looking men as I ever saw, attached to the Northern army in the late war (1812-1815), on the march from *Plattsburg to Sackett's Harbor.*"

At the time of the attack upon Plattsburg, General Izard, who commanded the army along Lake Champlain that summer, had gone to the Niagara to reinforce General Brown, marching in August with 5,000 men, and leaving Macomb with only 1,500 to hold Plattsburg. Prevost, the Governor-general of Canada, hearing of this movement, advanced from the St. Lawrence with 14,000 veteran soldiers, men who had fought successfully in the armies of Europe, and he expected to crush the small force of Americans at Plattsburg without much difficulty.

On Lake Champlain there was a British fleet commanded by Commodore Downie, and this sailed to co-operate with Prevost, by attacking the American fleet, under McDonough, on that part of the lake known as Plattsburg Bay. McDonough had fourteen vessels: a brig, a ship, a schooner, a sloop, and ten gunboats, carrying 820 men, and 86 guns. Downie's fleet consisted of 17 vessels, which were superior in size and strength, and he had 95 guns and 1,050 men.

Prevost having arrived with his "Wellington Invincibles," the conquerors of Napoleon's "Old Guard" at Waterloo, he made repeated efforts to cross the Saranac River, along which Macomb had thrown up strong earthworks, and behind which he had posted his 1,500 or 2,000 regulars, and some hastily mustered militia. His "up-guards and at them"-veterans utterly failed to force the Americans from their position. His bomb-shells, cannon-balls and rockets which he poured upon Plattsburg and its fort and line of defense, and his furious assaults, did not frighten the Americans from their posts, and the result was that before sunset Prevost retreated with a badly beaten army, minus 2,500 men lost in killed, wounded and missing.

The Colored men in the militia had reason to be proud for having fought in that battle.

On Lake Champlain Downie's tars fared even worse than Prevost's soldiers. When the British ships hove in sight, McDonough weighed anchor and sailed out of the bay to meet them, and a combat commenced which lasted two hours and twenty minutes, during which the British lost 84 killed and 110 wounded; and with prisoners taken by the Americans their total loss was 994 out of the 1,050 men who went into the action. All their vessels were either sunk or captured, excepting a few of the galleys which took to flight. The Americans had only 52 killed and 54 wounded, the crew of the *Saratoga*, Commodore McDonough's vessel, suffering the most in losses. McDonough himself experienced rough usage. At one time he was knocked down by a broken boom striking him, and lay senseless for a few moments, and his men supposed he was killed; but he soon came to, leaped to his feet, and directed the fighting. Soon he was struck again, by the head of a seaman which a cannon-ball shot off, and the severed head hit him so violently that he fell to the deck covered with its streaming blood. The indomitable Commodore did not allow these incidents to interfere long with his activity and success, and when the battle was over did not report himself among the injured.

While the grim work of death was progressing, an incident occurred on the *Saratoga* which caused merriment among the blood-bespattered seamen, and made them fight with increased ardor. A chicken coop on board was demolished by a shot, and the fowls flew in different directions, a rooster among them flying upward from one elevation to another until he perched near the top of the main mast. There he repeatedly flapped his wings and crowed lustily,

and proved a veritable mascot, making the men laugh, to disregard danger, and to regard the incident as an omen of victory. The Colored men, with their proverbial love of chicken, did not stop fighting to disturb his roost, for the chanticleer was too valuable a fowl to put into the pot.

NOTE.—Extracts from "*An Act to authorize the raising of Two Regiments of Men of Color; passed Oct. 24, 1814:*

"Be it enacted by the people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, That the Governor of the State be, and he is hereby authorized to raise, by voluntary enlistment, two regiments of free men of Color, for the defense of the State for three years, unless sooner discharged.

"And be it further enacted, That each of the said regiments shall consist of one thousand and eighty able-bodied men; and the said regiments shall be formed into a brigade, or be organized in such manner, and shall be employed in such service, as the Governor of the State of New York shall deem best adapted to defend the said State.

"And be it further enacted, That it shall be lawful for any able-bodied slave, with the written consent of his master or mistress, to enlist into the said corps; and the master or mistress of such slave shall be entitled to the pay and bounty allowed him for his service; and, further, that the said slave, at the time of receiving his discharge, shall be deemed and adjudged to have been legally manumitted from that time, and his said master or mistress shall not thenceforward be liable for his maintenance."

CHAPTER XVI.

NORTH POINT AND FORT McHENRY.

BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG.—CAPTURE OF WASHINGTON AND DESTRUCTION OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS.—BRITISH REPULSED AT BALTIMORE.—BATTLE OF NORTH POINT.—BOMBARDMENT OF FORT M'HENRY.—THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER STILL WAVES.

During the years 1813–14 the Atlantic seaboard suffered much, from Maine to Georgia, on account of the blockade and visitations of British cruisers. Commodore Hardy, who cruised off the New England coast, conducted his operations honorably; but, farther south, Admiral Cockburn terrorized the people by either cannonading or plundering towns that could be reached by the ships of his squadron. His predatory visitations were numerous along the shores of Delaware and Chesapeake Bays, and were partly intended to draw American troops away from the Canadian line.

In conjunction with Sir Sidney Beckwith, who commanded a land force, an attempt was made to capture Norfolk, Virginia, but the Americans, with their fortifications on Craney Island, and gunboats across the channel, repulsed them, June 22, 1813. The enemy then made a descent upon Hampton, Va., committing gross outrages, after which, Cockburn sailed along the Southern coasts, continuing his dis-

graceful warfare. In the Carolinas he captured many Negroes and carried them to the West Indies, where he sold them.

Returning to pursue his nefarious work, in the Spring of 1814, he again entered the Chesapeake Bay and some of its tributaries. In August he passed Commodore Barney's flotilla, which was not strong enough to cope with his squadron, and sailed up the Patuxent River, landing General Ross and his army of 5,000 men, who proceeded to march across the country against Washington City.

It was a matter of doubt with the Americans which city Ross intended to attack first,—Washington or Baltimore, so their forces were divided in order to guard both. This weakened General WINDER'S opposition to Ross, whom he met in battle at Bladensburg, August 24, 1814, and he was unable to prevent the capture of Washington. The American loss in the engagement was thirty killed, forty-two wounded, and one hundred and twenty by capture. The British lost one hundred and eighty-three killed, two hundred and ninety-seven wounded, and nearly five hundred by desertion.

Ross entered Washington the same day, and very nearly captured President Madison and his Cabinet. They had been at Bladensburg when the fighting began, had returned to Washington for greater safety, but, as it happened, barely made their escape.

Ross burned the Capitol building, with its Congressional Library, the Presidential mansion, Government offices, records, and much private property. Alexandria, Va., suffered at the same time, in loss of merchandise and shipping, some of the British vessels having sailed up the Potomac to that place.

His next move was to capture Baltimore, and this was

to be done by a combined naval and land attack. General SMITH was in command there, Major ARMISTEAD having charge of Fort McHenry. The troops that were to defend the city consisted chiefly of Maryland and Pennsylvania militia, and excepting their patriotism and fighting qualities, were a much inferior force to that of Ross, who landed at North Point, at the mouth of the Potapsco River, with five thousand men, on the 12th of September.

The Americans, under General STRICKER, marched out to prevent the advance of the British army, and stubbornly contested its progress, losing twenty-four killed and one hundred and thirty-nine wounded, and inflicting upon the British a loss of eighty killed and three hundred and one wounded. Ross had vowed, so it was reported, that he would eat his next meal in Baltimore, or in Gehenna, so it is probable that he had a very warm supper that night, for he was killed on the march towards the city. The two young men who were credited with the honor of removing him from the command of his army, and preventing him from supping in Baltimore, were DANIEL WELLS and HENRY MCCOMAS, both of Captain Aisquith's company of sharpshooters. They were in the front, and were both killed at the same time, it being currently reported that they picked off General Ross, and that his men immediately discharged a volley at them which brought them both down. A fine monument to their memory stands at the intersection of Gay and Aisquith Streets, East Baltimore.

With the death of General Ross the command of the British was assumed by Colonel Brooke. The Americans maintained their ground for three hours, fighting vigorously while falling back to the main body which was stationed two miles from the city. On the next day Brooke advanced his

army nearer Baltimore, but from the sample of opposition that had been made by the Americans in the open field, he halted in front of their intrenchments, deciding not to try to force them until he should hear favorably from Cochrane's attack upon Fort McHenry.

Threatened thus by land and water, the people of Baltimore were in great suspense, but were determined not to surrender the city if hard fighting could prevent it, and all were united in the common defense. Colored men performed their part in working on the fortifications, in manning the batteries, and carrying the musket, and had lost none of the spirit which their fathers had shown throughout the Revolution, and that had already been exhibited, on land and sea, in the Second War with England.

Fort McHenry, situated two miles from Baltimore, commands the entrance to the harbor, and was garrisoned then by 1,000 men commanded by Major Armistead. Its bombardment was commenced by Cochrane early in the morning of September 13th (1814), with a squadron of sixteen vessels, and during the whole day and into the night it was subjected to a heavy attack; but although cannon-balls and bomb-shells incessantly struck its walls, swept its ramparts, and fell within its inclosure, the garrison successfully resisted the attack, compelling Cochrane to retire. He next detached 1,200 men to storm the works, but they were also repulsed; and completely failing in both efforts he abandoned the attempt to reduce the fort, and on the following day sailed away. The force under Brooke, menacing Baltimore, also retired, re-embarked, and the British fleet and army left the Chesapeake, going farther south.

It was during the bombardment of Fort McHenry

that Francis S. Key, an American detained on board one of the vessels of Cochrane's fleet, conceived our national ode, "The Star Spangled Banner." He watched the effect of shot and shell hurled at the fort, with painful anxiety, and saw, with patriotic pride and joy, the banner still waving at the close of day; then when darkness set in

> "The bombs bursting in air
> Gave proof through the night that the flag was still there."

When he returned to Baltimore, after the attack, he re-wrote the lines which he had penciled hastily and they were soon set to music. They immediately became popular, and the ode was recognized as worthy of the place which it attained as a national anthem. Thus the victory at Baltimore had as one of its greatest trophies, the gift to America, from the pen of Francis Scott Key, the immortal song of The Star Spangled Banner.

Note.—When Washington City was captured, and Baltimore attacked, other cities that were liable to be similarly exposed took measures for defence and in this they were aided by Colored men. In Philadelphia, acting under the Vigilance Committee, Bishop Allen, James Forten and Absalom Jones solicited help from people of their Color to throw up defences, and 2,500 Colored men quickly assembled in the yard of the State House, whence they marched to Gray's Ferry, where they worked hard for several days. They received a vote of thanks from the Committee for their faithful and efficient labors. The Colored men of the city were also willing to fight, and a battalion of them was organized, which was about to march, when news came that they would not be needed on account of the British retreating.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

TWO BATTALIONS OF COLORED SOLDIERS, WITH WHITE SOLDIERS, DEFEAT THE BRITISH IN HALF AN HOUR, KILLING GENERAL PAKENHAM AND 700 OF HIS MEN, WOUNDING OVER 1,400, AND TAKING 500 PRISONERS.

The Battle of New Orleans, with its frightful losses to the British, for the number of men engaged was the most victorious land battle of Americans in all their history, and its success was largely due to the valor of four hundred and fifty Colored soldiers, who formed a good proportion of the line of battle.

They fought under the eye of the Commanding-General, strewed the ground in front of them with veteran British soldiers, and nobly merited every word of praise spoken to them by Major-General JACKSON:

"To THE MEN OF COLOR: Soldiers! From the shores of Mobile I collected you to arms,—I invited you to share in the perils and to divide the glory of your White countrymen. I expected much from you; for I was not uninformed of those qualities which must render you so formidable to an invading foe. I knew that you could endure hunger and thirst, and all the hardships of war. I knew that you loved the land of your nativity, and that, like ourselves, you had to defend all that is most dear to man. But you surpass my

hopes. I have found in you, united to these qualities, that noble enthusiasm which impels to great deeds.

"Soldiers! The President of the United States shall be informed of your conduct on the present occasion; and the voice of the Representatives of the American nation shall applaud your valor. * * * "

It will be in order here to review the movements of General Jackson, in the campaigns of the extreme South, 1813-14, as steps leading to the last battle of the War of 1812. He had to contend with Indians, Spaniards and British, the Spanish Governor of Florida permitting the British to use Pensacola as a base of operations, and giving them aid in different ways.

Tecumseh, the wily and influential Indian warrior working in alliance with the British, visited the tribes of the South in the spring of 1813, and induced the numerous and warlike Creek Nation to engage in hostilities. One result of his mission was the massacre at Fort Mimms, on the Alabama River, August 30th, when fifteen hundred Creeks surprised it—killing about three hundred men, women and children.

The Colored people shared with the Whites in experiencing the terrors and atrocities of the savage warfare, and with them were aroused to furious indignation against their merciless foes. General Jackson, in chief command, assisted by General COFFEE, marched into the Indian country with a force of over two thousand men, and pursuing the Creeks from place to place, in a number of fierce attacks, extending from November, 1813, to March, 1814, broke their power and brought them to terms of submission. In one of the battles, Tohopeka, or Great Horse Shoe, six hundred of their warriors were slain.

Weathersford, the chief Creek leader, when his Nation was greatly reduced, boldly came to General Jackson to sue for peace. In the interview he said: "I am in your power; do with me what you please. I have done all the harm I could. I have fought you, and fought bravely. My warriors are nearly all gone now, and I can do no more. When there was a chance for success I never asked for peace. There is none now, and I ask it for the remnant of my Nation." General Jackson, who admired courage and frankness, granted the petition, and the fallen chief returned to his people to advocate a peaceable relation between them and the Whites.

In the latter part of the year 1814, the British, who were favored by Spanish Florida, with the consent of its governor landed troops at Pensacola, from their Gulf Squadron, and with the addition of 200 Creek warriors made up an expedition against Fort Bowyer, now Fort Morgan, at Mobile, Alabama. The fort was defended by Major LAWRENCE, who repulsed the attack, inflicting upon the enemy the loss of many men, and a ship-of-war.

General Jackson, who was at Mobile, resolved to rebuke the Spanish governor, and prevent him from extending further aid to the British, by severe punishment, if necessary. With 2,000 Tennesseeans he marched against Pensacola, appearing there November 6th, he drove the British to their shipping and compelled the terrified Spanish governor to surrender the post, November 7, 1814. On the following day the British sailed out of sight; and shortly afterward Jackson returned to Mobile, where he found it necessary to make immediate preparations for the defense of New Orleans.

In the Mobile campaign, a Colored soldier named JEFFREY distinguished himself by great gallantry, and received

from General Jackson the honorary title of "Major." In a charge made by General Stump's men against the British, they met with a repulse and were retreating in confusion, when Jeffrey, rushing forward, and mounting a horse which he seized, rode among the disordered soldiers, implored them to follow him, and heading toward the enemy rallied the Americans by his example, and won the field. Jackson was so pleased with his gallantry that he dubbed him "Major," a title by which he was called to the day of his death.

In addition to this circumstance, as showing the opinion of General Jackson concerning Colored soldiers, and the value which he attached to them in his operations from Mobile to the battle of New Orleans, it will be interesting to read a proclamation issued from his headquarters at Mobile, September 21, 1814, which he addressed

TO THE FREE COLORED INHABITANTS OF LOUISIANA:

Through a mistaken policy, you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights in which our country is engaged. This no longer shall exist.

As sons of freedom, you are now called upon to defend our most estimable blessing. As Americans, your country looks with confidence to her adopted children for a valorous support, as a faithful return for the advantages enjoyed under her mild and equitable government. As fathers, husbands and brothers, you are summoned to rally around the standard of the Eagle, to defend all which is dear in existence.

Your country, although calling for your exertions, does not wish you to engage in her cause without amply remunerating you for the services rendered. Your intelligent minds are not to be led away by false representations. Your love of honor would cause you to despise the man who should attempt to deceive you. In the sincerity of a soldier and the language of truth I address you.

To every noble-hearted, generous freeman of color volunteering to serve during the present contest with Great Britain, and no longer, there will be paid the same bounty in money and lands, now received by the White soldiers of the United States, *viz:* One hundred and twenty-four dollars in money, and one hundred and sixty acres of land. The non-commissioned officers, and privates, will also be entitled to the same monthly pay, and daily rations, and clothes, furnished to any American soldier.

On enrolling yourselves in companies, the Major-General commanding

will select officers for your government from your White fellow-citizens. Your non-commissioned officers will be appointed from among yourselves.

Due regard will be paid to the feeling of freemen and soldiers. You will not, by being associated with White men in the same corps, be exposed to improper comparisons or unjust sarcasm. As a distinct, independent battalion or regiment, pursuing the path of glory, you will, undivided, receive the applause and gratitude of your countrymen.

To assure you of the sincerity of my intentions, and my anxiety to engage your invaluable services to our country, I have communicated my wishes to the Governor of Louisiana, who is fully informed as to the manner of enrollment, and will give you every necessary information on the subject of this address. ANDREW JACKSON, *Major-General Commanding.*

HEADQUARTERS, SEVENTH MILITARY DISTRICT,
MOBILE, September 21, 1814.

The Colored men appealed to in this address, responded quickly, and two battalions were formed numbering nearly 500, commanded by Majors Lacoste and Savory; and they did not have long to wait before enduring the tests of conflict, and nobly fulfilling the predictions of their valor, made by the Commanding General.

On the 14th of December a flotilla of American gunboats on Lake Borgne, commanded by Lieutenant Thomas A. Catesby Jones, was attacked by 1200 British in about forty barges, and was captured. The Americans also lost forty men, in killed and wounded, The British lost 300, but they were now able to advance to the Mississippi, which they reached, with a part of their force, (2,500) on the 22d, and appeared about nine miles below the City of New Orleans. On the 23d, General Jackson, with a detachment of his army, fell upon them at night, killed and wounded about 400 of the enemy, and then withdrew. His bold assault made them cautious in their advance, and gave the Americans time to complete their line defending the city.

The fleet of sixty vessels, which entered Lake Borgne on the 13th of December, conveyed the British general, Sir

Edward Pakenham and his army, composed of veteran troops that had won renown in Europe. When his main force joined that portion which had secured a position near New Orleans he was ready with an army estimated at 12,000 men, well equipped, and well versed in war, to make his attempt to defeat Jacksen and capture New Orleans.

In order to have the military power in effective and unhampered control, General Jackson, with the consent of Governor Claiborne, of Louisiana, had proclaimed martial law in the Southern Department, which comprised Tennessee, Louisiana, and the Mississippi Territory. By this course he was able to keep suspected foreign residents, and all inhabitants who might be unfriendly, or opposed, to the American cause, under strict restraint; and at the same time bring up to their military duties any who were disposed to shrink from them. He therefore made vigorous and expeditious preparations to check the British, and to drive those invaders back from the rich booty which they confidently expected to seize.

Between three or four miles below New Orleans, Jackson constructed a line of breastworks and intrenchments, about a mile in length, extending from the Mississippi to a cypress swamp, and commanding the plain of Chalmette. The batteries were protected mostly with bales of cotton; and the line of breastworks was fronted by a deep ditch. Along this line were eight distinct batteries of heavy cannon, advantageously planted so as to sweep the plain, and across the river was a strong battery of fifteen cannon that protected the extreme right of Jackson's line, which rested on the river. His extreme left was protected by an impenetrable swamp, and thus his position was one of natural strength for a defensive battle.

Jackson's little army of 3,000 men, about one-sixth of whom were Colored, composed mostly of militia, was reinforced by 3,000 Kentuckians, and with this total force of 6,000 he fought against more than double that number, on the morning of January 8, 1815.

General Pakenham's army had been reinforced until it numbered nearly 14,000 men. They were chiefly veterans, were equipped with the best of fire-arms, and were attended with a large and strong train of artillery. He led his troops in person, and they advanced to the attack with intrepidity, in two dense columns, detachments of them carrying ladders and other instruments and material, to effect a crossing of the ditch and the scaling of the works.

The Americans were in no hurry to fire, and calmly surveyed the magnificent spectacle presented by the British army in its steady advance, until it came within close range, when suddenly Jackson's artillery and infantry opened upon the thick masses of the enemy a fire so destructive that they were brought to a halt; and while their commander was heroically trying to rally them he was shot down. Pakenham having fallen, Generals Gibbs and Keane took command, and led the troops in another attempt to force Jackson's line, but when they came to where the Americans could direct a close and terrible fire against them, they were again repulsed with fearful slaughter.

The characteristic bull-dog tenacity of the British made them unwilling to yield the struggle, and although the ground over which they had twice advanced was thickly strewn with the dead and wounded, they determined to make another and supreme effort to dislodge and rout the Americans. Their officers gallantly led them forward, and cheered and urged them on, amidst unprecedented carnage wrought

CHALMETTE NATIONAL CEMETERY, NEW ORLEANS.

MONUMENT, LOOKING TOWARDS BRITISH POSITION.

in their ranks by the steady, well-directed, and rapid discharges of cannon and musketry from Jackson's entire line. They came up the ditch, and some succeeded in crossing it, and climbing upon the breastworks, only to be immediately shot down. Seeing the fearful havoc that they were making, and how the veterans of Europe were staggering and reeling under their fire, the Americans presented an unbroken and undaunted front, firing as fast as possible, and in a few minutes their foes fled in dismay and disorder, leaving 700 dead and 1,400 wounded on the field, and 500 taken prisoners. General Gibbs, like Pakenham, lost his life, and General Keane, with many other officers, was wounded, and the British army was so discouraged by the loss of its commanders, and its disastrous repulse, that it hastily retreated to its shipping, and on the night of January 18th took its departure, leaving behind many of its wounded and much of its artillery.

In noting the disparity of the loss in the two armies, most authorities give that of the Americans as *seven* killed and *six* wounded, but Lossing states that it was *eight* killed and *thirteen* wounded. This little difference does not detract from the astonishing escape of the Americans with so few casualties, when they are compared with the frightful losses of the British.

All this havoc was unnecessary, for a treaty of peace had been signed at Ghent on the 24th of the preceding December; but there being then no steamships and no Atlantic cable to convey the glad tidings of peace and good-will, the news of the treaty did not reach America until after this most sanguinary battle had been fought. Parton, in his *Life of Jackson*, exclaims: "O Morse, O Field, why were you not ready with your Oceanic telegraph then, to tell

those men of both armies, when they woke on the morning of the 8th of January, that they were not enemies, but friends and brothers, and send them joyful *into* each other's arms, and not in madness *against* each other's arms."

In total ignorance of the treaty signed, both armies fought like heroes, and the Americans added to their Nation's fame the record of a land battle that has no equal in its history for smallness of losses compared with the great losses inflicted upon the enemy. Dewey's victory in Manila Bay, and Schley's victory off Santiago, in the Spanish-American war, were phenomenal, but all things considered, the greatest victory ever gained by Americans was the Battle of New Orleans.

Afro-Americans, when they read accounts of that victory, or, when visiting the Chalmette National Cemetery at New Orleans, are told of the Colored soldiers' part in the famous battle, can look upon the monuments there [*see illustrations*] with commendable pride and respect for their Race; for the Colored battalions stood up to their work with the nerve and valor of veterans, and in front of their position, the piles and rows of the dead and wounded told plainly the story of their bravery and marksmanship, and the realization by General Jackson of the faith and confidence which he had reposed in his "Men of Color."

Forty-seven years later, when General Butler occupied New Orleans, he invoked the aid of Colored men and called upon them "to defend the flag of their native country as their fathers did under Jackson at Chalmette against Pakenham;" and replying to General Weitzel, who afterward commanded the 25th Army Corps, Colored, he said: "You say that in these organizations you have no confidence. As your reading must have made you aware, General Jackson entertained a different opinion upon that subject."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WAR WITH MEXICO. THE JOHN BROWN RAID.

TWO GREAT INVASIONS,—ONE BY THE NATION WITH ARMIES, THE OTHER BY A MAN WITH A SCORE OF FOLLOWERS— BOTH PREPARATORY TO THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES.

The war of the United States with Mexico was a preface, and the John Brown Raid was an introduction to the history of the great Civil War. In all three the Colored man was made the cause which induced them, and therefore, he can flatter himself that he has been, innocently, the most disturbing, exciting and interesting national element. He has been the subject of more speeches from the stump, more orations from the rostrum, more discussions in the forum, and more editorials than any other; and, next to the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress, the most inspired and influential book ever written obtained its materials out of his life, character and sufferings—Uncle Tom's Cabin. More battles have been fought for and about him, and more blood shed, than for any other subject outside of religious wars. He has caused more appeals to reason, to humanity, to diplomacy, and to prejudice, passion and selfishness than any other character in history.

When the Dutch traders landed their human wares at Jamestown, and exchanged them for barter, they brought ashore also and planted a Upas tree, which took root immediately, grew rapidly and extended its boughs until thous-

ands of Colored captives died in its shade and the civilization of a great nation was poisoned and languished. Those who were intoxicated with its keeping, were pleased with its growth, in spite of its baleful effects upon themselves and children, and nurtured it by legislation that its deadly shadow might extend to Maine and Washington Territory as well as to Delaware and Texas; and the governing motive in those who instigated the war with Mexico was to secure additional favorable soil for its propagation. Eminent opponents arose who contended truthfully that it was the aim of Washington, Jefferson, Adams and other founders of the free nation to trim it down gradually, to uproot it by degrees, to dwarf it, and finally eradicate it, root and branch.

There were men like John Brown who saw clearly that the tree was so long planted, so well guarded, that the only way to sink the axe of abolition into its trunk was to break down legal fences, and make a raid to kill it, as one had been made to fertilize it. In the providence of God both raids were made to operate together, and eventually its keepers and defenders in their blindness gave to Abraham Lincoln the axe with which to cut it down, and they lit the fire in which it was consumed to ashes. When it had disappeared, and the atmosphere was purified, and the people of the South saw prosperity, moral healthfulness and mutual patriotism beginning to flourish where before they had been retarded, there was an acquiescence with the Providence that ordained and ordered its extermination; and any attempt to replant another of its kind, if made by the North, would be met by a Southern rebellion, a secession and a greater civil war. This sentiment the author heard uttered by great Confederate leaders at Gettysburg, on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle, when Generals James Longstreet, John B. Gordon

and other famous men of the South, took a prominent part in the exercises of the occasion ; and they doubtless reflected the general opinion of their people.

Mexico became a Republic in 1824, with a Federal Constitution uniting the States into which its territory was divided. Texas was one of these States, and, bordering on the Union, received many immigrants from it, and its rapid increase in population was owing to the influx of Americans. It was estimated that there were ten thousand Americans in that province in 1833. They were its controlling power, and when Santa Anna became military ruler of Mexico, the Texans rebelled, a war followed, and the State declared her independence, in a convention held on the 2d of March, 1836. The fighting between the daring Texans and hot Mexicans was fierce, and, although the latter greatly outnumbered the former, the Texans won their independence in a decisive battle at the San Jacinto, led by General Samuel Houston. He was a Virginian, and, as described by Robert Mackensie, the historian, was a man of "massive frame—energetic, audacious, unscrupulous—in no mean degree fitted to direct the storm he had helped to raise. General Houston headed the patriot forces, not quite four hundred in number, and imperfectly armed. Santa Anna came against them with an army of five thousand. The Texans retreated, and, having little to carry, easily distanced their pursuers. At the San Jacinto, Houston was strengthened by the arrival of two field pieces. He turned like a lion upon the unexpectant Mexicans, whom he caught in the act of crossing the river. He fired grapeshot into their quaking ranks. His unconquerable Texans clubbed their muskets—they had no bayonets—and rushed upon the foe. The Mexicans fled in helpless rout, and Texas was free. The grateful Texans

elected General Houston President of the Republic which he had thus helped to save."

The "Lone Star State" remained an independent republic until July 4, 1845, when its Government approved the bill of annexation passed by the United States Congress, and it was admitted formally into the Union in the following December. Its admission was favored and urged by the South because it added a vast slave area, and augmented the slave power; and for the same reasons it was opposed by the anti-slavery party in the North. The agitation produced by discussions of the measure was great, and war with Mexico was predicted on account of wresting this territory from her. There were already minor disputes between the United States and Mexico, admitting of easy settlement, but this act produced a speedy rupture between the two governments.

President Polk had ordered an "army of occupation," numbering about fifteen hundred men, under General Zachary Taylor, to take post in Texas, near the Mexican frontier. The United States claimed, by the annexation of Texas, the Rio Grande as their boundary, while Mexico contended that the western limits of Texas had not extended beyond the Nueces River; hence, when Taylor marched into the disputed territory, and established a fortified camp on the Rio Grande, opposite Matamoras, he was ordered by the Mexicans to withdraw. They regarded this act of his as a commencement of war, and crossing the river they fell upon a company of sixty American dragoons under Captain Thornton, April 26, 1846, killing sixteen and capturing most of the others—the captain escaping. This was the first effusion of blood in the war with Mexico. Congress after this affair, May 11th, made a formal declaration, and provided for the raising of fifty thousand volunteers.

The war, which lasted until the 2d of February, 1848, when a treaty of peace was signed, proved the superiority of the Americans, who were successful in every battle, and whose forces in each, with one exception, were always much smaller than the Mexicans', as will be seen by the following:

Battles of 1846: Palo Alto, May 8th, Americans, 2,300, —Mexicans, 6,000; Resaca de la Palma, May 9th, Americans, 2,200,—Mexicans, 5,000; Monterey, September 24th, Americans, 6,600,—Mexicans, 10,000; Bracito, December 25th, Americans, 500,—Mexicans, 1,200.

Battles of 1847: Buena Vista, February 23d, Americans, 4,700,—Mexicans, 17,000; Sacramento, February 28th, Americans, 900,—Mexicans, 4,000; Vera Cruz, March 27th, Americans, 12,000,—Mexicans, 6,000; Cerro Gordo, April 18th, Americans, 8,500,—Mexicans, 12,000; Contreras, August 20th, Americans, 4,000,—Mexicans, 7,000; Cherubusco, same date, Americans, 8,000,—Mexicans, 25,000; Molino del Rey, September 8th, Americans, 3,500,—Mexicans, 14,000; Chapultepec, September 13th, Americans, 7,200,—Mexicans, 25,000; Huamantla, October 9th, Americans, 500,—Mexicans, 1,000. These were the principal engagements, and throughout the war, whenever it came to a test of valor, endurance and strategy, it was found that the people of Mexico were not able to cope with people of the United States. They were glad to obtain peace, and in the treaty relinquished to the United States the territory north of the Rio Grande, which included Texas; and the provinces of New Mexico and California, they receiving therefor the sum of fifteen millions of dollars.

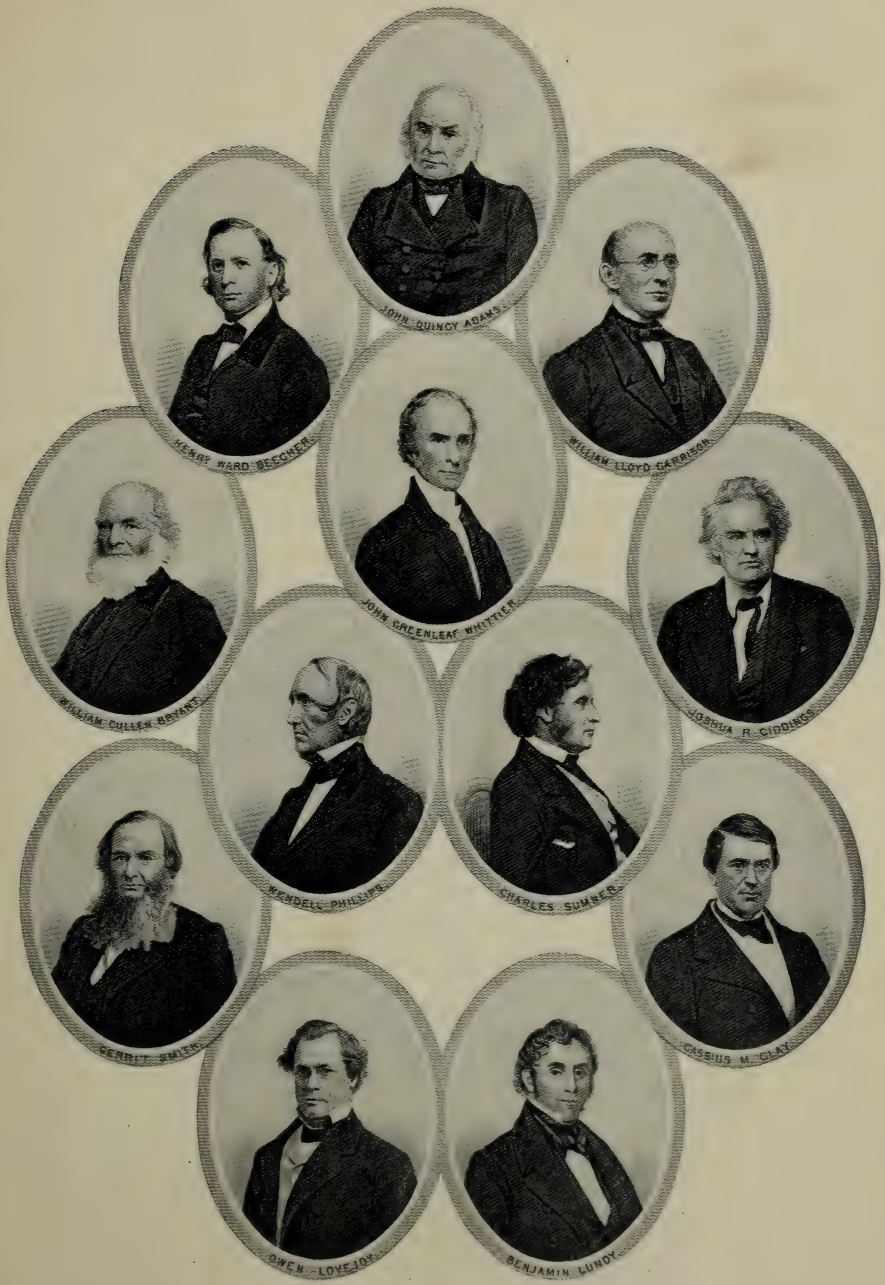
The Slave Power did not succeed in its plans based on the acquisition of the vast territory wrested from Mexico. California applied for admission as a State, in 1850, with a

constitution excluding slavery from her territory forever. Her application was opposed by the slave States to the extent of threatening to leave the Union, but under a compromise measure offered by Hon. Henry Clay she was admitted to Statehood.

The immediate results of the Mexican War added fuel to the flame of slavery agitation, widened the chasm between the North and the South, giving rise to feelings and policies which, united to those growing out of the John Brown raid, precipitated the great Civil War. General Grant, who served conspicuously in Mexico, states in his Memoirs his belief that the Mexican war would be followed by one between the free and slave States.

There were Colored men in the army and navy during the War with Mexico, serving under Generals Scott and Taylor, and Commodore Conner of the Gulf Squadron, who were chiefly servants, a large proportion of the officers being from the South. One instance may be cited in proof. At a reunion of the United Confederate Veterans, held in Charleston, South Carolina, in May, 1899, a correspondent writes that in a prominent family the young mistress, an accomplished lady, presented to his notice an old ex-slave as a veteran of that war, with the remark that he had stood by his master and brought his body home. She also took pride in saying, "James is one of us,—still faithful and true." Afro-Americans, in consideration of the final outcome of the Mexican War, should feel thankful to Providence that what was started for territorial enlargement to strengthen the status of slavery, only hastened its overthrow.

A remarkable character in American history, Captain John Brown, joined his influence to the car of slavery, not to help it forward, but to hold it back, and overturn it; and



EMINENT OPPONENTS OF THE SLAVE POWER.

between the two ultra forces, represented on the one side by men like Preston Brooks, who struck down Charles Sumner, bending over his desk in the deserted Senate chamber, and on the other by Brown, who defied State and National laws to strike at oppression, the chariot of the Slave Power was hurled to destruction.

This man is described in encyclopædias not as an assassin, but as "a distinguished champion of liberty, born in Torrington, Connecticut, May 9, 1800, and hung at Charlestown, Va., December 2, 1859."

He was a descendant of Peter Brown, one of the Mayflower's Pilgrim Fathers, and a grandson of Captain John Brown, a Revolutionary patriot, who fell in 1776. He was a devout member of the Congregational Church, a man of strict moral character, and of a kindly, benevolent disposition, but of puritanical purpose and firmness. He was in every way adapted to the work he had planned to do. In early years he had shown great antipathy to slavery, accepting the teachings of his father, who was an Abolitionist, and he in turn brought up his own sons to be inveterate haters of slavery.

At the age of thirty-nine he had already begun to consider plans by which he might become the liberator of slaves; and when, in 1854, the Missouri Compromise was repealed and the Kansas-Nebraska act gave to the territories the right to choose by a vote of their people whether they would have slavery or not, he turned his attention to Kansas, determined, with his sons, to aid in its settlement and formation of its constitution so that it should exclude slavery.

By his activity there, in opposing schemes of the pro-slavery party, and contending boldly against the encroachments of the Missouri "Border Ruffians," he was both feared

and hated. One of them murdered a son of his, and he, in a fight at Osawatomie, Kansas, August, 1856, against nearly five hundred of them, a force ten times larger than his own, killed thirty-five and wounded many, and escaped with his men. It was from this occurrence that he received the title "Osawatomie Brown."

Returning East, in May, 1859, he called a secret convention of the friends of freedom, at Chatham, Canada, and then and there organized an invasion of Virginia. In July he rented the Kennedy farm, six miles from Harper's Ferry, where he collected, without detection, a supply of guns and pikes. It was not his intention, so its was afterwards declared, to incite slaves to murder and rapine, but to use these weapons in self-defense while conducting them away to freedom. On the night of October 16th, with fifteen White men and five Colored, he surprised Harper's Ferry; seized the arsenal and armory and captured a number of prisoners. A Negro porter at the railroad station, named Haywood, was ordered by Brown's followers to join them. He refused and in attempting to escape was shot dead. A fire was opened upon and from the arsenal, during which several were wounded and killed—among them the mayor of the town. By nightfall the arsenal was invested by a large force of militia and other citizens. Brown retreated to the engine house, since known as John Brown's Fort, an attack upon which he repulsed with a loss of two killed and six wounded to the assailants. His own force had dwindled down to three uninjured White men and a few Negroes. One of his sons lay dead beside him, and another mortally wounded, but his composure never left him.

During the night a body of United States Marines with two pieces of artillery arrived, commanded by Col. Robert

E. Lee. At 7 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, these troops battered in the door of the building, overpowered the little garrison, striking Brown down with a sabre stroke; then, as he lay prostrate, he was pierced with a bayonet. He and three survivors were committed to the Charlestown jail and were indicted of conspiracy with Negroes to promote insurrection, treason and murder, and were brought to a speedy trial, and pronounced guilty. On December 2d John Brown and two Negroes were hung, and on the 16th of the following March (1860) Stevens and Hazlitt suffered the same fate.

A committee of the United States Senate, with Mr. Mason, an ultra-Southerner, as chairman, was appointed to investigate the whole affair, when it was proven that "John Brown had no confederates or confidants in the Free States, other than those who were his immediate followers, and these did not exceed twenty in number."

This report, however, did not convince the South and those in the North in sympathy with her, that Brown was so near alone in projecting his raid, and in the Presidential campaign of 1860, his actions were charged against the Republican party. The canvass was attended with intense interest and high spirit, and the marching of the political clubs and organizations was like the drilling of armies getting ready for war; and so it proved, for the election of Lincoln was followed by secession, the attack upon Fort Sumter and the great American conflict.

On the 18th of October, 1859, Colonel Robert E. Lee, as above stated, captured John Brown at Harper's Ferry; and on April 9, 1865, John Brown captured General Robert E. Lee, and the Southern Confederacy, at Appomattox Court House; for while it was General U. S. Grant who received

the surrender, it was the soul of John Brown, marching on and giving directions at length to the conduct of the war, that overthrew the rebellion and eradicated the curse which had divided and antagonized the people of the South against those of the North, and which, in the fulness of time, was destined to be abolished, that the American Nation might be truly a free people, and live henceforth in love and peace together.

Here are the first three stanzas of

THE JOHN BROWN SONG.

John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave;
His soul is marching on!

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord;
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord;
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord;
His soul is marching on!

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back;
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back;
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back;
His soul is marching on!

CHORUS TO EACH:
Glory, halle—hallelujah!
Glory, halle—hallelujah!
Glory, halle—hallelujah!
His soul is marching on!

This was sung by the armies of the Union from East to West, around the camp-fires, on the march, on the eve of battle, and often after defeat, and was an inspiration to vast numbers; and especially to the Colored soldiers, who felt its power more than others, and who sung it at last marching into Richmond, the Capitol of the Confederacy, where the death warrants of John Brown and his followers were signed by Governor Wise.

CHAPTER XIX.

OUTBREAK OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY BOMBARDS FORT SUMTER—THE SIGNAL GUN OF SECESSIONISTS IS ECHOED BY THE KNELL OF SLAVERY, AND IS FOLLOWED BY AN UPRISING OF THE NORTH—SLAVES SEE THE DAWN OF FREEDOM.

It was an "unlucky day" for slavery and secession, and a fortunate one for the American Nation,—North, South, East and West,—and especially for its Colored people, when, on Friday, April 12, 1861, Edmund Ruffin, a rabid secessionist who wished to be distinguished, fired the first gun at Fort Sumter. After springing the trap by which the cause he represented destroyed itself, he extinguished himself by committing suicide, June 17, 1865.

It was half-past four o'clock in the morning when the signal gun boomed across Charleston harbor, and around the world, its hatred of the United States Government, and its intention to establish one dedicated to human bondage In anticipation of this event, the inauguration of civil war, the Charlestonians, and many visitors who had come from a distance to see their country's flag dishonored, were up early, and in holiday attire, to enjoy the occasion. They thronged to house-tops, church-steeples, buildings along the bay, to all places where unobstructed views could be had, and eagerly as children watch for the passing of a circus parade they waited in the twilight to behold the chivalrous attack

of seven thousand men with mortars, cannons, forts and floating batteries, upon seventy or eighty half-starved soldiers in an unfinished fort.

While they are looking for the return of messengers sent to Sumter to bring Major Anderson's final reply to Beauregard's demand for his surrender, and are hoping that he will not give up without a fight,—like people who run to see a fire and hope that it is not a false alarm, though it may be their own house that has started to burn,—it will be in order to glance back over the record of a few months to see how they came to the conclusion which started the greatest of wars, in its magnitude and results.

Abraham Lincoln was elected President of the United States on the 6th of November, 1861, by the Republican Party. Southern politicians, his bitterest enemies, helped to elect him, by dividing the Democratic Party into factions, the pro-slavery and disunion vote going to John C. Breckinridge and the Union-Democratic vote to Stephen A. Douglas.

It was predicted by President Andrew Jackson, when he checked the Nullifiers in 1832, that their next pretext for rebellion would be the protection of slavery, and the election of Lincoln gave to them the long desired opportunity to make it. They pretended that his choice was a notice to the South that her rights and institutions should be overthrown, although they knew that he was elected to preside impartially over all the States, and would be sworn to preserve inviolate the Constitution.

Four days after his fair and constitutional election, a bill was introduced in the South Carolina Legislature to raise and equip ten thousand volunteers, and an election of delegates ordered for a convention to decide the course to be pursued by the State. All the delegates elected, December

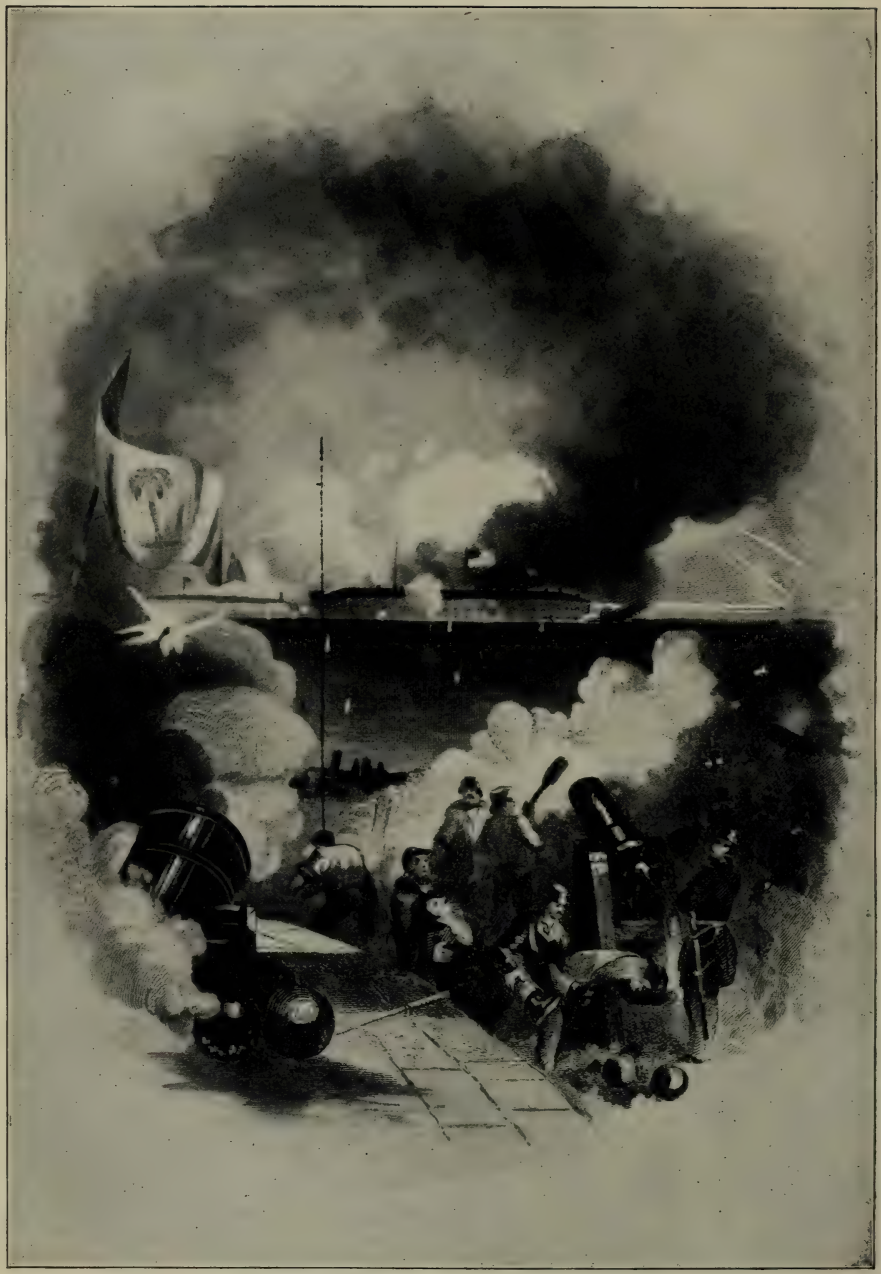
5th, were in favor of immediate secession, and the convention, on the 20th, passed an ordinance severing the union of South Carolina with the United States. Her example was followed by Mississippi on the 9th of January, 1861; Florida, January 10th; Alabama, January 11th; Louisiana, January 26th; and Texas on the 1st of February.

On the 4th of February a confederacy was formed at Montgomery, Alabama, to be known as the Confederate States of America; and on the 9th, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was elected President, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, Vice-President. In addition to the States already named there were others that joined the Confederacy, namely, Virginia, who passed her ordinance of secession April 19th; Arkansas, May 6th; North Carolina, May 20th; and Tennessee, on the 8th of June.

Some of these States were dragged out of the Union, against the desires and votes of a majority of their citizens, by desperate and unprincipled politicians. The Virginia convention, held on April 4th, refused by a vote of 89 to 45 to submit an ordinance of secession, the delegates knowing the prevailing sentiment of the people on that subject, but Governor Letcher by a secret session steered her into the maelstrom. There was a strong Union element in North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas, but it was suppressed by ruthless violence. Vigilance associations were formed to terrorize Unionists and to force them into rebellion or to flee from their States. Lossing cites the case of Arkansas as an example of the methods of secession. The secessionists, by means of a secret organization known as Knights of the Golden Circle, procured the election of a disloyal legislature and governor, who called a convention to vote on secession. That convention voted for Union by a majority of over two-

thirds. The foiled secessionists, by false promises, gained the consent of the Unionists to an adjournment subject to a call of the president, who pretended to be a loyal man, but was really not so. It was agreed to refer the question back to the people; also that the convention should not reassemble before the vote should be taken, in August. The president, in violation of that pledge, called the convention in May. The hall in which the members met was filled with an excited crowd. When the roll had been called a member offered an ordinance of secession, and moved that the yeas and nays on the question should be taken without debate. The motion was voted down, but the president declared it carried; and when the vote on the ordinance was taken, and it was found that there was a majority against it, he arose, and in the midst of cheers and threats of the mob, urged the Unionists to change their votes to *aye* immediately. It was evident that the mob was prepared to execute its threats, and the terrified Unionists complied. There was one exception. His name was Murphy, and he was compelled to fly for his life. [He became the Union Governor of the State in 1864.] Thus, by fraud and violence, Arkansas was placed in the position of a rebellious State. The secessionists at once commenced a system of terrorism. Unionists were murdered, imprisoned, and exiled. Confederate troops from Texas and Louisiana were brought into the State, and Arkansas troops, raised chiefly by compulsion, were sent out of the State. The voice of opposition was silenced; and the usurpers, with their feet on the necks of the people, proclaimed the unanimity of the inhabitants of Arkansas in favor of disunion!

When South Carolina revolted and took her position of threats and defiance towards the United States Government,



BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.

Major Robert Anderson, who occupied Fort Moultrie with a garrison of about eighty men, for greater security evacuated that fort on the 26th of December, 1860, removing his force to Fort Sumter. This act exasperated the secessionists, and to make sure of other prizes belonging to the United States, they seized the custom-house in Charleston, and all public property. Other rebellious States took the same action, and forts, arsenals, custom-houses, the mint at New Orleans, navy-yards and ships fell into their clutches.

In the meantime, James Buchanan, President of the United States, whose Cabinet was composed, in part, of secessionists, remained inactive while they used their positions of sacred trust to enfeeble the Government, scattering its navy, sending its troops to distant parts, and its munitions of war into Southern States where they could be easily stolen. While they were thus engaged in undermining and setting fire to the Temple of Liberty, which he had sworn to protect, he spent his time in searching the Constitution of the United States, seemingly in the dark or with a tallow taper, to see whether he had a right to guard its foundations and extinguish the spreading flames.

All was alarm, uncertainty, confusion, and foreboding of disaster, when Abraham Lincoln took the oath of his high office on the 4th of March, 1861, to be the President, not of a section, but of the whole country. His inaugural address breathed no threat; it was mild and fatherly in its tone, and disclaimed clearly any design on the part of the administration to interfere with slavery where it then existed, declaring that he had no constitutional right to do so. In concluding he spoke these touching and pathetic words: "I am loath to close. We *are not* enemies, but friends. We must *not be* enemies. Though passions may have strained, they must

not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearth-stone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

These words were a prophecy, fulfilled after the scourge of civil war, and the passing away of the rancor engendered by it, when the Nation, with its great disturbing question forever settled, learned to appreciate and cherish in Southern as well as Northern hearts, the spirit, the goodness, the wisdom and greatness of Abraham Lincoln. His appeal did not then avail, for Providence had a trial and reckoning in store for the people, and even while he was speaking Texas was seceding, and all over the South, in the rebellious States, war-like preparations were going forward and acts of violence and robbery were being enacted against the Government.

On the day after the inauguration of Lincoln, P. T. Beauregard was ordered by the Confederacy to take command of the forces at Charleston. On April 7th he stopped intercourse between Sumter and the city, thus preparing to starve out the garrison. On the 11th he demanded of Major Anderson the fort's surrender, which he refused. All that day there was great activity in and about the harbor. Vessels were hastily leaving to escape the impending war-storm; an iron-clad battery was towed to a near point where its four guns could batter Sumter; a land battery was unmasked, showing it to be in a position to enfilade the strongest battery of the fort, and troops were marching here and there, taking their respective places behind the works that had been erected and prepared to reduce the defiant fort.

It was in the afternoon, when all was ready to force a

surrender, that two aides-de-camp of Beauregard, James Chestnut and S. D. Lee, approached the fort, delivered his demand, and returned to him with Anderson's refusal.

Preparations were now made with all haste by the garrison to defend the fort. The magazines were opened, ammunition distributed to the batteries, details made to man them, and particular instructions given to officers and men for their guidance when the crisis should come.

After midnight the sentries announced the approach again of a flag of truce. This time Chestnut and Lee were accompanied by Colonel Chisholm and Hon. Roger A. Prior, and they presented another demand from Beauregard. A consultation was held by Major Anderson with his officers, and when his ultimatum was given, Colonel Chestnut wrote and handed to him the following reply, and with his companions immediately departed:

FORT SUMTER, S. C., April 12, 1861, 3.30 A. M.

Sir:—By authority of Brigadier General Beauregard, commanding the provisional forces of the Confederate States, we have the honor to notify you that he will open the fire of his batteries upon Fort Sumter in one hour from this time.

We have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servants,

JAMES CHESTNUT, Jr.,
Aide-de-Camp
STEPHEN D. LEE,
Captain S. C. and A. D. C.

To MAJOR ROBERT ANDERSON, U. S. A., Commanding Fort Sumter.

This was a very pleasant and polite treatment, like the toying of a cat with its mouse. Within a few days the garrison, cut off from supplies, would have been obliged to surrender by starvation, and the Confederates knew this, for they had been so informed by Anderson; but something must be done to excite the military spirit of the South and give stimulus to many who yet hesitated to support secession;

"a little blood letting" had been advised by authorities to inflame passions, and here was a chance for a spectacular display of Confederate power and the effusion of Yankee blood; and to christen the Confederacy with a little blood sprinkling. The rite at Charleston, at this time, proved abortive, but led to a baptism in a crimson sea.

At length the expectant and impatient spectators at Charleston were gratified. The bombardment began, and increased in its fury. Sumter, until 7 o'clock, A.M., remained calm and silent, as if to rebuke the hot and hasty Southerners, and then began to denounce the insult to its flag, with answering shot and shell. At noon most of the woodwork of the fort was on fire, and the men were obliged to roll out ninety barrels of powder, into the bay, to prevent explosion. Cartridges were gone now, and no more could be made. About 1 o'clock P.M. the flagstaff was shot away, but the flag was nailed to the piece and displayed from the ramparts. Anderson's report to the Secretary of War, in brief, will tell the tale: "Having defended Fort Sumter for thirty-four hours, until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed, the gorge-wall seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effects of the heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions but pork remaining, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard, and marched out of the fort on Sunday afternoon, the 14th instant, with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns."

The bombardment of Fort Sumter awoke the North, and all loyal people throughout the Union, from dreams of peace and charity, to realize that the Nation was stricken,

that its existence was in imminent danger of extinction, and there was a spontaneous uprising, which, within thirty days, offered two hundred thousand volunteers in response to the following

PROCLAMATION.

By the President of the United States.

WHEREAS, The laws of the United States have been for some time past, and are now, opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the marshals by laws;

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress the said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed. The details for this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities through the War Department.

I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our National Union, and the perpetuity of the popular government, and to redress the wrongs already long enough endured.

I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth will probably be to re-possess the forts, places, and property, which have been seized from the Union, and, in every event, the utmost care will be ob-

served consistently with the objects aforesaid, to avoid any devastation, any destruction of or interference with property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens in any part of the country.

And I do hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes, within twenty days from this date.

Deeming that the present condition of public affairs presents an extraordinary occasion, I do hereby, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution, convene both Houses of Congress. The Senators and Representatives are, therefore, summoned to assemble at their respective chambers at 12 o'clock noon on Thursday, the 4th of July next, then and there to consider and determine such measures, as in their wisdom, the public safety and interests may seem to demand.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this 15th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

By the President. ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

Never before were there seen such demonstrations, in numbers and enthusiasm, as greeted this proclamation. Those who lived in those days, and were old enough to understand their meaning, had a favored existence, for that uprising was the glory of ages.

Colored men in the North, and in the South bond and

free, felt the wave of patriotic influence, and yearned to follow the flag as it advanced to defend the Nation; and in their hearts they felt that the time would come when they too would be called upon to shoulder arms, before the restoration of the Union and its re-establishment on higher grounds, and a broader and truer basis. Little did any of them think, perhaps, that in the momentous conflict now opened, one of their own race would be the first to bleed, from a rebellious stroke, in the march of the National Capitol's first defenders.

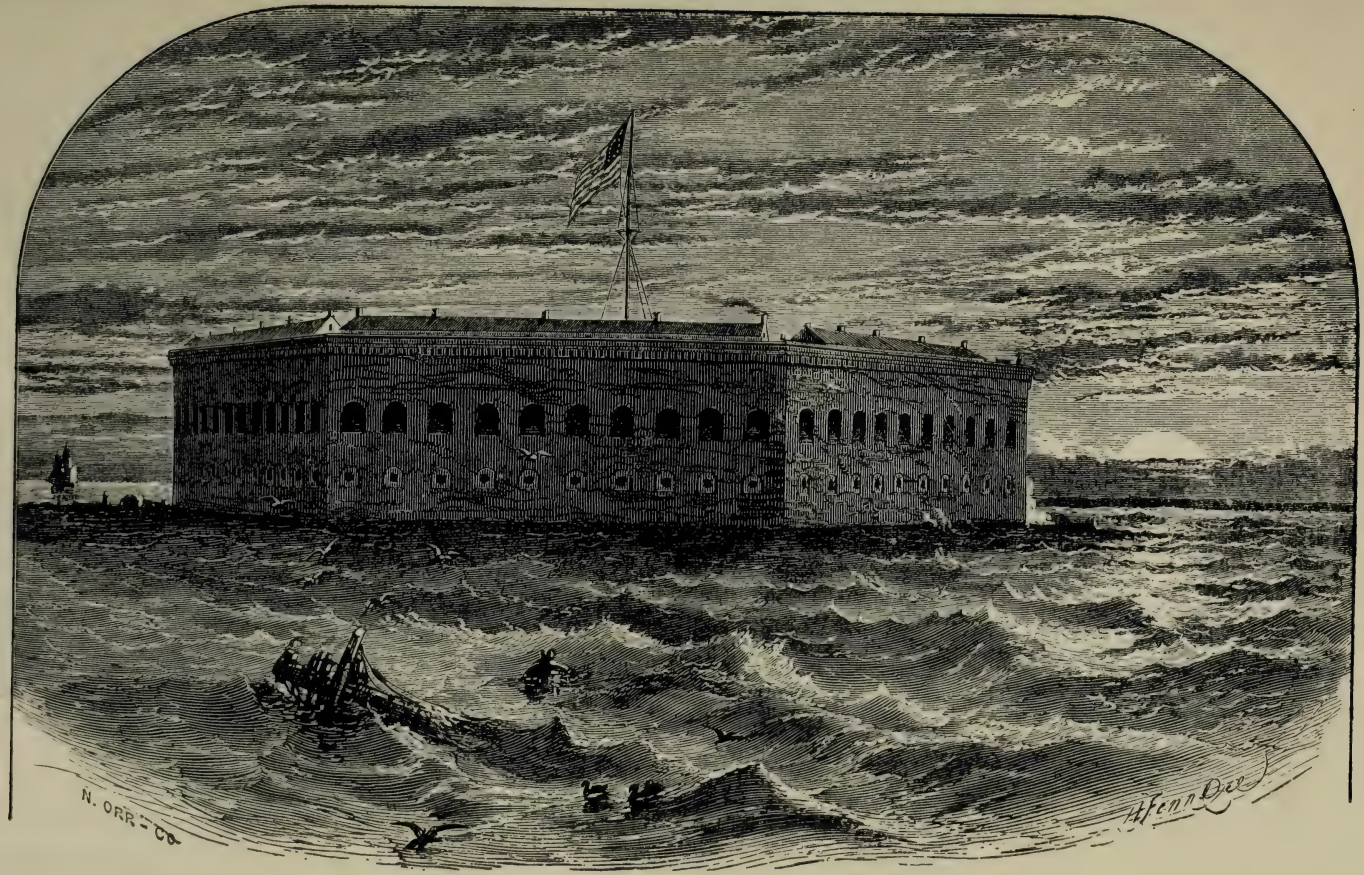
CHAPTER XX.

MARCH OF THE FIRST DEFENDERS.

FIVE COMPANIES OF TROOPS FROM PENNSYLVANIA ARE THE FIRST TO REACH WASHINGTON CITY—THEY MARCH THROUGH A MOB IN BALTIMORE—NICHOLAS BIDDLE, A COLORED MAN WITH THEM, IS WOUNDED, AND SHEDS THE FIRST BLOOD IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

There are to be found rare White and Colored specimens of the *genus homo*, the scarcer the better, who would withhold credit from men serving their country faithfully,—exposing themselves to the fury of its enemies, and shedding blood in its cause,—unless they have brass buttons stamped with the American eagle on their coats at the time of being wounded or killed. When a man who is too old, or for any other reason cannot be accepted on a surgeon's examination, decides to face danger and death in an unenlisted capacity, and in so doing dies of disease contracted in the army or navy of the United States, or is wounded, or killed, there are men small enough to deny him credit and honor. Such dwarfs, happily, are few, and by decay at the top give promise of extinction.

The patriots who ran out of their houses in the early morning of April 19, 1775, to dispute the march of the



NEAR VIEW OF FORT SUMTER.

British to Concord, did not wait for the formalities of being regularly sworn into military service, for they had already sworn themselves into the line of duty and action; nor did they wait to have brass buttons sewed on their coats, and regulation stripes on their breeches, before meeting the enemy. The same may be said of many who hastened to force the British to retreat; of heroes at Bunker Hill, and in many other places where they quickly came at their country's call.

Crispus Attucks, unsworn, in citizen's dress and without fire-arms, fell contending against British bayonets in King Street, Boston; but the absence of uniform and the fact that he did not first hold up his right hand, or kiss a bible to be sworn, before presenting himself for sacrifice, did not prevent the Bostonians from giving him a princely funeral, and the American people from honoring him as the proto-martyr of the Revolution; recording his name indelibly in marble and in standard histories and encyclopædias.

For the same just reason the patriotic people of Pottsville, Penna., and surrounding country, when Nicholas Biddle was borne to his last resting place, did not forbear to honor his remains and memory. With an imposing procession, military display, and eloquent exercises, they buried *the first man whose blood was shed by an enemy's blow in the Slaveholder's Rebellion.*

[This statement does not detract from the fame of the Regular soldier who was killed in Fort Sumter by an accidental explosion of a cannon after the fort had surrendered, and while the garrison was saluting its flag with the honors of war, preparatory to evacuation. His blood was shed not in a conflict, or any kind of affray, with enemies, but as the result of an accident among friends. The blood which Bid-

dle shed was the first drawn by a hostile blow in the opening war.]

Their appreciation of his services did not stop here. They marked his grave in the burial ground of the Colored Church with a neat memorial bearing an inscription which, in part, is as follows:

IN MEMORY
OF
NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

His was the Proud Distinction
of Shedding the First Blood
In the Late War for the Union,
Being Wounded While Marching Through Baltimore
With the First Volunteers,
From Schuylkill County,
18 April, 1861.

ERECTED BY HIS FRIENDS AT POTTSVILLE, PA.

If there be a Colored man reading this who is not enough in love with his race to claim for it proper credit belonging to it; who would prefer to see it in the orchestra of history sticking to banjo, bones, bass-drum and second-fiddle, instead of occupying at times the place of first violin, or musical director, as merits and circumstances might warrant it; if he be willing to believe all he reads about White heroes but is unbelieving when he reads of his own, and, incidentally, is inclined to belittle the affair in which blood from the veins of Nicholas Biddle sprinkled Howard Street in Baltimore, and stained a floor in the National Capitol, to which place he was taken when wounded, the skeptic should look into

the archives of the United States Government. Let him examine Congressional Records. Therein he will find this important

RESOLUTION.

37th Congress of the United States, July 22, 1861.

Resolved, That the thanks of this House are due, and are hereby tendered to the five hundred and thirty soldiers from Pennsylvania, who passed through the mob of Baltimore, and reached Washington on the eighteenth of April last, for the defense of the National Capitol.

GALUSHA A. GROW,
Speaker of the House of Representatives.

The skeptic, if there be anything left of him, may also consult a book of five hundred and fifty pages entitled "A Memorial of the Patriotism of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania," in which, on pages 77 and 78, he may read the following:

"A somewhat remarkable circumstance in connection with the passage of the Schuylkill County troops through Baltimore on the 18th of April, to Washington City, *is worthy of record and preservation.* The first blood actually shed in the war was that of Nicholas Biddle, of Pottsville, of the Washington Artillerists, who was struck in the face with a missile hurled by a rioter and cut so severely as to expose the bone. He bled very freely. * * * Negro slavery was the cause of the war, and the first blood shed in it by secessionists was that of a Negro, in the streets of Baltimore. A singular fact."

The Pottsville *Miners' Journal* of April 20, 1861, had this notice of the departure of the troops for Harrisburg and Washington City:

DEPARTURE OF VOLUNTEERS.

"The Washington Artillerists and National Light Infantry left on Wednesday last (April 17th), for Harrisburg, in obedience to the call of the President. During the whole day the greatest excitement prevailed among our citizens, and the scene at the armories of the respective companies was quite lively and spirited. New recruits were rolling in at every moment, and the lists were soon swelled to above the requisite number. The Artillerists numbered one hundred and thirty rank and file, and the Infantry somewhat above a hundred men. Many who wished to volunteer their services were prevented from doing so on account of the short notice at which the companies were ordered off.

"The day was very cold, raw and disagreeable, but notwithstanding this, the people flocked in by thousands from all parts of the country, and it seemed as if its whole population had been poured forth to witness the departure of our gallant volunteers, who, with a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, will exchange the comforts of home for the fatigue and labor of a soldier's life.

"About half past twelve o'clock the concourse of people that had assembled about the armories of the two companies was so great that it was with difficulty that a place was cleared for them in the streets. Everybody was pressing forward, and all striving to speak a parting word and take a final leave of their friends,with whom they were compelled to separate.

"As the companies proceeded down Centre Street, to the depot of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, they were greeted with cheers from the thousands who lined each side of the street, and a perfect ocean of handkerchiefs waved by the ladies, who had taken possession of all the windows, and

every available situation along the street. All the stores were closed and business was entirely suspended. At the depot the crowd was immense, and it was almost impossible to force your way through it. The tops of the passenger and freight cars, the roofs of the depot and neighboring houses, were black with spectators. Never had so great a concourse assembled on any one occasion before in Pottsville.

"The Pottsville Cornet Band, which had escorted the companies to the depot, immediately before the starting of the cars played "Hail Columbia" and "Yankee Doodle." As the train slowly left the depot, cheer upon cheer went up from the assembled thousands. The men were in good spirits, but there were some, who though possessed of manly hearts, who could brave toil and danger without complaint or fear, who could endure suffering with stoical indifference, could not prevent the tear from starting when called upon to bid farewell to all their friends.

"The Washington Artillerists and the National Light Infantry will constitute one of the finest bodies of men from Pennsylvania. They are composed mostly of able-bodied young men in the vigor of health. They leave us with the best wishes of one and all who remain behind, and a heart-felt prayer will be tendered for their safety while absent."

The Proclamation of President Lincoln calling for 75,-000 volunteers to suppress the rebellion, was received in Pottsville about noon on Monday, April 15th, whereupon Captain Edmond McDonald, of the National Light Infantry, and Captain James Wren, of the Washington Artillerists, sent a telegram to Governor Andrew Curtin, at Harrisburg, tendering their services. Their offer was gladly accepted, and the Governor knowing how urgent was the need for troops at Washington, ordered them to start without waiting

to be armed and otherwise equipped, and report at Harrisburg on Wednesday, April 17th. Accordingly, as has been stated, these companies hastened to the State Capitol, arriving there about 8 o'clock P. M., the Light Infantry numbering one hundred and thirteen men, and the Artillerists one hundred and thirty-one. With the latter went Nicholas Biddle, then about sixty-five years old, but full of alacrity. He had seen enough of slavery in his earlier years to make him hate it, and he, with most all Colored men, had a prophetic faith in its overthrow as a result of the conspiracy to render it more secure by a dissolution of the Union; and hence, there was no one more ready and anxious to do his part, no one more willing to go forward in dangerous duty, to humbly serve the Government, than Nicholas Biddle.

The Ringgold Battery of Flying Artillery, one hundred and eighty men, of Reading, Pennsylvania, commanded by Captain James McKnight, left on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad at 6 o'clock P. M., Tuesday, April 16th, and arrived in Harrisburg about 8 o'clock.

The Logan Guards, of Lewistown, Pennsylvania, Captain John B. Selheimer, could muster only thirty-two men at the time of receiving the Governor's requisition on the 16th, but in less than an hour had one hundred and six in line, and left Lewistown that night. Owing to a railroad detention they did not reach Harrisburg until the next morning.

The Allen Guard, recruited at Allentown, Pennsylvania, Thomas Yeager, Captain, also arrived in Harrisburg on Wednesday, at same time as the Pottsville troops.

That Wednesday night in Harrisburg was a memorable one. Excitement ran high all over the city. There was much curiosity and patriotic desire to see the incoming soldiers,

who, on the morrow, it was understood, would go southward to report at Washington for weapons and service, and might soon have to face the Nation's foes. The soldiers were given an enthusiastic welcome, from the Governor down to the newsboy and bootblack, and they felt that a great responsibility was thrust upon them to serve the Government in its crisis, and that the loyal people who showed their interest and admiration on their departure, first from their homes and then from the State Capitol, should not be disappointed in them, but should continue to regard them with esteem. They knew not what the next day had in store for them in perils and extreme tests of courage, but enthusiasm had wrought them up to the point of eagerness to take any risk, to go through any ordeal, to defend the Capitol of the Nation and its flag on any field.

Nicholas Biddle was an object of curiosity and delight to the Colored people of Harrisburg, of whom there were many, and they thronged around him with wide-open eyes, and with numerous questions, on the morning of the 18th. An aged man, hobbling along with the assistance of a hickory cane, and accompanied by his wife, kept as near Nick Biddle as it was possible to get, and gazed at him devotedly. Among other expressions he said :

"Guess you am de fust man of our coloh to go 'long to bring us de yeah of jubilee. You jest tell Misser Link'n I'd come, too, if it wasn't fo' my rheumatiz, but I'se got five boys a-waitin', jest a-waitin' to take their daddy's place an' git a whack at de men who hung ole John Brown. Dis wah am about de Color'd man, and it's goin' to be fo' de Color'd man, and a good deal by de Color'd man afore it's done foughten'd out. Ole honey, you am de bell black sheep dat makes de break, but I jest shet my eyes an' I see moh a-comin', moh

a-comin'; comin' from de plantation, from de cities, from de Norf and from de Souf to blow de ram's hohn aroun' Jericho—Jericho where me an' Hannah here used to be slaves!"

The old Colored man shut his eyes during the utterance of the last part of his remarks, and swaying to and fro sidewise continued in a half whisper, "I see 'em a comin', yes, they're a comin'; my boys is thar too, glory, hallelujah!" Sure enough they did come, two hundred thousand more, and among them were the sons spoken of who made a good record for themselves at Petersburg, Deep Bottom, Fort Fisher, and other hard-fought battle-fields; entered Richmond in the advance, under General Weitzel, Monday, April 3, 1865, and next day saw there, on the occasion of his visit, the great emancipator—Abraham Lincoln.

Coming by, while Biddle was holding this levee, one of the Minersville "boys," belonging to a Pottsville company, said jokingly:

"Nick, ar'n't you afraid to go through Baltimore? There are lots of 'Plug Uglies' in that city and they may give us some trouble to-day. They may catch you and sell you down into Georgia."

"'Fraid?" replied Biddle. "Was Moses 'fraid when he faced ole Phar'o? Did the Hebrew chil'en get skeered when they were frowed into the firey furnace? Did David let Goliah skeer him? See here, Misser Roberts, I'se goin' to Washington a trustin' in the Lawd, and the debbil hisself and the other Plug Uglies can't skeer me. *You* better look out?"

There was not much time for talk. All was bustle and hurry. The people of Harrisburg, in large numbers, with many who had come in from the nearby towns, and some who

had come thus far with the soldiers, were gathering around the station of the Northern Central Railroad, near which the five companies, drawn up in line, were mustered into the service of the United States. They were sworn in by Captain Seneca G. Simmons, of the 7th U. S. Infantry, who fell in battle in front of Richmond, in 1862. Post No. 116, G. A. R., at Harrisburg was named for him.

The arrival from the West, on this morning, of forty or forty-five regulars of Company H, 4th U. S. Artillery, bound for Fort McHenry, Baltimore, added to the excitement of the scene. They were commanded by Lieutenant Pemberton who afterwards went over to the Secessionists and became a Lieutenant General, and was captured with his army by General Grant at Vicksburg.

At 9 o'clock the long train pulled out of the station, on the Northern Central Railroad, cheered by a great multitude who were proud of the Keystone State that her sons were to be foremost in defending the National Capitol. All along the route through Pennsylvania were demonstrations of patriotism and good-will, given from farm-houses, in villages and towns, but the signs were ominous as the train neared Baltimore. With a majority of her citizens loyal, there was a minority rampant and aggressive, in favor of the Southern Confederacy, and a sample crowd of these numbering thousands would soon exhibit to the Union soldiers a different spirit from that seen in Pennsylvania, and give a far different reception.

Reaching Baltimore about 1 o'clock P. M., the troops alighted from the cars at the Bolton station, and forming a line prepared to march a distance of two miles, mostly on Howard Street, down to the Camden Street, or Washington station. That this account may be historically correct, the

following extracts are given from Bates' History of Pennsylvania Volunteers, volume first:

ORDER OF MARCH.

Portion of the Police Force.
Pemberton with the Regulars.
Logan Guards.
Allen Guard.
Washington Artillerists.
National Light Infantry.
Ringgold Battery of Light Artillery.

"As the column was forming near Bolton Station, the police of Baltimore appeared in large force, headed by Marshal Kane, and followed by *a mob who at once commenced an attack upon the volunteers*, countenanced by a portion of the police force sent to give safe conduct through the city.

"Orders were given to the men to preserve their temper, and to make no reply to anything that should be said to them. At the command, *Forward*, March, the mob commenced hooting, jeering, and yelling, and proclaimed with oaths that the troops should not pass through their city to fight the South.

"Arriving near the center of the city, Pemberton with the Regulars filed off towards Fort McHenry, leaving the Volunteers to pursue their way as best they could. At this juncture the mob was excited to a perfect frenzy, breaking the line of police, and pushing through the files of men, in attempts to break the column. Every insult that could be heaped upon the troops was offered, but no word of reply was elicited, the officers and men marching steadily on towards Camden station. At every step the mob increased

until it numbered thousands of the most determined and desperate rebels of the war. * * *

"As the volunteers were boarding the train at the Camden station, the angry mob hurled a shower of bricks, clubs and stones into their ranks, inflicting, fortunately, only slight injuries.

"Between 7 and 8 P. M. these five companies, *the head of the grand column of two millions of men*, who were afterwards mustered, and marched in their footprints, arrived in Washington."

The arrival in Washington was opportune. It was known that the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, thoroughly armed, was on its way, having started on the 17th, and was expected to reach Washington on the 19th. It was believed that a plot to seize the Capitol and city was on foot, to be carried out before the armed soldiers could arrive. When the Volunteers filed out of the station at Washington they were ordered to the Capitol grounds, and instructed to magnify their numbers when asked how many by persons who might have sinister motives to know.

"How many are ye?" "What's your force?" "How many troops have you?" These, and similar questions were asked, and received such answers as "Two thousand;" "Three thousand," etc. "Five thousand, and all Pennsylvania following us," was the reply of Thomas Bull, of Port Carbon, Pa., one of the "First Defenders," better known among his comrades and friends as "Long Tom Bull." He told the writer that President Lincoln "took him down a peg" the next day when he came to see the troops and to shake hands with them. "When I shook hands with him, I looked him square in the eyes and said, Mr. Lincoln, I'm glad to meet you and to see that I'm a bigger man than you.

Lincoln looked me up and down, still holding on to my hand, and replied with a chuckle and with one eye partly closed: 'You mean that you are a *longer* one, eh?'"

The ruse of the troops in representing their numbers to be much larger than they really were, was good strategy. It confounded the calculations of the plotters. Closely pressed by a mixed crowd, some of whom were glad to see them, and some who were not, the troops, under orders of General McDowell, marched to the Capitol, and dispositions were quickly made for showing a bold front. Arms were provided, pickets posted, patrols sent out, cannon planted and camp-fires kindled. Street stragglers and suspicious-looking men were challenged, and the loyal residents of Washington City went to sleep with a sense of security they had not felt since the demand by Beauregard, on the 11th, for the surrender of Fort Sumter.

Governor Curtin, anxious for the safety of the troops he had sent forward without arms, as sheep among wolves, was kept informed by wire of their progress; and when the dismaying news was received of the mob in Baltimore, and its shameful treatment of the Pennsylvanians, he vowed in his fervent and characteristic way that no more soldiers should leave the State unarmed.

The following telegram was received in Pottsville on Friday morning, much to the relief of the numerous relatives and friends of the Light Infantry and Artillerists:

WASHINGTON, *April 19, 1861.*

Arrived last night at 8 o'clock—all well. About 600 of us marched through Baltimore, guarded by police force 400 strong. All sorts of insults and threats heaped upon us. Men stood it without flinching, or reply. Let all

friends of company know we are quartered in "Northern Wing of the Capitol."

O. C. Bosbyshell.

The sender of the message was a private in the Washington Artillerists, and he, with many members of the First Defenders, rose to distinction during the war, as field and staff officers, by meritorious actions.

The night of the eighteenth was one of suffering to Nicholas Biddle, who, with a deep gash in his face exposing the cheek bone, lay upon the Capitol floor; a pool of blood in the morning marking the place. His pain was mixed with pleasure on the nineteenth, for it was his privilege to be visited by Abraham Lincoln, to be taken by the hand, and to receive from the kindly President words of compliment and cheer. Biddle to his dying day never tired of talking about those supreme hours of his life: the time of his wounding, and the time of Lincoln's call to see him, and sympathize with him; and the scar which he carried to his grave he proudly showed to people interested, as his military badge and brand of patriotism.

Captain James Russell, of Company E, Ninety-sixth Regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, was First Lieutenant in the National Light Infantry at the time of its endangered passage through Baltimore. He permitted the writer to make extracts from his well-kept diary, and informed him that he was near Nicholas Biddle in the march, the latter being with the rear of the Artillerists and immediately in front of the Infantry. Lieutenant Russell, at the height of the mob's fury, heard above the tumult some one savagely and profanely yell, "Kill that —— ——ed brother of Abe Lincoln!" Just as the imprecation was uttered, Biddle was struck; he tottered, and would have fallen, but was

caught by Lieutenant Russell and another comrade, and was supported by several until the Camden station was reached.

These companies became a part of the Twenty-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, which by right ought to have been named the first; and performed service in and around Washington City, and at Fort Washington on the Potomac.

Monday, the twenty-seventh of May, was a gala day for the Regiment, and furnished a scene attracting a large concourse of soldiers of other commands, and civilians, who gathered in the square east of the Capitol to witness the ceremonies attending the presentation of an elegant stand of colors to the Twenty-fifth, commanded by Colonel Henry L. Cake, the gift of Colonel Joseph W. Cake, of Pottsville, Pennsylvania. The Secretary of War, and other distinguished officials, added their presence to the importance of the occasion. In the regretful absence of the donor, Colonel John W. Forney presented the colors with an able address, abounding in laudatory remarks. They were received in behalf of the Regiment by its Major, the Hon. James H. Campbell, Member of Congress from Pennsylvania, Schuylkill County District. As an illustration of the high patriotic feeling prevailing at that time in the North, and among those who had already gone southward as soldiers to oppose the rebellion, and as touching the affair in Baltimore, some extract from his address will not be amiss:

Col. John W. Forney:—In behalf of the officers and men composing the Twenty-fifth Regiment I tender to you, and through you to that worthy and patriotic citizen of Pennsylvania, Col. Joseph W. Cake, who has presented them this beautiful national emblem, their thanks. Sir, we heartily respond to the patriotic and noble sentiments which

have escaped from your lips. We see in this glorious banner of our country an emblem of civil and religious liberty. On every fold, in every star, we read the history of the past. We remember the dangers, the trials, and the struggles of the Revolution. It brings to memory the terrible massacre of Paoli, the blood-stained snows of Valley Forge, * * * the surrender at Yorktown. We remember that those men who resolved to die, or be free, adopted this as the emblem of their faith and their nationality. In many a terrible conflict, through weary years, they rallied around it, fighting to uphold it, and dyeing it with their hearts' best blood. [Cheers.] This national emblem was not established in a day. We have heard much but really know but little of the sacrifices and sufferings of those gallant men in their effort to attain civil and religious liberty. Sir, the poorest man in our regiment would consider himself disgraced if he uttered but the smallest complaint of any want, or any denial, he has suffered in a cause so sacred as this. He has held before him the example of our fathers, their struggles and their trials, and remembering their history, he will bear on, dare on, fight on, until that banner flies in triumph from the waters of the Kennebec to the Rio Grande. [Cheers.] * * * It is the only emblem of unfettered religion, of free institutions, of man's capacity for self-government, on the face of God's universe. When it dies, liberty dies; while it lives, liberty lives. In my humble judgment, while the grass grows, and the white clouds float in God's azure, as they float now, that flag will wave without a star or stripe erased. [Cheers.] We want intact all the stars and all the stripes, and *we will have them*, and every acre of ground within their glorious limits. [Great applause.]

Treason must die. It must die before our victorious col-

umns. It should die a natural death, and a social death. * * * If there is no other remedy we will meet it with the bayonet. ["That's it," and great applause.] In this great national struggle there must be no backward movement. * * * We must move on. If we have not men enough in the field, let us have two hundred thousand more. Let us at once push on our victorious forces. Let the music of the battle-drum be heard in one continuous roll from the Atlantic to the Pacific; let our tents whiten the land, let our soldiers everywhere be on the march, and our navies cover the sea.

The freemen of the country have taken the contract to put down the revolt,—and they mean to do it. [Wild applause.] * * * It is pardonable in me to refer to the fact that these young men from the mountains of our old State—your State and mine, God bless her!—bared their breasts, unarmed, to the mob of Baltimore. There, where a Washington monument towers to the heavens, they feared no violence; they thought to meet no enemy. Carrying this glorious emblem, they thought they were among friends; and, though they found foes they successfully came here, although unarmed,—as you, sir, have so eloquently described. [Applause.] * * *

* * * There are men throughout the South who sympathize with the Union cause. There are true men as ever lived in these so-called Confederate States. They cry to us for help and succor. Weighed down by an armed despotism, with the yoke of an unscrupulous enemy around their necks, without the means to strike a blow for liberty, they call upon the Government for arms, and to aid them in their struggle against this despotism. * * * Shall we not extend a helping hand to the gallant men of Kentucky, Western Virginia, Eastern Tennessee, and elsewhere in the South?

It is our duty to afford them all the assistance in our power. If we fail to carry this emblem into their midst, to send our eagles there, and give them all the aid that men, arms, money and ships can give, this great Government will be faithless to its trust. We are bound to protect them. Thousands, and hundreds of thousands of them give allegiance to this Government, and when they demand protection, we *must* protect them. * * * [Great enthusiasm.]

This is a sample, in part, of addresses made by men who volunteered to defend the Union in warfare, and by patriots who assisted the cause in other ways, and reflects the sentiments of the up-risen Nation to maintain its integrity; and with blood, if need be, given without stint, to wash away its reproach. The speaker, on a visit to Pottsville, was made the recipient of a handsome and expensive sword, inscribed as follows: "To Major James H. Campbell, the soldier and statesman: *From those who believe his Arm will prove as effectual in the Field as his Eloquence in the Forum.*" The presentation was made through Rev. Samuel F. Colt, afterwards Chaplain of the Ninety-sixth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers, and a portion of his admirable address is here inserted with reference to a portion of Major Campbell's reply thereto, which gives additional evidence supporting the value of the First Defenders. Rev. Colt said:

Major Campbell:—The citizens of Pottsville hasten to meet you, on this brief visit from the camp to your home; and I am charged, for them, to express their continued confidence in the manly and upright course you maintain, as their representative, and as proving yourself by prompt devotion and active service in the hour of treachery and rebellion, a worthy son of the American Union.

We live, Sir, in trying times. Action, action, deeds and

daring, rather than profession, are now required to show where the heart is. From a long-continued and most blissful repose of peace and prosperity the Nation has been suddenly aroused, as by an earthquake, to a tremendous conflict—a conflict involving its constitutional integrity, its very governmental existence; a conflict threatening destruction to all the protection, privileges and happiness which the Constitution and Government of the Union give to thirty millions of freemen; a conflict most strange and unnatural, in which, as it appears, the machinations of a quarter of a century's concealed treason have filled with fratricidal hate men of Southern States, who, in their frenzy, led by covenant-breakers, ruthlessly assail and madly seek to destroy that Government of the whole Union which has fostered them, given them whatever of strength and greatness they now have, and which Government is even now necessary to their own existence and prosperity, as people of a Republic. Sudden and unnatural as is this conflict, however, it gives occasion and opportunity to millions of freemen to prove themselves men, and worthy of the boon God has given them in the Constitution of this Government. A great Union army rallying on the instant, as by one impulse, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, maintaining their sodality as one people—who will now dare to ask, Are we a Nation? or, Have we a Government? Nay more, this almost miraculous response to the President's call for men and means to support that Government, demonstrates to the world that a Republic begets and cultures the *purest patriotism*. Such a Government is worth a million of lives. The Nation cannot be maintained, no, not for a day, on the absurd basis of State-rights sovereignty. Our patriot fathers, North and South, fought and freely bled to win and establish liberty

and the peaceful pursuit of happiness in a Federal Union for the continent. By a wisdom bordering on inspiration they sought to make it indissoluble by the cementing bands of the Constitution.

Compromise this, their grand work, their glorious legacy to us, and nothing on earth will be secure to us or our children. Dark will be the day, and pregnant with woes to this land, aye, to the world,—and cursed will be the dastard race who suffer it,—when this most perfect effort at self-government by a free people shall be resolved into the anarchical reign of fragments. Blessed be the God of our fathers, he has united the bulk of our people with one mind on this great question. He has given them one heart, to do and to dare for it. So united they must prove invincible. * * *

Moved by admiration for the devotion you evinced in so promptly taking arms, and sharing with rank and file the exposures and toil, the fatigue and danger of the citizen soldiers, by night and by day in the streets of Washington when our National Capitol was threatened by treachery, and by assault,—we, your fellow citizens, have procured this sword, and beg you to accept and wear it as a token of our cordial appreciation and hearty acknowledgment of your faith and bravery, your constancy and devotion in the hour of our national trial. * * *

In his response Major Campbell said: * * * In the great conflict of the time we are not battling for a State, but for the United States; not for the North, but for *all;* for the perpetuity of the Government of Washington, over the *whole* land; and for that great future of peace, prosperity, and progress which can be enjoyed only under the Union of the States. If to that future, the hope of the present must be sacrificed—so let it be. The present is but for a time;

the future is for all times. Let this generation sow the seed from which a thousand generations shall gather precious fruits.

People of Pottsville, you have done nobly in this cause. Your country has over two thousand men in the field. More I will venture to say, in proportion to her population, than any other county in the Union. Nearly a thousand more have tendered their services and await acceptance by the Governor. *Your companies were with the first to respond to the President's proclamation; with the first to face the angry mob of Baltimore; with the first to march on the broad avenue to the Capitol; with the first to garrison the public buildings and barricade them for defense. When the brave men of Massachusetts arrived from the fray of Baltimore your men were in Washington to welcome them.* When railroads and telegraphs were destroyed, and bridges burned; when the Government was hemmed in by its foes, and all communication with its friends cut off, they, together, for long days and nights, held your Capitol and archives. They could not learn how you were moving to their reinforcement, and conflicting rumors filled the air. They were told that the New York Seventh had been cut to pieces in Baltimore; that their dead bodies were heaped upon the sidewalks; that your General Wynkoop was fighting his way through Maryland; that the soldiers of the North could not, or dared not, come to the rescue: but with patient faith and calm courage, day by day and night by night, they watched and waited, and kept rebellion at bay, until at last the New York Seventh and other regiments arrived, and the Capitol was saved. From that day to this, regiment after regiment has poured down the avenue until all count is lost. * * * Your soldiers have done good service everywhere and are

still in the advance. * * They garrisoned Fort Washington when secession swept to its ramparts—felling the forest, mounting the guns, manning the battery, showing themselves ready both to labor and to fight in the cause. * * They guard the Arsenal with 70,000 stand of arms. * * They encamp upon the outposts beyond Alexandria with their faces southward. * * Better men, braver officers, never marched to meet the foe. Be proud of them, for they do you honor."

Coming down to times of peace and reunion, it will substantiate what has been said concerning the First Defenders, and with them NICHOLAS BIDDLE, to note a visit by their organization to Baltimore and Washington City in President Cleveland's second administration. At Baltimore they were banqueted, receiving a cordial and princely treatment, and saw the chivalric character of a city and people that had been misrepresented by a fraction of its inhabitants in the riots of 1861, as New York City was misrepresented by outrages in the draft riots of 1863. In Washington City, also, according to their reports brought home, and press dispatches, they "had everything their own way." They began early in the morning and continued sightseeing and attending receptions all day long. As early as 9 o'clock the veterans began assembling for their visit to the White House, where, by special arrangement, President Cleveland received them at 10 o'clock.

The reception took place in the East Room. The veterans arranged themselves around the room in a semi-circle and applauded the President when he appeared.

Judge F. P. Dewees, of the Washington bar, representing the local citizens' Committee of Reception, made a short address in behalf of the old soldiers. He said that the 130

men constituted nearly all the survivors of that noble band of 530 soldiers who were the first to respond to the President's call for troops at the outbreak of the war.

MR. CLEVELAND'S WELCOME.

President Cleveland said he was very glad of the opportunity to welcome veterans with a record so worthy as theirs, and to felicitate them on being able to leave the memory of such a record to posterity. There were duties in time of peace as well as in time of war, and the country could confidently expect men with a record such as theirs had been would do their duty equally well in time of peace. In closing, he said he would be pleased to take each of them by the hand.

The "Defenders" were then individually introduced to the President, and each received a cordial greeting.

President Cleveland was presented on behalf of the Defenders with a picture of the man who first shed blood in the war. It was a large portrait of Nicholas Biddle, a Colored man, attached to one of the Pottsville companies, who was hit while passing through Baltimore, receiving a wound which bled profusely. *This was the first blood drawn in the great conflict, and the picture presented to the President was meant to commemorate that event.*

After the reception, the organization paraded down Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol, where they gathered in the House lobby and were received by Speaker Reed. Representative Brumm introduced the veterans to the Speaker, and they were cheered by the Congressmen, Unionists and ex-Confederates joining in the applause.

The veterans amused themselves in various ways that evening, and next day at 10 o'clock went down the Potomac,

visiting Mount Vernon, Marshall Hall and Fort Washington. They returned from the visit to those historic spots at 2.30, and at 4 o'clock took the train for Harrisburg.

President Cleveland was not the only occupant of the White House to receive, and give a place to the picture of Nicholas Biddle. Presidents Hayes and Harrison were among the number. Let then the Colored man who may be prone to belittle his own race and its records, and to adorn his home with portraits of distinguished White men only, take these facts into consideration. Is not the memory of Nicholas Biddle worthy of preservation? Ought not Colored people, who certainly have a history to be proud of from colonial times to the present, aim to place within their homes books and pictures which feed the growth of self-respect, of emulation and progress? Especially will their children be benefited by looking upon records and faces that have made honorable fame for a race which gets but little if any favorable mention in the text-books of schools and colleges. Let them know as much as possible of their own historic characters, and in learning what will be helpful and gratifying, in their race history from Jamestown to the present day, they will not continue to overlook a fact well established, that in the great War for the Union a Colored man was with its First Defenders, and his name was

NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

The grave of Nick Biddle a Mecca should be
To pilgrims, who seek in this land of the free
The tombs of the lowly as well as the great
Who struggled for freedom in war or debate;
For there lies a brave man distinguished from all,
In that his veins furnished the first blood to fall
In war for the Union, when traitors assailed
Its brave "First Defenders," whose hearts never quailed.

The eighteenth of April, eighteen sixty-one,
Was the day Nick Biddle his great honor won.
In Baltimore city, where riot ran high,
He stood by our banner to do or to die ;
And onward, responsive to liberty's call,
The Capitol city to reach ere it fall,
Brave Biddle, with others as true and as brave,
Marched through the wild tempest the Nation to save.

Their pathway is fearful, surrounded by foes,
Who strive in fierce madness their course to oppose ;
Who hurl threats and curses, defiant of law,
And think by such methods they may overawe
The gallant defenders, who, nevertheless,
Hold back their resentment as forward they press,
And conscious of noble endeavor, despise
The flashing of weapons and traitorous eyes.

Behold now the crisis—the mob thirsts for blood ;—
It strikes down Nick Biddle and opens the flood—
The torrents of crimson from hearts that are true—
That shall deepen and widen, shall cleanse and renew
The land of our fathers by slavery cursed ;
The blood of Nick Biddle, yes, it is the first,—
The patter of blood-drops presaging the storm
That will rage and destroy till the Nation reform.

How strange, too, it seems, that the Capitol floor
Where slaveholders sat in the Congress of yore,
And forged for his kindred chains heavy to bear
To bind down the Black man in endless despair,
Should be stained with his blood and thus sanctified,
Made sacred to freedom ; through time to abide
A temple of justice, with every right
For all of the Nation, Black, Redmen and White.

The grave of Nick Biddle, though humble it be,
Is nobler by far in the sight of the free
Than tombs of those chieftains, whose sinful crusade
Brought long years of mourning and countless graves made
In striving to fetter their Black fellowmen
And make of the Southland a vast prison-pen :
Their cause was unholy, but Biddle's was just,
And hosts of pure spirits watch over his dust.

FORT SUMTER RE-POSSESSED.

The First Defenders' Association held its thirty-eighth annual reunion in Philadelphia on April 18, 1899. In announcing the event, the daily *Inquirer* of April 15th said: "The survivors of the 530 Pennsylvanians, officers and men, who were the first troops from the North to reach Washington after the firing on Fort Sumter, will come to Philadelphia next Tuesday. In a New England magazine of this month the claim is reiterated that Massachusetts troops were the first to reach Washington. While the claim has no historical foundation whatever and was rejected many years ago by all the authorities on civil war history, the fact that it is still made, shows that it is incumbent upon Pennsylvania and Philadelphia, when fit occasion offers, to give formal recognition to the importance and priority of the march of these Pennsylvania troops to the defense of the National Capitol."

In describing the reunion the daily *Press* of April 19th said:

"The First Defenders' Association held its thirty-eighth annual reunion in this city yesterday. The organization is composed of the survivors of the first five companies who answered President Lincoln's call for volunteers at the opening of the War of the Rebellion. The following were the companies represented yesterday: Allen Infantry of Allentown, Logan Guards of Lewistown, National Light Infantry of Pottsville, Ringgold Light Artillery of Reading, and Washington Artillerists of Pottsville.

"At an early hour yesterday morning delegates in blue uniforms began to arrive in Philadelphia, and by 11 o'clock the Reading Terminal was filled with a body of gray old soldiers 150 strong. They formed in line and marched with a pretty good resemblance of the martial tread of forty years

ago, past the City Hall, where they were reviewed by Mayor Ashbridge, to the Union League (where a business meeting was held), to the tunes of 'Yankee Doodle,' and 'Star Spangled Banner,' played by a brass band on the steps.

"The band then led the way to Arch Street Wharf, where the steamship 'Peerless' was boarded. A cruise up and down the water front, and a visit to Gloucester were followed by a planked shad dinner, served in good Jersey style in one of the beach hotels. Stirring patriotic speeches were made, toasts were responded to, and the air of that classic suburb rang with the enthusiastic applause of the honored veterans. Having exhausted the shad supply, the soldiers, beaming with happiness, at the success of the reunion, returned to the city, where they parted company for another year.

"The next meeting will be held in Allentown, on April 18, 1900."

These men are fully entitled to the name of First Defenders. As concluding evidence, we refer to Notes on the Civil War, by William Bender Wilson, Military Telegrapher for the Government at that time, page 32, where it will be seen that Captain Edmond McDonald, of the National Light Infantry, of Pottsville, Pa., before the fall of Fort Sumter, sent a message or letter to the War Department, tendering the services of his company to defend the National Capitol, and the flag against which the guns of rebellion were then directed. Hon. Simon Cameron, who was Secretary of War, wrote in proof of this statement the following

CERTIFICATE:

Philadelphia, *July 4, 1866.*

"I certify that the Pottsville National Light Infantry was the first company of volunteers whose services were

offered for the defense of the Capitol. A telegram (letter) reached the War Department on the 13th, making the tender. It was immediately accepted. The company reached Washington on the 18th of April, 1861, with four additional companies from Pennsylvania, and these were the first troops to reach the seat of Government at the beginning of the war of the rebellion. SIMON CAMERON."

In this chapter authority has been given to establish the claims of the First Defenders, and much more could be quoted, but the facts stated are so plain that nothing need be added to insure them a permanent place in history, and with them the name of the Colored man—NICHOLAS BIDDLE.

CHAPTER XXI.

MOBBING OF THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF LEXINGTON SEES SONS OF MASSACHUSETTS STRUCK DOWN BY A MOB IN BALTIMORE WHILE MARCHING TO DEFEND THE NATIONAL CAPITOL—THEY FOUGHT THEIR WAY THROUGH—ARRIVAL OF GENERAL BUTLER.

Massachusetts was the first State responding to Lincoln's proclamation to have a regiment of soldiers fully armed and equipped and on its way to the War. Its Governor, John A. Andrew, believing that a national crisis was approaching, had organized some regiments of militia, and when Fort Sumter fell he was prepared for the expected call for troops to put down the rebellion.

On Monday, April 15th, the proclamation which had been given to the press, was read in the morning papers throughout the Nation. In Montgomery, Alabama, it was read by Davis and his Cabinet "amid bursts of laughter," and doubtless in all the secession States it met with derision; but in the North, with grave and principled purpose, it set the mighty machinery in motion that was to crush rebellion and secession and with them the curse of slavery, and before the accomplishment of its work, reap vast harvests of death and destruction among the mirth-makers of the South; teaching them obedience to the laws, and respect to the general Government.

The sons of Massachusetts had not lost the impulse and ability to be Minute Men in a deserving cause needing immediate assistance. All day Monday, into the night, and again the next day, members of military organizations, and new recruits to fill them to completion, were forsaking their places of business, arranging domestic and other affairs, and hurriedly preparing in every way to leave for the seat of war.

As a sample of patriotic haste, a statement by Colonel Edward W. Hinks, relating to the Eighth Regiment, is here given in part:

"On Monday, April 15, 1861, at quarter past two o'clock, in reply to an offer of my services made in the morning of that day, I received from Governor Andrew a verbal command to summon the companies of the Eighth Regiment, by his authority, to rendezvous at Faneuil Hall at the earliest possible hour. Leaving Boston on the half past two o'clock train, I proceeded to Lynn, and formally notified the commanding officers of the two companies in that city, and from thence telegraphed to Captain Bartlett, at Newburyport, and Captain Centre, at Gloucester, and then drove to Beverly, and summoned the company there, and from thence hastened to Marblehead, where I personally notified the commanding officers of the three Marblehead companies. I found Captain Martin in his slaughter-house with the carcass of a hog just killed and in readiness for the 'scald.' On communicating to the captain my orders, I advised him to immediately cause the bells of the town to be rung, and to get all the recruits he could. Taking his coat from a peg, he seemed for a moment to hesitate about leaving his business unfinished, and then turning to me, and exclaiming, 'Confound the hog,' put the garment on, with his arms yet stained with blood and his shirt sleeves but half

rolled down, and with me left the premises to rally his company.

"The several companies of the Eighth Regiment were recruited during Tuesday and Wednesday, April 16th and 17th, to an average of about eighty men.

"The patriotic men of Marblehead were the first to leave home, the first to arrive in Boston, and subsequently, under my command, the first to leave the yard of the Naval Academy of Annapolis, to seize the depot and railroad, and to repair and relay the track in the march through Maryland to relieve the beleaguered Capitol of the Nation."

The men of the Sixth Regiment began to muster also on Tuesday morning, on Boston Common. Its companies were soon filled to desired strength, and by Wednesday it was ready to go, having been armed with new rifles and given a full supply of cartridges. Its leave-taking was witnessed by a great multitude, whose cheers and benedictions were to give place within thirty-six hours to the hootings, maledictions and deadly attacks of the Baltimore mob.

As the long train moved swiftly onward the soldiers saw from the car windows some of the patriotic demonstrations of New England, and were greeted during the night with shouts and cheers for the Union and its defenders. In New York City the regiment received a tumultuous ovation of honor, and when it arrived in Philadelphia, on Thursday, the Quaker City seemed to forget the creed of George Fox and William Penn, and went wild in its welcome to the scions of the Bunker Hill stock. That evening, its commander, Colonel Edward F. Jones, was informed by military and railroad officials of the attack made by the mob in the afternoon upon the Pennsylvanians in their march through Baltimore, and was warned of the danger to which his com-

mand would be exposed; but as Governor Andrew had instructed him to proceed as quickly as possible to Washington, the Capitol being in jeopardy, he decided to push forward with his men, only delaying a few hours to give them much needed rest, and to have daytime for the passage through Baltimore. Before daylight the regiment was wide-awake and cheerfully on the move southward, some of its members having taken their last sleep before the slumber of the grave.

Arriving at the Susquehanna River, the regiment overtook Colonel William F. Small's Pennsylvania Brigade of unarmed and ununiformed men, over a thousand strong, and with this addition the train numbered between thirty and forty cars. When near Baltimore, Colonel Jones, to be prepared for emergencies, went through the cars containing his companies, ordered the men to load and cap their rifles, and in each car gave instructions that all could hear, as follows:

"The regiment will march through Baltimore in column of sections, arms at will. You will undoubtedly be insulted, abused and perhaps assaulted, to which you must pay no attention whatever, but march with your faces square to the front, and pay no attention to the mob, even if they throw stones, bricks or other missiles; but if you are fired upon, and any of you be hit, your officers will order you to fire. Do not fire into any promiscuous crowd, but select any man whom you may see aiming at you, and be sure you drop him."

Colonel Jones was not aware that the cars were to be drawn by horses, from the President Street or Philadelphia Station to the Camden Street, or Washington Station, so on arriving in Baltimore, he was surprised to find his cars moving along Pratt Street and most of them brought safely to

the station where his troops would change for Washington. Here a large and furious mob had gathered, and a force of police were trying to hold them in check, while the soldiers were alighting from the eight or nine cars that had succeeded in reaching the station. A paragraph from the *Baltimore Daily Sun* of April 20th describes the situation:

"The scene, while the troops were changing cars, was indescribably fearful. Taunts, clothed in the most outrageous language, were hurled at them by the panting crowd, who, almost breathless with running, pressed up to the car windows, presenting knives and revolvers and curses up into the faces of the soldiers. The police were thrown in between the cars, and forming a barrier, the troops changed cars, many of them cocking their muskets as they stepped on the platform."

The car in which the seventh company passed over this distance of about a mile was assailed all along Pratt Street with paving stones, intermingled with gun and pistol shots. The soldiers could scarcely be restrained by Major Watson from firing, some of their number having been wounded by missiles; but when one of the men was shot in the hand the Major could forbear no longer, and the men were permitted to fire. After running this gauntlet of attack, and overcoming obstructions placed on the track, the car got through.

The shooting, and the increasing violence of the mob, prevented other cars from following. The last one that made the attempt, probably the tenth, stopped near Commerce Street, the brake having got out of order. This made it the object of a concentrated attack, and the driver hastened to detach his team from the front and attach it to the rear of the car, and drew it back to the President Street Station, stoned all the way. It was now nearly noon. The

MOBBING OF THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS.

mob was encouraged by this success to go farther. The rioters tore up paving stones, portions of the railroad track, and dragged large anchors from the wharf, and with these and other materials that they could lay their hands on, they built a barricade at the bridge on Pratt Street, also tearing up its planks. Street repairs were in progress on the day of the riot, and this assisted the mob, the rioters seizing picks, shovels, and loose materials.

Colonel Jones, learning that no more cars could get through, sent an order to the remaining four companies of his regiment to make a forced march, but before it reached its destination the officers had decided to make the attempt, under the leadership of Captain Follansbee. The men calmly fell into line and marched out of the station. A large portion of the opposing crowd, which had quickly multiplied itself, and formed into a procession, carrying a secession flag, blocked the way. The soldiers pushed through this maddened mass amidst hustling, crowding, imprecations, and yells of "black Republicans!" "Nigger thieves!" "Yankee hirelings!" and various other epithets which would look worse than these in print. The soldiers were not wholly without friends among those who hurried to the scene, and some of these Baltimore patriots tried to seize the secession flag, and succeeded in tearing it badly and breaking its staff. During this melée the soldiers, hemmed in and showered with stones, pushed on, forcing the crowd aside. Between the station and the bridge one of the soldiers, William Patch, was struck to the ground with a paving stone, and as he fell his rifle was seized by a rioter, who, with others, beat the fallen and helpless man, and he would have been killed at once if the police had not come to his assistance. The order was now given to "double quick,"

and the soldiers moved forward in a trot, two of them being knocked down, but making their escape.

On reaching the bridge the column had to confront its greatest obstacles and dangers. Here was a vast crowd that hurled stones, clubs and various missiles at the soldiers, and a fire was opened upon them from the street and from houses. Captain Follansbee could not endure this treatment, and felt that he must repel force with force, and in an order heard all along the line of his men, gave the command, "FIRE!" Some of the mob were seen to fall, but it was stubborn and would not give way, and the soldiers repeated their fire and rushed forward with fixed bayonets, clearing the bridge and the barricade. At this place George W. Brown, Mayor of the city, met the struggling column, and he stated in his message, July 11, 1861, * * "The noise and excitement were great. I ran at once to the head of the column, some persons in the crowd shouting as I approached, 'Here comes the mayor!' I shook hands with the officer in command, saying, 'I am the mayor of Baltimore.' I then placed myself at his side and marched with him as far as the head of Light Street wharf, doing what I could by my presence and personal efforts to allay the tumult. The mob grew bolder and the attack became more violent. Various persons were killed and wounded on both sides. The troops had some time previously begun to fire in self-defense; and the firing, as the attack increased in violence, became more general." The mayor remained at the head of the column until it was met by Marshal Kane.

George P. Kane, Marshal of Police, arrived from the Camden station with a force of about fifty, and opening his column on Pratt, near Light Street, closed up behind the soldiers, forming a barrier across the street and affording

them considerable protection from an attack in the rear. The Marshal in his report says that he ordered his men "to draw their revolvers and shoot down any man who dared to break their line."

The fighting, however, continued. At one place a rioter wrested a rifle from a soldier and plunged the bayonet into him. At the crossing of Charles and Pratt Streets, Andrew Robbins, a member of the regiment, from Stoneham, Massachusetts, fell with a bullet in his neck, and the rioters rushed upon him, but he was rescued, carried into a drug store that was near, protected from the mob, and attention given to his wound. A Colored lady of Baltimore, who had run into the store to escape danger, told the writer that she saw this wounded soldier when he was carried in; noticed how pale he was; saw his ghastly wound, and heard his piteous moans. "Outside," she said, "it seemed like Satan had broke loose and the swearing and howling of the mob seemed to come from the bottomless pit." Several Colored men, who enlisted in the Union army when the United States began to organize troops of their class, related to the writer incidents of the riot witnessed by them, and one said: "When I heard those fine looking men called nigger thieves and cursed to perdition with Abe Lincoln, I made up my mind that the first chance I got I would enlist to fight for the cause they were defending. So, when General Butler came, I got a position as attendant, and when the Fourth Division of the Ninth Army Corps was formed I went to the front as a soldier, and in the charge at Petersburg, and the fight at Deep Bottom, and wherever I had a chance to fire, I would load and fire, and say to myself, says I—here goes one to remember Baltimore; here goes one to remember Fort Pillow, and I was so busy thinking about those

two places, and helping to square their accounts, that I didn't think of danger, and didn't know one time that I was shot in the leg till a comrade told me."

At the intersection of Pratt and Howard Streets, as the soldiers neared their desired haven, a great crowd of determined rioters disputed their progress, but they received a volley which opened a way for the troops to "double quick" through, and the Station was gained at last. Not all were there, however; four of their companions were dead; Addison O. Whitney and Luther C. Ladd, of Lowell, and Charles A. Taylor and Sumner H. Needham, of Boston, Massachusetts; and thirty-six were wounded.

The exact number killed by the troops in self-defense was reported to be twelve, but of the wounded it is not certainly known, as many feared to disclose their injuries, but it must have been two or three times larger than the wounded list of the Sixth Massachusetts.

One of the citizens killed was not in the riot, and his death was due to a misunderstanding. He was a prominent business man, and was shot from a car window as the train moved out from the suburbs of the city, a gesture that he made with his fist having been taken as one of menace. His name was Robert W. Davis, and his death caused more excitement than all the others killed by the soldiers.

A study of the names of the rioters killed and wounded teaches that they were mostly of that nationality which chiefly instigated and participated in the New York draft riots of 1863—a class of people viciously opposed to the Colored race and often unfriendly to Republican institutions; and Baltimore and New York were obliged to suffer in reputation on their account. A writer, in the *Philadelphia Times*, a few years ago, Mr. Frederick Emory, said:

"Baltimore had, at that time, one of the worst elements with which any city was ever afflicted. There was a certain class of men which lived and fattened on disorder. For a number of years the city had been the prey of brutal ruffians, who controlled the elections, and conducted themselves exactly as they pleased—the 'Plug-Uglies' and 'Rip-Raps.' These men had been cowed by the election of a reform administration; but the same spirit animated them still which had animated them before when they openly beat, stabbed, and prodded citizens who attempted to vote according to their own minds. When the 19th of April disorder broke out, this element began to show its head again—profiting by the excitement and confusion to commit excesses."

The regimental band of the Sixth Massachusetts and Colonel Small's unarmed Pennsylvanians experienced also the unpleasant attentions of the rioters. The band did not attempt to follow the companies in their march, but they were driven from their car and dispersed, and found protection where they could; and the Pennsylvanians who had alighted from their cars were set upon and driven like sheep hither and thither. A number of them were rescued by the police and taken to the Eastern station house for protection. A Colored man informed the writer that he piloted six to places of safety, taking some to his own house. A score of these volunteers were severely injured, and others slightly wounded at the President Street Station.

It would have been impossible for these unarmed men to march to the Camden Station, therefore they were put back into a train and guarded by the police until it started towards Philadelphia, orders having been telegraphed for the troops to return as far as the Susquehanna River.

The Sixth arrived in Washington that evening; and

that night the authorities in Baltimore, to prevent other Northern troops from going through their city, ordered the destruction of bridges on the lines to Harrisburg and Philadelphia, and before morning those at Melvale, Relay House, Cockeysville, the Bush and Gunpowder Rivers and Harris Creek were destroyed. The secession element, smaller but more active than the Union element, in Baltimore, held the city for a time in a position of antagonism to the Government, and prevented United States troops from passing through to Washington, but an approach to the Capitol was opened by way of Annapolis, and ere long General B. F. Butler had advanced to the Relay House; and on the 13th of May with a strong force of volunteers he entered the city, took post on Federal Hill, where he could command the city and harbor, and put the city under military law. There were no more assaults made by rioters upon United States troops after that, and under him and Generals Dix, Wool and Wallace, the city took her place where she rightfully belongs, on the side of the Union and the Star Spangled Banner of Fort McHenry.

CHAPTER XXII.

LAND AND NAVAL OPERATIONS IN 1861.

COLORED MEN, DEBARRED FROM ENLISTING, ENTER THE ARMY AND NAVY IN GREAT NUMBERS AS LABORERS—SLAVES CONTRABAND OF WAR—DEATH OF COLONELS LYON, ELLSWORTH AND BAKER—OTHER EVENTS—THE NEGRO TIGHLMAN'S DARING DEED.

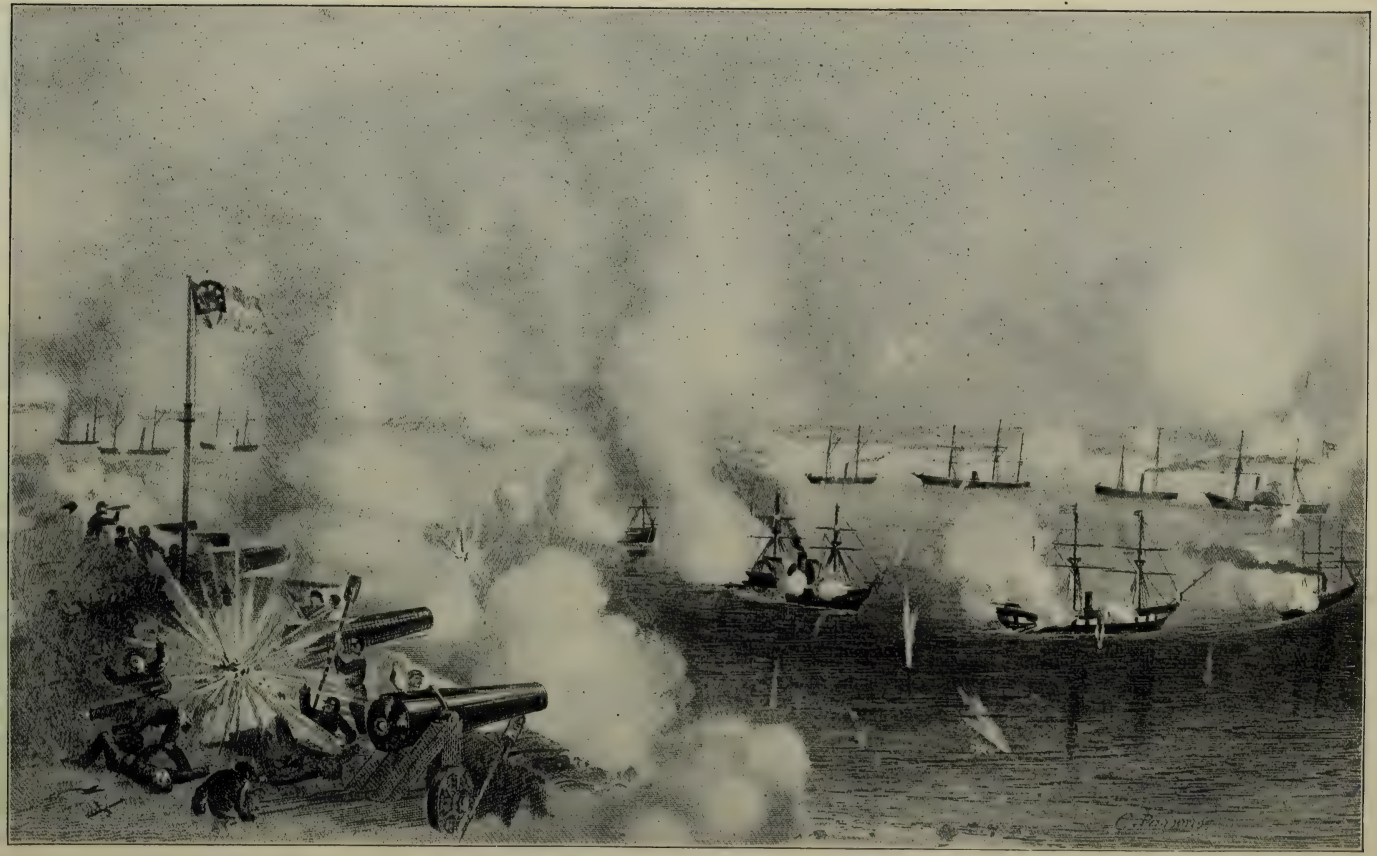
During the year 1861, Colored men in the North, and in the Border States, saw with envy White men marching away to fight the battles of the Union, and it seemed strange to them that they should be deprived of this privilege. Many of them did the next best thing, by going into the service as waiters, cooks, hostlers, teamsters, and laborers generally ; and serving as such they often faced danger with the enlisted men, and when at length they were permitted to enroll as soldiers they were already qualified in most respects for campaign work.

Long strides were made in the direction of favoring slaves who were fortunate in escaping from the Confederate to the Union lines. General B. F. Butler, who was transferred from Baltimore, took command of Fortress Monroe and the Department of Eastern Virginia ; and while there, some slaves, who had escaped from secessionists, sought refuge with him, and protection. Their former owners came to him demanding their return, but he refused on the ground that they were contraband of war. In other words, as they

were claimed to be property, and were used to strengthen the Confederacy by their labor on plantations, and on fortifications, and in other ways, he declared that they came under the laws of war relating to contraband goods. This was on May 24th, and on the 30th following, Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, confirmed the opinion, and made the same declaration; hence arose the designation which during the war was so often applied to slaves—"contrabands," and the "intelligent contraband" who brought information was often quoted in war correspondence.

Towards the end of May at least fifty thousand volunteers, of the best material for soldiers, having enlisted through pure patriotism, were centered in and around Washington City, holding the line of the Potomac, and guarding approaches to the National Capitol. They were mostly raw, undisciplined troops, but intelligent, and out of this mass regiments and brigades were formed and drilled under the eye of General Winfield Scott, a veteran of the War of 1812 and of the Mexican War. Some of his subalterns had served with him in Mexico, and they rose to high rank in the Civil War. Most of the great Confederate leaders were also veterans of the War with Mexico.

While these preparations were going on in the East, out in the West hostilities had commenced in Missouri. On May 10th Captain Nathaniel Lyon captured Frost's disloyal brigade at its camp near St. Louis, and while marching the prisoners into the city, a mob attacked the loyal troops, and there was much strife, confusion and bloodshed. Seven of the rioters were known to be killed. There was a strong disunion element in St. Louis as in Baltimore, ready to commit deeds of violence, but there as in the latter city it was put under control by the larger, but not so noisy, Union party.



CAPTURE OF FORTS WALKER AND BEAUREGARD.

Other important events which happened in the West, in 1861, were as follows: On the 9th of July, Major-General John Fremont was given command of the Western Department. On the 16th there was a skirmish at Millville, Mo., the Confederates firing into a train of cars. On the 10th of August was fought the battle of Wilson's Creek, near Springfield, Mo., between the Union forces under General Nathaniel Lyon, and the Confederates under General Ben. McCulloch. Gen. Lyon placed himself at the head of the First Iowa, whose commanding officers had been disabled, and while leading it into the thickest of the fight was instantly killed by a rifle ball that entered his breast. This was a great loss to the Union cause. The battle was fierce, and on the side of the Unionists there were 1235 killed, wounded and missing. The Confederate loss was officially stated to be 1721, killed and wounded. On the 19th another battle was fought, at Charlestown, Mo., in which the Confederates were defeated. On the 20th of September, Colonel Mulligan, after four days of hard struggle with 2,500 men against 26,000 Confederates under General Price, at Lexington, Mo., was obliged to surrender. On the 16th of October the place was retaken by Union troops under Major White. On the 26th, following, Major Zagonyi, with a portion of Fremont's Body Guard, charged through a Confederate force of 2,000 at Springfield, defeating them and killing many, with a Union loss of only 15 killed. November 8th the battle of Belmont, Mo., was fought, where, after a sharp conflict of six hours, the Union troops retired to their boats, the Confederates having received large reinforcements from Columbus, Kentucky. Gen. Grant was about the last one to leave the field, riding his horse onto the boat as the gang-planks were just going to be hauled in. The loss in the battle was nearly equal on both sides.

In Kentucky, there was a fight on November 8th, at Pikeville; December 17th, another at Mumfordsville, in both of which the Confederates were defeated. There were many minor skirmishes in Kentucky and Missouri, the Confederates trying hard to get and hold possession of these States, and to count them into the Southern Confederacy, but the Union forces gained the ascendency, in spite of reverses.

In the East, the warfare assumed greater proportions. May 24th the National troops, under General Mansfield, thirteen thousand strong, advanced into Virginia, seizing and fortifying Arlington Heights, opposite Washington, and occupying Alexandria, six miles below, across the Potomac.

In the latter movement, Colonel Elmer Ellsworth, with his regiment of Zouaves, entered the town early in the morning, and moved with such celerity as to take the Confederates by surprise, cutting their railroad and telegraph communications, and surrounding and capturing a number who were not quick enough to escape. Seeing a secession flag flying over the Marshall house, he, with a few followers, entered the tavern, and, ascending to the roof, cut it down. Returning with his trophy, he passed through the trap-door, and had gone down the stairway from the roof until he had reached the third step from the bottom, when, suddenly, Jackson, the landlord, sprang forward with a double-barrel shot gun, and fired the contents of one barrel, slugs and shot, into Ellsworth's breast, who fell heavily to the floor, killed instantly. Sergeant Brownell, who preceded him going down the stairway, was to be the next victim, but he thrust aside the leveled gun, and the contents of the other barrel barely missed him; at the same moment he fired an instantly fatal load into Jackson's head, and sprang at him before he fell, driving a bayonet through him, and tossed him down to

the floor of the next story. Ellsworth's death was lamented by the Nation, and Lincoln grieved over his remains—which were buried from the White House—as he would have done over a dead child of his own family. In the speech which he made on the evening before his death to the members of his Fire Zouave Regiment, he said: * * * "I went to see General Mansfield, the commander at Washington, and told him I should consider it as a personal affront if he would not allow us to have the right of the line, which is our due, as the first volunteer regiment sworn in for the war. All that I can tell you is to prepare yourselves for a nice little sail, and, at the end of it, a skirmish. Go to your tents; lie down, and take your rest till two o'clock, when the boat will arrive, and we go forward to victory or death. When we reach the place of destination, act like men; do nothing to shame the regiment; show the enemy that you are men, as well as soldiers, and that you will treat them with kindness until they force you to use violence. I want to kill them with kindness. Go to your tents, and do as I tell you." That night, after delivering these words to his men, along about midnight he wrote his last letter home, in which occurs this touching passage: "To-night, thinking over the probabilities of the morrow, and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me. My darling and ever-loved parents, good by!"

Western Virginia remaining loyal, refused to be forced out of the Union as a part of the Old Dominion, and on the 26th of May, voted strongly against secession. A new State was the result, June 17th, and on the 26th its government was recognized by Lincoln.

The Confederates instituted a campaign in West Virginia for the purpose of holding that territory. General George B. McClellan took command of that department and defeated them at Philippi, Rich Mountain, and Carrick's Ford, and General Rosecrans defeated them at Carnifax Ferry, where their General Garnett was killed. Their power in that section was broken, and West Virginia was able to maintain her connection with the Union.

Yielding to newspaper pressure, especially from the New York *Tribune* office, and the popular clamor engendered by it, General Scott decided to order a general advance of the Army of the Potomac, under General Irvin McDowell, to attack the Confederates, who had a large army at Manassas Junction, within thirty miles of Washington City. At that time their line extended, irregularly, from Harper's Ferry to Richmond and Norfolk, with forces at different points aggregating over one hundred thousand men.

It was felt by many careful and judicious officers, civil and military, that the Union forces were not yet prepared to fight a pitched battle, but, as the time of many of the three months' men would soon expire, and the cry arose in the North, "On to Richmond!" the movement was undertaken.

July 13th Fairfax Court House was occupied. On the 18th the advance under General Tyler encountered the Confederates, commanded by Beauregard, at Blackburn's Ford. After three hours of hard fighting the Union troops fell back to rejoin the main body, having lost 19 killed, 38 wounded and 26 missing. The Confederate loss was 15 killed and 58 wounded. This was the preliminary battle of Bull Run.

On Sunday, July 21st, the Union army advanced to Bull Run where a terrible battle was fought, lasting six

hours. The Confederates were commanded by General Beauregard, who was assisted by a number of able generals, but the Union army, numbering twenty thousand, steadily succeeded in its onsets against a much larger force, and was about to gain a complete victory; the Confederates were wavering, and disheartened, but the arrival of General Johnson, with a large force from the Shenandoah Valley, that had slipped away from General Patterson's front, turned the fortunes of the day. The coming upon the field of these fresh troops, which were hurled at once against the so far successful but exhausted Unionists, the suddenness and unexpectedness of their attack produced discouragement and disorder on the Union side, and caused a panic, and the army retreated to the defences of Washington, with a loss, in round numbers, of 2,700 killed, wounded and missing (according to General McDowell's report). The Confederates reported their loss at 1,900.

This severe reverse taught the Government and its people a useful lesson: that the war was not going to be a picnic, and that the rebellion could not be suppressed within thirty or ninety days, but would require years. The North, stung by the defeat, was stimulated to greater exertion, and the people quickly responded to a new call for five hundred thousand more volunteers.

On the day after the battle, General McClellan was called to Washington to take charge of the Army of the Potomac: and then began reorganization and preparation on a vast scale. The remainder of the year was spent in drilling the new recruits, and perfecting the army for a great campaign in the following spring.

Before the close of the year the Nation was deprived of another of her noble leaders, Senator Edward Baker, Colonel

of the California Regiment, who was killed in the battle of Ball's Bluff, or Edward's Ferry, on Monday, the 21st of October. He, with others who fell in that disaster, were victims of a blunder which at first was charged to General Stone, but who was released from arrest, and the blame has been largely ascribed with good reasons to General McClellan. Stone, who also seems to have acted without judgment, with about 1,500 men, was making a reconnoisance on the upper Potomac, and ordered portions of his command to cross to the Virginia shore at Ball's Bluff, with only two frail scows as means of transportation. The Confederates, numbering about 3,000, under General Evans, saw them entering the trap, and withheld attack until sure of killing, wounding and capturing most of the Union force. Stone, from Edward's Ferry, sent orders, which, being obeyed, placed his men in a position to become easy prey. Colonel Baker saw the blunder, but as part of the troops had crossed, and had become hopelessly engaged, he hurried his men across to extricate them, and in the front of battle fell dead, pierced with three balls. The Unionist loss, accounted for, was 150 killed, 200 wounded, 710 taken prisoners, and many were drowned by the sinking of a scow, and in attempting to escape by swimming. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was about four hundred.

With all its reverses and disappointments the Union cause was making headway. In addition to the successful campaign in Western Virginia, the holding of Missouri and Kentucky, may be enumerated the following:

On the 29th of August Forts Hatteras and Clark, North Carolina, surrendered to Commodore Stringham and General Butler,—the Confederate Commodore Barron, ships, and nearly seven hundred prisoners being included. On the

30th Fort Morgan, at Ocracoke Inlet, N. C., was abandoned by the Confederates.

On the 7th of November a great naval expedition, which left Fortress Monroe on the 29th of October, under Admiral Dupont, captured Forts Beauregard and Walker at Port Royal entrance, taking the town of Beaufort, and commanding Hilton Island and the harbor. The Union loss was only 8 killed and 6 badly wounded. This victory gave the Government troops possession of the Sea Islands along the South Carolina coast, and a footing which proved advantageous, not only to them, but to thousands of slaves who soon began to escape from their masters, or whose masters had fled from them on the approach of the Union forces.

On the 20th of December General McCall, with his Pennsylvania Reserves, fought the battle of Drainsville, Va., defeating the Confederates, who left 57 dead and a number badly wounded on the field.

Besides the foregoing, it may be stated that over the wide extent of territory involved in the rebellion, there were hundreds of encounters in which it was demonstrated that the contest between the rebellion and the supremacy of the United States would be long and bitter, and the year 1861 closed with the contestants making preparations to resume the struggle in 1862 with gigantic power.

Among the many deeds of the year, notable for their danger, daring and patriotism, there was none to excel that of Tighlman, a Negro, on board the schooner S. J. Waring. This vessel was captured by a Confederate cruiser and a prize crew were put on her to run the blockade into a Southern port. Tighlman watched his chance, killed three of the captors, overpowered the others, and with the liberated crew brought the vessel into New York harbor.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROBERT SMALLS CAPTURES THE "PLANTER."

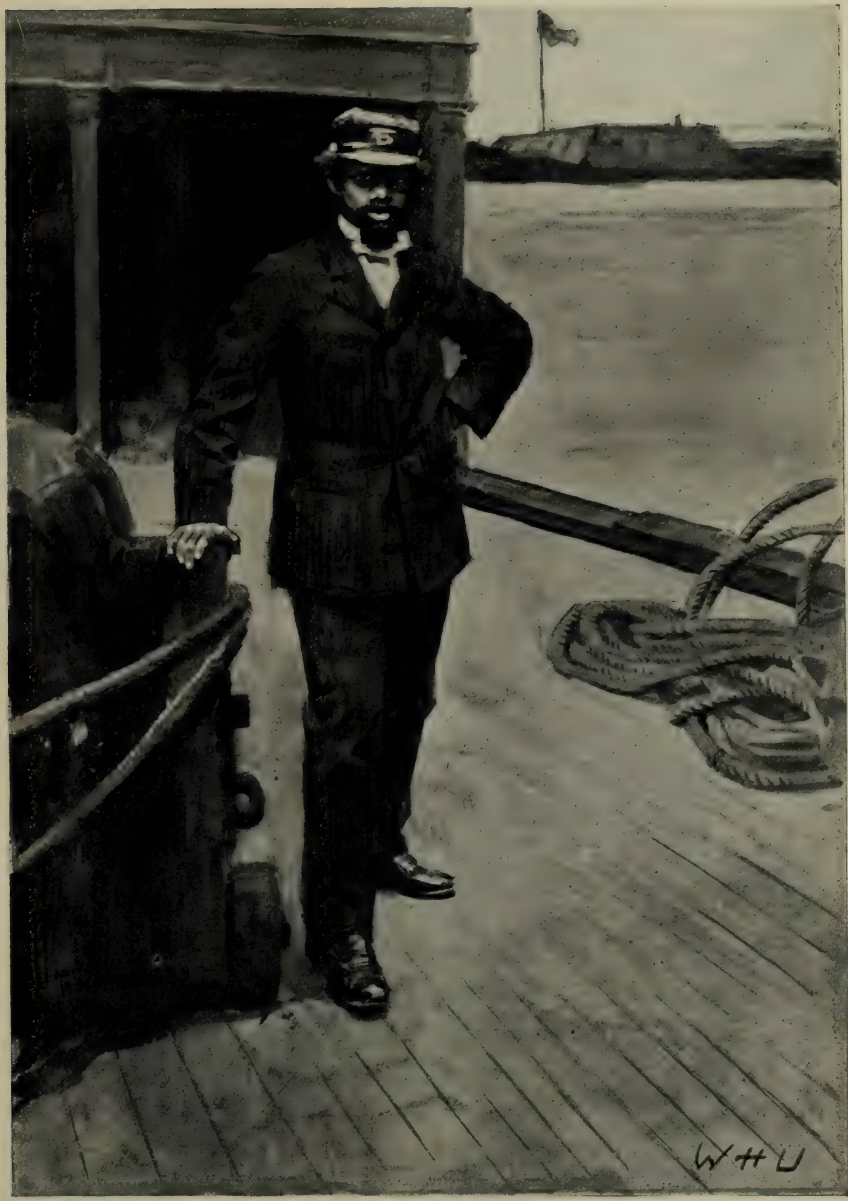
THE COLORED MAN COMES TO THE FRONT IN 1862 BY BOLD DEEDS AND REGULAR WARFARE AGAINST THE SOUTH—ENLISTMENTS IN SOUTH CAROLINA, KANSAS AND LOUISIANA.

One of the boldest deeds of the Civil War, and one that required a great deal of pluck, push, nerve and good judgment for its execution, was performed by ROBERT SMALLS, a pilot of the Confederate steamer *Planter*, in Charleston harbor, in 1862.

He was a Colored man from Beaufort, South Carolina, and was born there April 5, 1839. Like most all Colored children in the South before the war, he did not have the privilege of getting an education, but was naturally smart, and his superior intelligence enabled him to make the most of every opportunity that came in his way to increase his fund of knowledge.

In 1851 he removed to Charleston, and having a liking for work on the water, he took employment along the wharves, and on vessels, and acquired a good understanding of boating and piloting.

When Fort Sumter was attacked, he and his brother John, with their families, resided in Charleston, and saw with sorrow the lowering of its flag, but they were wise enough to think much, while saying little, except among



ROBERT SMALLS, CAPTOR OF THE "PLANTER."

themselves, and hoped for a time to come when they might again live under its Government.

The high-pressure side-wheel steamer *Planter*, on board which they were employed, Robert as an assistant pilot, and John as a sailor and assistant engineer, was a light-draught vessel, drawing only five feet when heavily ladened, and was very useful to the Confederates in plying around the harbor and among the islands near Charleston. She was about one hundred and fifty feet long and fifty wide on deck; a protected vessel, sheathed to withstand light artillery, and was armed forward with a long 32-pounder and aft with a 24-pounder howitzer. Her officers were C. J. Relyea, captain; Samuel H. Smith, pilot and mate; and Zerich Pitcher, engineer. These were all the White men in her crew; the rest were Negroes, consisting of the Smalls brothers, A. Gradine, an assistant engineer, William Morrison, a sailor, and a few other hands for general work.

On Monday evening, May 12, 1862, the *Planter* was lying at her wharf, the Southern, and her officers having finished their duties for the day, went ashore, first giving the usual instructions to Robert Smalls, to see that everything should be in readiness for their trip next morning. They had a valuable lot of freight for Fort Ripley and Fort Sumter, which was to be delivered the next day, but Robert thought to himself that perhaps these forts would not receive the articles after all, except as some of them might be delivered by the propulsion of powder out of Union guns. He did not betray his thoughts by his demeanor, and when the officers left the vessel he appeared to be in his usual respectful, attentive, efficient and obedient state of mind. He busied himself immediately to have the fires banked, and everything put ship-shape for the night, according to orders.

A little after eight o'clock the wives and children of Robert and John Smalls came on board. As they had sometimes visited the vessel, carrying meals, nothing was thought of this circumstance by the wharf guard, who saw them. Somewhat later a Colored man from the steamer *Etowah* stepped past him, and joined the crew.

Robert Smalls, for some time, had been contemplating the move which he was now about to make. He had heard that Colored men were being enlisted in the United States service at his old home, and that General Hunter was foreshadowing the emancipatory policy, giving kindly treatment to all contraband refugees. Now he was more anxious to get within the Union lines, and to join its forces. He had seen from the pilot-house, at a long distance, the blockading vessels, and had thought over a plan to reach them with the *Planter*, and his desire was to run her away from the Confederates when she would have a valuable cargo. He had to proceed cautiously in the unfolding of his designs. First his brother was taken into confidence, and he at once approved the project. He, of course, could be trusted to keep the secret. Then the others were approached, gradually, after sounding with various lines the depths of their patriotism. One man, not of the number who were in the escape, was found to be somewhat shallow, and for fear of striking a snag on him, they held back until he was out of the way.

The brave men knew what would be their fate in the event of failure, and so, in talking over the matter together, just before cutting loose, they decided not to be captured alive, but to go down with the ship if the batteries of Castle Pinckney, Forts Moultrie and Sumter, and other guns should be opened upon them. They also determined to use the *Planter's* guns to repel pursuit and attack, if necessary.

They believed they could succeed, but knew there were many fearful risks to run. They had counted the cost if they failed, and that was death, but they were willing to pay the price rather than abandon the attempt.

After midnight, when the officers ashore were in their soundest and sweetest slumbers, the fires were stirred up and steam raised to a high pressure, and between 3 and 4 o'clock Robert Smalls, the conceiver, leader and manager of this daring scheme, gave orders to "cast off," which was done quietly. To guard against a suspicion of anything being wrong in the movements of the *Planter*, he backed slowly from the wharf, blew her signal whistles, and seemed to be in no hurry to get away. He proceeded down the harbor, as if making towards Fort Sumter, and about quarter past 4 o'clock passed the frowning fortress, saluting it with loud signals, and then putting on all steam. Her appearance was duly reported to the officer of the day, but as her plying around the harbor, often at early hours, was not a strange occurrence, and she had become a familiar floating figure to the forts, she was not molested; and the heavy guns that easily could have sunk her, remained silent. Passing the lower batteries, also, without molestation, the happy crew, with the greater part of the strain removed from their minds, now jubilantly rigged a white flag that they had prepared for the next emergency, and steered straight on to the Union ships. They were yet in great danger, this time from the hands of friends, who, not knowing anything concerning their escape, and on the lookout to sink at sight torpedo-boats and "rebel-rams," might blow them out of the water before discovering their peaceful flag.

An eye-witness of the *Planter's* arrival, a member of the *Onward's* crew, and a war correspondent, gave a good

account of it; and with some alterations it is here introduced: "We have been anchored in the ship channel for some days, and have frequently seen a secesh steamer plying in and around the harbor. Well, this morning, about sunrise, I was awakened by the cry of 'All hands to quarters!' and before I could get out, the steward knocked vigorously on my door and called: 'All hands to quarter, sah! de ram am a comin', sah!' I don't recollect of ever dressing myself any quicker, and got out on deck in a hurry. Sure enough, we could see, through the mist and fog, a great black object moving rapidly, and steadily, right at our port quarter. Notwithstanding 'Merrimacs,' 'Iron Rams,' 'Turtles,' and death and destruction in all shapes were instantly conjured up in the minds of all, yet every man worked with determination and will that showed too plainly that be it Ram, Turtle, or the Old Boy himself, he would meet with a warm reception. Springs were bent on, and the *Onward* was rapidly warping around so as to bring her broadside to bear on the steamer that was still rapidly approaching us; and when the guns were brought to bear, some of the men looked up at the Stars and Stripes, and then at the steamer, and muttered 'You—! if you run into us we will go down with colors flying!' Just as No. 3 port gun was being elevated, some one cried out, 'I see something that looks like a white flag;' and true enough there was something flying on the steamer that would have been *white* by application of soap and water. As she neared us,we looked in vain for the face of a white man. When they discovered that we would not fire on them, there was a rush of contrabands out on her deck, some dancing, some singing, whistling, jumping; and others stood looking towards Fort Sumter, and muttering all sorts of maledictions against it, and '*de heart of de Souf*,'

generally. As the steamer came near, and under the stern of the *Onward*, one of the Colored men stepped forward, and taking off his hat, shouted, 'Good morning, sir!' I've brought you some of the old United States guns, sir!—that were for Fort Sumter, sir!' and all the others around him set up a yell—'Hi! dat's so! yah!' and the antics and capers they cut could only be done by slaves, who, by a bold and successful stroke, had gained their freedom;—running a steamer out from a large city, and passing the battlements of Pinckney, Moultrie and Sumter. Had such a feat been performed by White men, Congress would have passed a vote of thanks, and the public would have gone into ecstasies, and feted them.

"But to continue: As soon as the steamer came alongside, Captain Nichols, of the *Onward*, went on board of her and was joyously received. They all flocked around him and asked eagerly, 'Has you got one of dem ole flags to spare, sah? We'd like to have one, sah!' The boat's flag was hauled up, and bent on the halliards of the steamer, amidst the greatest excitement. The male contrabands again commenced dancing, singing, whistling and cheering, and in a few moments out came five female contrabands and three children. As soon as the females came out, they commenced shouting—looking up to the old flag—'Hi! yah! dat's him! dat's de same ole fellow! I knowed him!' One rather good-looking one, with a very young child, elevated the baby over her head, and said, 'Just look up dare, honey! it'll do you good, I knows it will;' and then she held the infant close to her breast, and cut the 'pigeon wing' with a vim, across the deck, and then shook her clothes like a hen in a rain-storm, and settled down, one of the happiest-looking creatures the world ever saw.

"We learned from some of them that they had been concocting this thing for three weeks. The leader in it was a very intelligent man named Robert Smalls—they call him the 'Major.' He said they would have run out two weeks ago with a large number of rifle cannon on board, but there was one fellow they couldn't trust; so they were compelled to postpone it. They have done very well as it is, for they have brought off four long thirty-two pounders, one one-hundred and twenty-eight pounder rifle cannon, and one small mortar, besides minie-rifles, ammunition, derricks, and a lot of apparatus used for planting heavy guns in a battery. One of the men had been on her for some time, in the capacity of a pilot, and another as an engineer. The whole number on her is sixteen, viz.: eight men, five women, and three children.

"The 'Major' said he thought he'd try it anyway; for if he staid there he'd get killed, and he couldn't more than get killed in making the attempt, and wound up by saying: 'I tell you what it is, sir, I was born under the old flag, and I just feel like serving and dying under it; and all we want of you, gentlemen, is to let us stay under that flag—give us a little to start on and we will earn our own living. We are not a lazy set of fellows.' * * * The steamer is now on her way to the *Augusta*, the flag-ship on this station, and as she passes by the different vessels, the crews man the rigging, and it would do your heart good to hear the hearty and prolonged cheers that greet her as she is passing through the fleet. I have forgotten to tell you that the steamer is the *Planter*. She is armed with the thirty-twos and a howitzer, and is the same one we have seen so often. The other guns and apparatus were put on board the day before, to be transported to new batteries they are building."

Congress was not unmindful of the daring and valuable services of Robert Smalls and his men, and a special act was passed providing that one-half the value of the captured steamer and her cargo be invested in United States bonds, and the interest thereon to be paid annually to them or their heirs.

The *Planter* was put in good condition for service under the United States flag, received a heavier and improved armament, and with her old crew, and Robert Smalls as captain, became one of the most useful vessels of the South Atlantic Squadron. Her light draught permitted her to navigate shallow rivers, lagoons and inlets, and the acquaintance of her crew with their surroundings enabled them to make the *Planter* a daring and successful naval raider.

It was a scene worthy of Nast's pencil when the officers of the *Planter* arrived at the wharf, to find their vessel gone, and stood transfixed with consternation as the guard told of the women and children going on board, and it dawned upon them that these Negroes, whom they had employed as machines, were thinking machines, and had wisdom and courage of their own, and a devotion to the Union that was bound to show itself when the right time came for them to do so. The excitement stirred up in Charleston by this exploit was wild and bitter, and demands were made for a prompt investigation, and one of the conclusions reached was that intelligent contrabands were not to be entrusted with Confederate property when a way was open for them to transfer it, at any risk, into the hands of the Yankees.

As for Robert Smalls: when he steered away from the wharf at Charleston on that early Tuesday morning, May 13, 1862, he started on a longer cruise than he ever dreamed of, for it brought him into prominence as a national

character. Not only did he serve with distinction on the *Planter*, but he greatly aided Negro enlistments in his department, and his vessel often brought in squads of recruits. After the war he sailed into the Constitutional State Convention of South Carolina; and in 1868 into her House of Representatives, where he introduced the Homestead act and secured the passage of the Civil Rights bill. Next, he sailed into the State Senate, in 1870, and again in 1872, outstripping in the latter race a prominent general. Setting his helm for a more distant and more important port, he sailed into the Congress of the United States, House of Representatives, and anchored there for two terms. His craft has since been seen navigating the tortuous channels, and the rough, high seas of national politics, and was saluted with honor and deference at Chicago in 1888. As every vessel, sooner or later, on account of wear and tear, is obliged to go out of commission as a fighter, so now, at the age of sixty, Robert Smalls is peacefully moored at his plantation on a sea island of his native State, honored and respected for the part he has performed in the history of his country, and an example of what Afro-Americans can do and become, if only given or permitted to take a chance.

As the war proceeded on a rapidly enlarging basis, and the Union troops and vessels gained command of inland territory and along rivers and coasts, Colored refugees came within the lines in great numbers, having now the protection of the Government. Many of the men entered the Navy, in some capacity, on river and ocean vessels; and many more performed duties in the armies, being acceptable and servicable in different kinds of labor. Many of the Colored women did cooking, baking, washing and mending for the White soldiers, and some served in hospitals.

CHARGE OF UNION TROOPS ON ROANOKE ISLAND.

Out in the frontier West, especially in Kansas and the Indian Territory, the race line was not drawn as it was in the East, to exclude patriotic Colored men from enlistment, and there both Red men and Black men were accepted, early in 1862. Two regiments of civilized Indians in the Kansas Guards contained nearly five hundred Negroes, and these mixed troops, with others organized later, under White officers, proved to be good soldiers in all respects and showed what could be expected of Colored soldiers elsewhere, by their long resistance of Confederate assaults upon Fort Gibson.

As a matter of necessity, and to begin the establishment of his views as to the just treatment of refugees, and their employment as soldiers, Major-General David Hunter, on his own responsibility, began to organize Colored troops May 7, 1862, in his department along the sea-coast of Georgia, South Carolina and Florida. This action was begun by a Special Order, No. 84, Department of the South, detailing Sergeant C. T. Trowbridge of Colonel Serrell's regiment, of New York Volunteer Engineers, as recruiting officer. This organization, known at first as the "Hunter Regiment," was completed at Beaufort and was the First South Carolina Volunteer Infantry, afterwards the Thirty-third U. S. C. T., and was not mustered out until January, 1866. It met the expectations of its officers, and its conduct encouraged the effort to enlist Colored troops. The well-known author of many volumes, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of the 51st Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, who wrote a book entitled "Army Life in a Black Regiment," was mustered as its Colonel November 10, 1862. Some of its engagements were the battles of Township, Mill Town Bluff, Hall Island, Jacksonville, and John's Island.

To show the obstacles placed by race prejudice, and political policy, in the way of Hunter and other Union generals, who took the sensible ground that Colored men should be admitted into the United States service, his humorous but truthful letter to the Secretary of War is here given :

HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., June, 1862.

TO THE HON. E. M. STANTON, *Secretary of War, Washington, D. C.:*

Sir:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of a communication from the Adjutant-General of the Army, dated June 13, 1862, requesting me to furnish you with the information necessary to answer certain Resolutions introduced in the House of Representatives June 9, 1862, on motion of the Hon. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky ; their substance being to inquire :

1st. Whether I had organized, or was organizing, a regiment of "fugitive slaves" in this department.

2d. Whether any authority had been given to me from the War Department for such an organization ; and

3d. Whether I had been furnished, by order of the War Department, with clothing, uniforms, arms, equipments, and so forth, for such a force ?

Only having received the letter at a late hour this evening, I urge forward my answer in time for the steamer sailing to-morrow morning,—this haste preventing me from entering, as minutely as I could wish, upon many points of detail, such as the paramount importance of the subject would seem to call for. But, in view of the near termination of the present session of Congress, and the wide-spread interest which must have been awakened by Mr. Wickliffe's resolutions, I prefer sending even this imperfect answer to waiting the period necessary for the collection of fuller and more comprehensive data.

To the first question, therefore, I reply : That no regiment of "fugitive slaves" has been, or is being, organized in this department. There is, however, a fine regiment of loyal persons whose late masters are fugitive rebels—men who everywhere fly before the appearance of the national flag, leaving their loyal and unhappy servants behind them, to shift, as best they can, for themselves. So far, indeed, are the loyal persons composing the regiment from seeking to evade the presence of their late owners, that they are now, one and all, endeavoring with commendable zeal to acquire the drill and discipline requisite to place them in a position to go in full and effective pursuit of their fugacious and traitorous proprietors.

To the second question, I have the honor to answer that the instructions given to Brigadier-General T. W. Sherman by the Hon. Simon Cameron, late Secretary of War, and turned over to me, by succession, for my guidance, do distinctly authorize me to employ "all loyal persons offering their services in

defense of the Union, and for the suppression of this rebellion," in any manner I may see fit, or that circumstances may call for. There is no restriction as to the character or color of the persons to be employed, or the nature of the employment—whether civil or military—in which their services may be used. I conclude, therefore, that I have been authorized to enlist "fugitive slaves" as soldiers, could any such fugitives be found in this department. No such characters, however, have yet appeared within view of our most advanced pickets, the loyal Negroes everywhere remaining on their plantations to welcome us, aid us, and supply us with food, labor and information. It is the masters who have in every instance been the "fugitives," running away from loyal slaves as well as loyal soldiers; and these, as yet, we have only partially been able to see—chiefly their heads over ramparts, or dodging behind trees, rifles in hand, in the extreme distance. In the absence of any "fugitive master law," the deserted slaves would be wholly without remedy had not the crime of treason given them right to pursue, capture and bring back those persons of whose benignant protection they have been thus suddenly and cruelly bereft.

To the third interrogatory, it is my painful duty to reply that I have never received any specific authority for issue of clothing, uniforms, arms, equipments, and so forth, to the troops in question—my general instructions from Mr. Cameron—to employ them in any manner I might find necessary, and the military exigencies of the department and the country being my only, but, I trust, sufficient justification. Neither have I any specific authority for supplying those persons with shovels, spades and pickaxes, when employing them as laborers; nor with boats and oars when using them as lighter-men; but these are not points included in Mr. Wickliffe's resolution. To me it seemed that liberty to employ men in any particular capacity implied and carried with it liberty, also, to supply them with the necessary tools; and, acting upon this faith, I have clothed, equipped, and armed the only loyal regiment yet raised in South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.

I must say, in vindication of my own conduct, that had it not been for the many other diversified and imperative claims on my time and attention, a much more satisfactory result might have been achieved; and that, in place of only one regiment, as at present, at least five or six well-drilled and thoroughly acclimated regiments should, by this time, have been added to the loyal forces of the Union.

The experiment of arming the Blacks, so far as I have made it, has been a complete and even marvelous success. They are sober, docile, attentive, and enthusiastic; displaying great natural capacities in acquiring the duties of the soldier. They are now eager beyond all things to take the field and be led into action; and it is the unanimous opinion of the officers who have had charge of them that, in the peculiarities of this climate and country, they will prove invaluable auxiliaries, fully equal to the similar regiments so long and successfully used by the British authorities in the West India Islands.

In conclusion I would say, it is my hope—there appearing no possibility

of other reinforcements, owing to the exigencies of the campaign in the Peninsula—to have organized by the end of next fall, and be able to present to the Government, from forty-eight to fifty thousand of these hardy and devoted soldiers.

Trusting that this letter may be made part of your answer to Mr. Wickliffe's resolutions, I have the honor to be,

Very respectfully, your most obedient servant,

DAVID HUNTER, *Major-General Commanding.*

It was feared by General Hunter, and his friends to whom he had confided the contents of his letter, that displeasure with it by the War Department, or "red tape," might keep it from going before the House, but on the contrary it was deemed worthy of immediate presentation there, and as the clerk proceeded with its reading "its effects were magical"—writes Major Charles G. Halpine—who continues: "The clerk could scarcely read it with decorum; nor could half his words be heard amidst the universal peals of laughter, in which both Democrats and Republicans appeared to vie as to which should be the more noisy. Mr. Wickliffe, who only entered during the reading of the latter half of the document, rose to his feet in a frenzy of indignation, complaining that the reply, of which he had only heard some portion, was an insult to the dignity of the House, and should be severely noticed. The more he raved and gesticulated, the more irrepressibly did his colleagues, on both sides of the slavery question, scream and laugh; until finally the merriment reached its climax on a motion made that, 'as the document appeared to please the honorable gentleman from Kentucky so much, and as he had not heard the whole of it, the clerk be now requested to read the whole again'—a motion which was instantaneously carried amid such an uproar of merriment and applause as the frescoed walls of the chamber have seldom heard, either before or since. It was the great joke of the day, and coming

at a moment of universal gloom in the public mind, was seized upon by the loyal press of the country.

"This set that question at rest forever, and not long after the proper authorities saw fit to authorize the employment of 'fifty thousand able-bodied Blacks for labor in the Quartermaster's Department,' and the arming and drilling as soldiers of five thousand of these, but for the sole purpose of 'protecting the women and children of their fellow-laborers who might be absent from home in the public service.'

"Here we have another instance of the reluctance with which the National Government took up this idea of employing Negroes as soldiers; a resolution, we may add, to which they were only finally compelled to come by General Hunter's disbandment of his original regiment, and the storm of public indignation which followed the act."

The Government advanced towards the sensible and practical point of view on this subject, occupied by General Hunter and others, who foresaw that it was the only tenable one to take, as fast as it found the public sentiment of the North willing to approve its steps; and as its policy in this direction assumed definite outlines and began to demonstrate the wisdom of undermining the chief prop of the Confederacy, it was met with an outbreak of vindictive denunciation by the South. Although the Confederacy had favored the organization of free Colored troops as early as April, 1861, in New Orleans, and was using its slaves in every way, except as fighters, to assist its military operations, it branded the North with stigma for adopting its course to save the Union, and for using in a military capacity that which, by its own action, it had made contraband of war.

As a single specimen of newspaper abuse, a Savannah journal described Hunter, whom it denounced because of his

action in raising Negro troops, as "the cold-blooded abolition miscreant, who, from his headquarters at Hilton Head, is engaged in executing the bloody and savage behest of the imperial gorilla who, from his throne of human bones at Washington, rules, reigns and riots over the destinies of the brutish and degraded North!" This feeling of detestation was entertained by the authorities of the Confederacy, and found public and official expression ere long in the famous General Order No. 60, which condemned to death as felons, if they could be caught, Major-General Hunter and Brigadier-General J. W. Phelps. Of this order, and progress in spite of it, in organizing United States Colored troops, more will be mentioned in the chapter following, on the Capture of New Orleans.

CHAPTER XXIV.

IMPORTANT EVENTS OF 1862.

THE YEAR BEGINS WITH A SERIES OF SPLENDID VICTORIES WHICH EMBRACE MILL SPRINGS, ROANOKE ISLAND, FORT DONELSON, THE MONITOR'S DEFEAT OF THE MERRIMAC, THE CAPTURE OF NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS AND MEMPHIS, ETC., FOLLOWED BY REVERSES WHICH BRING ANTIETAM AND EMANCIPATION.

The darkest year in the War for the Union was 1862, but out of its gloom came the daybreak of assured success, and for the Colored people the dawn of emancipation—the morning of the Nation's hope and brightened prospects coming after the latter.

There were victories enough, some of them of vast importance, to stimulate the United States Government to increasing effort, and there was faith enough in rulers and people to look beyond numerous defeats and disasters to final and complete victory, but it was felt that the discipline of disappointment was for some great purpose—to make them realize the necessity of waging the war on higher principles —the vantage ground of "proclaiming liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

The business of employing officers of the army to return fugitive slaves to their disloyal masters had been brought to an end. The Thirty-seventh Congress, which convened in

its second session in December 1861, passed the following vital article of war:

"All officers are prohibited from employing any of the forces under their respective commands for the purpose of returning fugitives from service or labor who may have escaped from any persons to whom such service or labor is claimed to be due. Any officer who shall be found guilty by court-martial of violating this article shall be dismissed from the service."

This enactment gave offense to all engaged in the war of secession who had not been forced into it by a merciless despotism, and to many in the Border States and in the North who were in sympathy with the institutions of slavery; but it strengthened the Union cause at home, abroad, and in the field. Once that its adoption became general the forces of the Nation were more willing to move toward the real goal of the conflict, and reluctant and hesitating steps were hastened onward by the force of events.

On the 19th of January a battle was fought in Somerset county, Kentucky, known as the battle of Mill Springs, between the Union forces commanded by General George H. Thomas and the Confederates under General Crittenden, resulting in the defeat of the latter, who lost General Zollicoffer, formerly a member of Congress, 115 others killed, many wounded, 150 prisoners, 1,200 horses, several cannon, 1,000 muskets, etc. This was an encouraging beginning for 1862, and was soon followed by a series of victories, in strong contrast with the closing conflicts of the year.

Early in February, Commodore A. H. Foote, afterward Admiral, steamed up the Tennessee with a flotilla of seven gunboats, and after a hot fight, lasting a little over an hour, captured Fort Henry. The larger portion of its garrison escaped to Fort Donelson on the Cumberland River.

FIRST COMBAT BETWEEN IRON-CLAD VESSELS.

A land and naval expedition under General A. E. Burnside and Commodore Goldsborough, organized at Fortress Monroe, attacked the Confederates at Roanoke Island, North Carolina, on February 7th and 8th, and with a loss of 35 killed and 200 wounded, gained a victory which included nearly 3,000 prisoners, 6 forts, 42 cannon, and 3,000 stands of small arms; besides it secured control of that region, establishing a base of great strategic value, causing the surrender of Elizabeth City on the 10th, and threatening Norfolk, Virginia.

On the 12th and 13th of February, General Grant with an army of about 40,000 men, invested Fort Donelson, Tennessee, assisted by Commodore Foote with his gunboats on the Cumberland. The Union forces on land and water displayed in their fighting and endurance great firmness. The army suffered much from the extremely cold weather, the clothing of the wounded freezing to the ground with their blood. The Confederate generals, Floyd and Pillow, fled from the fort with 5,000 men, leaving General Buckner to fight it out. When he found there were no longer any prospects of successfully withstanding the siege, he asked for an armistice, so as to arrange for the most satisfactory capitulation that could be obtained; but Grant's reply contained this sentence: "No terms but unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works." From this came the title often applied to General Grant—Unconditional Surrender.

On the 16th of February Buckner accepted Grant's terms, and by his surrender the Unionists captured over 13,000 prisoners, 3,000 horses, 67 cannon, and 20,000 stand of arms. The Confederates had lost also 1,238 men in killed and wounded. Grant's forces lost 1,981 in killed

and wounded, having been more exposed in the fighting on the 13th, 14th and 15th, especially in the terrific assaults which they made upon the enemy's works when they gained a commanding position. The importance of this victory did not end with the captures made. It was far-reaching in its results, for it compelled the Confederates to evacuate Columbus, Ky., an almost impregnable fortress on the Mississippi, also Bowling Green, Ky., and Clarksville and Nashville, Tennessee.

Out in Arkansas, at Pea Ridge, in the Ozark Mountains, General S. R. Curtis, commanding Union forces, fought the Confederates under Van Dorn, Price and McCullough, on the 6th, 7th and 8th of March, the protracted and severe struggle ending in the dispersion of the enemy, with a heavy loss to them. General Price was among their wounded, and General McCullough was killed.

In Hampton Roads, between Norfolk, Newport News, and Fortress Monroe, Virginia, the first battle between iron-clad vessels (*see illustration*) occurred on Sunday, March 9, 1862. On the day before, a vessel named by Confederates the *Virginia*, which was the United States frigate *Merrimac*, converted into an iron-clad ram, steamed out from Norfolk to destroy the Union fleet which consisted of wooden vessels. The *Merrimac* was one of the ships which had been sunk at Norfolk by the Union commander to prevent their capture when the Confederates seized the navy yard, but they managed nevertheless to raise her, and changed her into a strange-looking monster of destruction. She was one of the finest vessels of the U. S. navy, being nearly 300 feet long and over 50 feet wide at the beam, and very staunch. The Confederates cut her down close to the water-line, then built her up with sloping sides thickly plated with iron, and

affixed to her prow a sharp iron projection, with which she could ram and easily sink a vessel not similarly protected.

On Saturday, the 8th, she destroyed the U. S. frigates *Cumberland* and *Congress*, whose broadsides made no impression upon her mailed sides. Only a few of the *Cumberland's* crew escaped when she went down, and one of the fortunate was a young Colored man named EDWARD A. FREEMAN, now of Camden, N. J., who was aloft, on a cross-tree, attending to some rigging, and was picked up by a tug-boat after floating four hours on a piece of wreckage.

Having crushed and sunk the *Cumberland*, captured and set fire to the *Congress*, the *Merrimac* next gave her attention to the U. S. steam-frigate *Minnesota*, which had run aground below Newport News. After firing some shots at her, and thinking perhaps, that she could be captured without destruction and added to the Confederate navy, the commander of the *Merrimac* satisfied with his half day's work withdrew in the evening to Sewall's Point.

That night, about 9 o'clock, a Union iron-clad arrived; the *Monitor*, designed and constructed at New York by Captain J. ERICSSON, and commanded by Lieutenant JOHN H. WORDEN. She was about 170 feet long. Owing to the great weight of iron on her surface but little of her could be seen above the water except her revolving turret which was nine feet high, and twenty feet in diameter. Her armor consisted of iron plates nine inches thick; and her turret contained two heavy eleven-inch guns. Her steam engine was entirely protected from an enemy's shots. When the Confederates spied the novel craft next day they derisively described her as "a cheese-box on a raft"; but in the fight which followed their discovery they soon learned to respect her, and to get out of her way.

On Sunday, the *Merrimac*, with her consorts, the *Yorktown* and the *Jamestown*, feeling sure of finishing the destruction or capture of the remaining Union vessels, steamed out from Sewall's Point to find a quick and powerful antagonist coming boldly towards them—the despised *Monitor*; and her first blows showed that a battle between giants was now the order of the day. The other vessels wisely kept at a safe distance. The *Merrimac* used her many guns against the *Monitor's* two, and plunged viciously against her, only to fail in seeking a vulnerable spot, losing her iron beak, receiving damage to her machinery, and being struck with point-blank shots that cut their way through her thick armor and compelled her to withdraw in a leaking and crippled condition. The triumphant *Monitor* followed her until she drove her beyond Sewall's Point, and then returned to anchorage near the *Minnesota*. The suspense endured by the Unionists since they witnessed the destruction of the *Cumberland* and *Congress* was now over, for they felt that they had a naval champion capable of vanquishing any Confederate craft afloat. The *Merrimac* gained no more successes, and to keep her from being taken by the Unionists, she was afterward blown up [May 10th.] The battle between these ironclads revolutionized naval warfare, and many iron-armored vessels of different patterns were constructed by both sides in the course of the war.

On Sunday and Monday, April 6th and 7th, the greatest battle of the war up to that time was fought at Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, near and around the Shiloh Church, and the battle is known by both names. On the first day, General Grant's army was surprised early in the morning, and by night had been driven back nearly to the Tennessee River. At this point the gunboats did good service, throw-

ing shells into the masses of Confederates [*see illustration*], who desisted from their advance, expecting to finish the defeat, or effect the capture of the Union army with the beginning of the following day; but that night large reinforcements arrived for Grant under General BUELL, and on Monday morning the Union army took the aggressive, driving back the Confederates at all points, and by four o'clock in the afternoon had defeated them, compelling them to retreat, with the loss of 3,000 dead, left on the field, and many thousands of wounded. The loss of the Union army was also heavy, it being estimated at 13,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners. The Confederate Commanding General Albert S. Johnston, was killed in the first day's battle. Many Colored men attached to the army as attendants witnessed the battle, and some on the gunboats took part in it.

The capture and occupation of New Orleans by National forces, April 25th, was one of the greatest successes of the war, and one of the most important for Colored people. It was so well guarded that Confederates deemed it almost impregnable, but Commodores D. G. FARRAGUT and D. D. PORTER, with a gunboat and mortar fleet, ascended the Mississippi, overcoming and passing formidable obstructions. They had fifty-one vessels, consisting of two flag-ships, seven steam sloops-of-war, fourteen gunboats, one sailing schooner, twenty-one mortar-schooners and six tow-boats and steamers, carrying two hundred and eighty-six guns. Many Colored men were employed on these vessels in different capacities.

Two very strong forts, Jackson and St. Philip, situated on opposite sides of the river, almost seventy-five miles below New Orleans, near the delta of the Mississippi, com-

manded the approach from the Gulf of Mexico. An immense chain boom was stretched across the river from fort to fort, and back of that was a strong fleet, which included an iron-clad steamer and the ram *Manassas*. On the 18th of April the Union vessels began a furious bombardment of the forts, which was kept up for a week, when a bold attempt was made to run past them, which was successful, but only after a most destructive engagement, in which the forts and Confederate vessels and fire-rafts caused the loss of thirteen gunboats and three transports. In the chapter on the naval battle in Manila Bay, DEWEY'S part in this river battle is noted, and some particulars of the action are given.

When the forts were passed and the Confederate fleet was captured or dispersed, April 25th, the Union fleet proceeded up the river, and on approaching New Orleans the Confederates there set fire to shipping, cotton and other property, destroying it to the amount of three million dollars. The troops, 20,000 strong, under General Mansfield Lovell, fled from the city, excepting Colored troops that stayed to welcome the entrance of the Unionists, and to enlist ere long under General Butler, who, with troops from Ship Island, took formal possession, and placed the city under martial law.

The loss of New Orleans to the Confederacy was irreparable, and its restoration to the Union was a gain of incalculable military advantage. Butler was instructed to hold it at all hazards, and this necessitated the employment of Colored troops when emergencies arose.

In the chapter devoted to the tottering Confederacy's attempt to enlist an army of Negroes as a last resort, considerable space is given to General Butler's change of front, and his conversion to General J. W. PHELPS' views relating

to the treatment of refugees, their employment as laborers, their enlistment as soldiers, and their emancipation. New Orleans was the principal place where Providence presented the great and complex problem that had to be solved before the Union could be restored and established upon a basis of perpetuity; and General Phelps was not tardy in trying to work out his share of it. He was an abolitionist from principle, and took the earliest opportunity to demonstrate his convictions in a practical way. He saw the end from the beginning, and was one of those great leaders who, while they seemingly fail to carry their points, nevertheless give such force and momentum to the cause of truth and justice that it goes "marching on" with increasing strides and a more determined purpose.

Naturally, and with implicit faith, slaves who could escape from bondage and from barbarous treatment sought the Flag of Freedom; only to be thrust or driven back at first; and this was the case at New Orleans. Butler, as a soldier, was carrying out his instructions, learning later to put a more liberal construction upon them and to make his own instructions when necessary to further the cause of union and liberty. While still to some extent in the slough of expediency, and a long way from the Beulah height of vision where the American flag had to be planted before insuring lasting success, in one of his orders he directed Phelps to cause all unemployed persons, White and Black, to be excluded from his lines, and to permit neither to enter them.

It was in response to this order that General Phelps, who commanded the Union forces at Carrolton, a few miles from New Orleans, at the main point in the line of its defenses, issued a letter which he desired should reach the National authorities at Washington and be instrumental in

helping to bring about a just and humane treatment of fugitive slaves. The letter is worthy of preservation in the homes of Colored people, as emanating from one who was a pioneer in blazing their way to liberty, and we give it almost entire:

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF GENERAL J. W. PHELPS.

CAMP PARAPET, NEAR CARROLTON, LA., June 16, 1862.

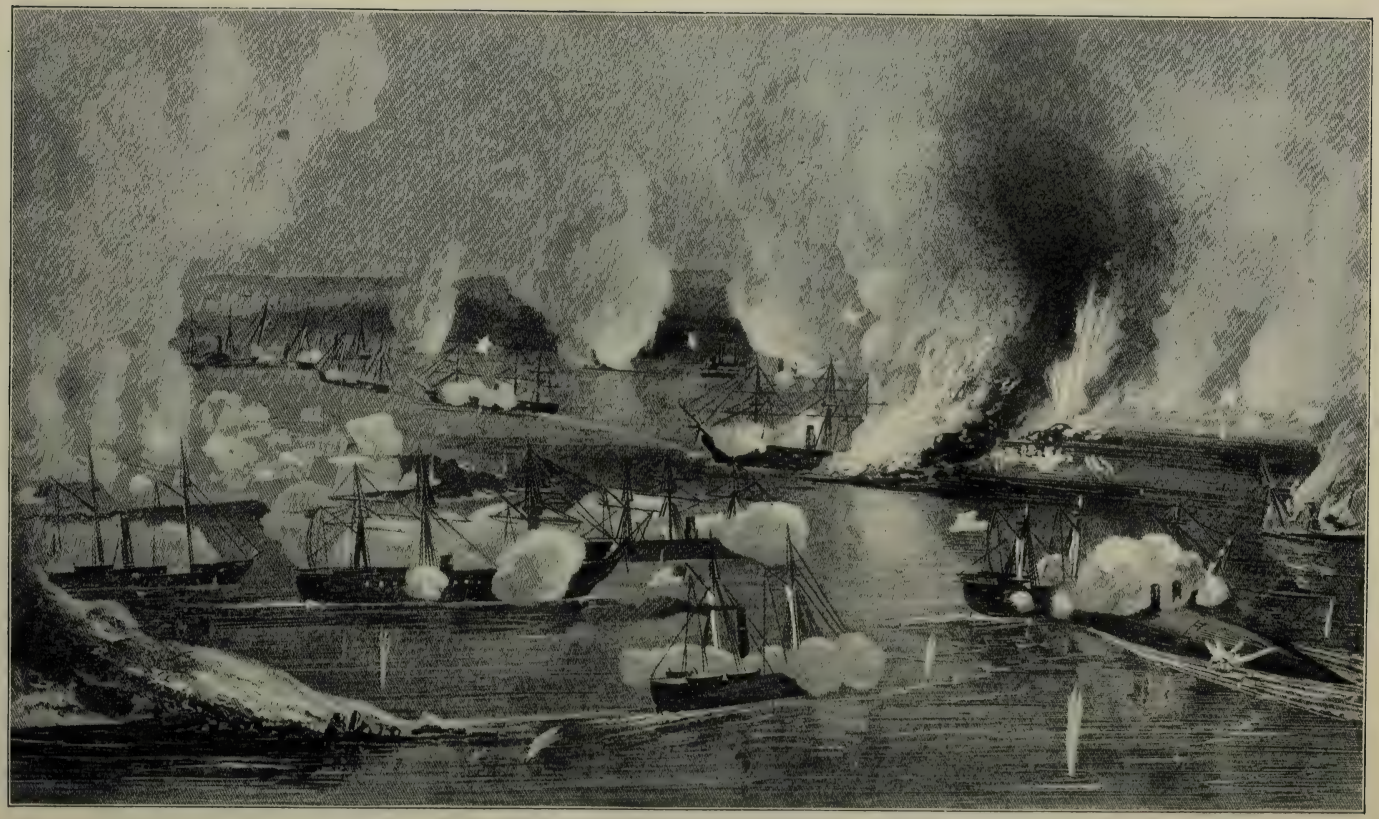
CAPT. S. R. DAVIS,

Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, New Orleans, La.:

DEAR SIR:—I enclose herewith, for the information of the Major-General commanding the department, a report of Major Peck, officer of the day, concerning a large number of Negroes, of both sexes and all ages, who are lying near our pickets, with bag and baggage, as if they had already commenced an exodus. * * *

They are of that four millions of our Colored subjects who have no king or chief, nor in fact any government that secures to them the simplest natural rights. They cannot even be entered into treaty stipulations with, and deported to the east, as our Indian tribes have been to the west. They have no right to the mediation of a justice of the peace or jury between them and chains and lashes. They have no right to wages for their labor; no right to the Sabbath; no right to the institution of marriage; no right to letters or to self-defense. A small class of owners, rendered unfeeling, and even unconscious and unreflecting by habit, and a large part of them ignorant and vicious, stand between them and their government, destroying its sovereignty. This government has not the power even to regulate the number of lashes that its subjects may receive. It cannot say that they shall receive thirty-nine instead of forty. To a large and growing class of its subjects it can secure neither justice, moderation, nor the advantages of Christian religion; and if it cannot protect *all* its subjects, it can protect none, either Black or White.

It is nearly a hundred years since our people first declared to the nations of the world that all men are born free; and still we have not made our declaration good. Highly revolutionary measures have since then been adopted by the admission of Missouri and the annexation of Texas in favor of slavery by the barest majorities of votes, while the highly conservative vote of two-thirds has at length been attained against slavery, and still slavery exists—even, moreover, although two-thirds of the blood in the veins of our slaves is fast becoming from our own race. If we wait for a larger vote, or until our slaves' blood becomes more consanguined still with our own, the danger of a violent revolution, over which we can have no control, must become more imminent every day. By a course of undecided action, determined by no policy but the vague will of a war-distracted people, we run the



CAPTURE OF NEW ORLEANS.—FLEET PASSING THE FORTS.

risk of precipitating that very revolutionary violence which we seem seeking to avoid.

Let us regard for a moment the elements of such a revolution.

Many of the slaves here have been sold away from the border States as a punishment, being too refractory to be dealt with there in the face of the civilization of the North. They came here with the knowledge of the Christian religion, with its germs planted and expanding, as it were, in the dark, rich soil of their African nature, with feelings of relationship with the families from which they came, and with a sense of unmerited banishment as culprits, all which tends to bring upon them a greater severity of treatment and a corresponding disinclination "to receive punishment." They are far superior beings to their ancestors, who were brought from Africa generations ago, and who occasionally rebelled against comparatively less severe punishment than is inflicted now. While rising in the scale of Christian beings, their treatment is being rendered more severe than ever. The whip, the chains, the stocks, and the imprisonment are no mere fancies here; they are used to any extent to which the imagination of civilized man may reach. Many of them are as intelligent as their masters, and far more moral, for while the slave appeals to the moral law as his vindication, clinging to it as to the very horns of the altar of his safety and his hope, the master seldom hesitates to wrest him from it with violence and contempt. The slave, it is true, bears no resentment; he asks for no punishment for his master; he simply claims justice for himself; and it is this feature of his condition that promises more terror to the retribution when it comes. Even now the Whites stand accursed by their oppression of humanity, being subject to a degree of confusion, chaos and enslavement to error and wrong, which northern society could not credit or comprehend.

* * * * * * * * * * *

It is clear that the public good requires slavery to be abolished; but in what manner is it to be done? The mere quiet operation of Congressional law cannot deal with slavery as in its former status before the war, because the spirit of law is right reason, and there is no reason in slavery. A system so unreasonable as slavery cannot be regulated by reason. We can hardly expect the several States to adopt laws or measures against their own immediate interests. We have seen that they will rather find arguments for crime than seek measures for abolishing or modifying slavery. But there is one principle which is fully recognized as a necessity in conditions like ours, and that is that the public safety is the supreme law of the State, and that amid the clash of arms the laws of peace are silent. It is then for our President, the commander-in-chief of our armies, to declare the abolition of slavery, leaving it to the wisdom of Congress to adopt measures to meet the consequences. This is the usual course pursued by a general or by a military power. That power gives orders affecting complicated interests and millions of property, leaving it to the other functions of government to adjust and regulate the effects produced. Let the President abolish slavery, and it would be an

easy matter for Congress, through a well-regulated system of apprenticeship, to adopt safe measures for effecting a gradual transition from slavery to freedom.

The existing system of labor in Louisiana is unsuited to the age; and by the intrusion of the National forces it seems falling to pieces. It is a system of mutual jealousy and suspicion between the master and the man—a system of violence, immorality and vice. The fugitive Negro tells us that our presence renders his condition worse with his master than it was before, and that we offer no alleviation in return. * * *

Our political education, shaped almost entirely to the interest of slavery, has been false and vicious in the extreme, and it must be corrected with as much suddenness, almost, as that with which Salem witchcraft came to an end. The only question that remains to decide is how the change shall take place.

We are not without examples and precedents in the history of the past. The enfranchisement of the people of Europe has been, and is still going on, through the instrumentality of military service; and by this means our slaves might be raised in the scale of civilization and prepared for freedom. Fifty regiments might be raised among them at once, which could be employed in this climate. * * *

When it is remembered that not a word is found in our Constitution sanctioning the buying and selling of human beings, a shameless act which renders our country the disgrace of Christendom, and worse, in this respect, even than Africa herself, we should have less dread of seeing the degrading traffic stopped at once and forever. * * *

Meantime, * * slaves, old and young, little ones and all, are suffering from exposure, and uncertainty as to their future condition; * * * considerations of humanity are pressing for an immediate solution of their difficulties; and they are but a small portion of their race who have sought, and are still seeking, our pickets and our military stations, declaring that they cannot and will not any longer serve their masters, and that all they want is work and protection from us. In such a state of things, the question occurs as to my own action in the case. I cannot return them to their masters, who not unfrequently come in search of them, for I am, fortunately, prohibited by an article of war from doing that, even if my own nature did not revolt at it. I cannot receive them, for I have neither work, shelter, nor the means or plan of transporting them to Hayti, or of making suitable arrangements with their masters until they can be provided for.

It is evident that some plan, some policy, or some system is necessary on the part of the Government, without which the agent can do nothing, and all his efforts are rendered useless and of no effect. This is no new condition in which I find myself; it is my experience during the some twenty-five years of my public life as a military officer of the Government. The new article of war recently adopted by Congress, rendering it criminal in an officer of the army to return fugitives, is the first support that I have ever felt from the

Government in contending against those slave influences which are opposed to its character and to its interests. But the mere refusal to return fugitives does not now meet the case. A public agent in the present emergency must be invested with wider and more positive powers than this, or his services will prove as valueless to the country as they are unsatisfactory to himself.

Desiring this communication to be laid before the President, and leaving my commission at his disposal, I have the honor to remain, sir,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. W. PHELPS,
Brigadier-General.

General Phelps did not then succeed in getting the Government, and General Butler, to adopt his policy of arming able-bodied Negroes who were willing to enlist, and endorse his proposal to abolish slavery, and he therefore insisted upon the acceptance of his resignation, July 31, but only a few weeks had elapsed before Butler took upon himself the responsibility of enlisting Negroes, (August 22), and his example was followed by other officers until there were fully 10,000 in the military and naval service along the Mississippi river, ahead of Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation. The Government being about to advance in the direction pointed out by Phelps, Hunter, and others of their views, wisely remained ignorant of what was going on, and had a blind eye and a deaf ear when looking and listening toward the Gulf and Mississippi departments when attention was called to the infraction of the rule against Negro enlistments. Nine days after General Phelps received notification of his resignation having been accepted, Lincoln sat pen in hand, waiting for tidings from Antietam; and when they came, abolition of slavery, the hope and prayer of Gen. Phelps, was assured. This was brought about by the force of events; and there was a hand writing on the walls of the National Capitol which Lincoln yearned to see, and seeing dared not disobey. It wrote in characters

of blood, which needed no interpreter, the terms on which the Union could be restored, preserved, and made lasting as Time. The magnificent Army of the Potomac from seeing the steeples of Richmond came back to the shadows of those in Washington, and Pope's Army of Virginia, with a second Bull Run experience, fell back to the Capitol also, defeated and dismayed.

Passing over McClellan's Peninsular Campaign, and Pope's failure in Virginia, disasters in which no Colored soldiers took part, it will be interesting for Afro-Americans to read a brief account of

The Battle of Antietam.

There were no Colored soldiers engaged in this conflict, but all Afro-Americans were represented in a peculiar way, and one vitally important to the welfare of their Race. Colored attendants, on both sides, were numerous, and many who had been forced by their masters to accompany the Confederate army took advantage of its retreat to leave it, going northward, or else going into the Union army as laborers, drivers in the baggage trains, and as attendants of different kinds. A number of Colored people residing in and around Sharpsburg witnessed the battle and from some of them the writer learned interesting incidents. It is somewhat singular, that General McClellan, whose policy was to save the Union *and slavery*, was made the instrument, in the hand of Providence, of dealing the blow which shattered that idol, and made Americans a Nation of Freedom worshippers.

In one of his proclamations to the Southern people he said: "Understand one thing clearly; not only will we abstain from all such interference (with their slaves), but

we shall, on the contrary, *with an iron hand*, crush any attempt at insurrection on their part." Lincoln's vow had been recorded in Heaven, that if a victory were given to the Union arms in those dark and terrible days of 1862, he would take it as a token that he should issue the Emancipation Proclamation, and hesitate no longer, and it was presented to him by the hand of a pro-slavery general.

General McClellan having been invested with full command of the reunited armies, his own and Pope's, reorganized his forces, crossed the Potomac, and marched to intercept Lee who had invaded Maryland, and whose purpose was to enter Pennsylvania, also.

On the 12th his advance reached, and after a skirmish occupied Frederick, Maryland, where he was so fortunate as to obtain a copy of Lee's general order, outlining his intended movements; left in the haste of evacuation. With this knowledge McClellan made such disposition of his forces that Lee was compelled to abandon his prospective march into Pennsylvania, and on Sunday, the 14th, at Turner's and Crampton's Gaps, South Mountain, Maryland, a portion of his army under Generals Longstreet, D. H. Hill, Cobb, and McLaws, was defeated by a portion of McClellan's army, commanded by Generals BURNSIDE and FRANKLIN. If this victory had only been followed up by a rapid march of Franklin's men, Harper's Ferry could have been relieved, or if Miles had only held out as he should have done a little longer, Lee could not have seized that rich prize on the morning of the 15th. As it was, Stonewall Jackson plucked it for him, capturing 11,583 men, 73 cannon, 13,000 small arms, 200 wagons, tents, stores, and equipage.

On Wednesday, the 17th, however, Lee paid dearly for

his Harper's Ferry success. Having taken a strong position at Sharpsburg, along and west of Antietam Creek, he awaited McClellan's attack, who, if he had made it on the morning of the 16th instead of the 17th, before the arrival of Jackson, Walker, McClaws, and A. P. Hill from Harper's Ferry to reinforce Lee, he might have completely crushed the Confederate commander-in-chief.

There was some fighting on the afternoon of the 16th, when General Hooker, on the right, crossed the Antietam at the upper bridge, and by a long detour advanced towards the left of Lee's lines, with DOUBLDAY'S, MEADE'S and RICKETTS' divisions. There was skirmish firing, followed by some volleys of musketry from the Confederates on his left and front, and when about two miles from Sharpsburg he stopped to reconnoiter, going forward himself, and then formed his lines, Doubleday on the right, Meade, with his Pennsylvania Reserves in the center, and Ricketts on the left. Planting his cannon on an elevation he opened upon a Confederate battery, but, as darkness soon set in, the firing ceased, and the opposing forces lay down within a short distance of each other to await the morning of one of the bloodiest days in the history of America.

During the night, Hood's force, which confronted Hooker's, was withdrawn to give place to stronger forces of Jackson's and Ewell's divisions, commanded by "Stonewall" Jackson himself, and when hostilities were resumed early on Wednesday morning, Hooker found a strong opposition to his advance in a greatly increased array of Confederates led by the most popular and successful of Lee's generals. He reopened the fight at daylight, and a fearful struggle ensued as Meade and Ricketts fought their way forward, pushing the enemy back, across the cornfield, across the Hagerstown

road, back to their reserves in the woods near the Dunkard Church. Here, attempting to drive the Confederates farther, Hooker's cheering men received a check, Hood with his division, and several brigades having come to the support of Jackson, and the Unionists were in turn driven back across the cornfield. Calling for a brigade from Doubleday, HARTSUFF was sent with his, and he led it at a double-quick into the vortex of the battle across the cornfield, and held his position until half of his men had fallen, and he was borne to the rear severely wounded.

General JOSEPH K. F. MANSFIELD had now come up with a part of the Twelfth Corps to support Hooker, about 8 o'clock A. M., and gallantly deployed his men, but D. H. Hill's division, charging from the woods near the Dunkard Church, struck his line with such force that it was broken and hurled back, and he fell mortally wounded.

On the right, Doubleday's guns were doing good execution, Ricketts was holding his position, and Hooker was determined to retake the ground he had won and lost. With GORDON'S and CRAWFORD'S fresh brigades he advanced again, and fearlessly went ahead on foot to reconnoiter, escaping harm, but as he remounted he received a musket-ball wound in the foot which compelled him to retire; but not until he had given explicit orders for the forward movement. This was about nine o'clock A. M.

General EDWIN V. SUMNER, Commander of the Second Corps, having arrived, assumed command of the right wing, and sent supports to Crawford and Gordon, and made desperate efforts to force the enemy's left wing, but Laws had arrived from Harper's Ferry, and other reinforcements had been hurried from the unassailed Confederate right to their left, and the result was that with that wing strengthened, the

Union troops were forced back to the ground they had occupied in the morning, and between that position and the most advanced ones gained and lost, thousands of men had fallen, killed and wounded.

The Confederates had suffered terribly also, and were in no condition or spirit to hold their advanced positions of the morning, and they gradually fell back to their lines near the Dunkard Church; but made an attempt about noon to capture Battery A, of the Fourth United States Artillery. At this juncture Major-General WILLIAM B. FRANKLIN, commanding the Sixth Corps, who had marched from Crampton's Gap since six o'clock A. M., arrived opportunely. His Second Division, under General WILLIAM F. SMITH, rushed forward with ringing cheers, HANCOCK'S Brigade going to the support of Battery A. While the First Division, under General HENRY W. SLOCUM, pressed on towards the center, Smith continued his advance across the ground that had been won and lost, retook the bloody cornfield, drove the enemy over the Hagerstown road, and beyond the Dunkard Church, and held on to what he had gained.

On the left of this scene of carnage General WILLIAM H. FRENCH, commanding the Third Division of Sumner's Corps, made a vigorous attack as a diversion in support of the right wing, and on his left, General ISRAEL B. RICHARDSON, commanding the First Division of the same corps, who had crossed the Antietam at half-past nine o'clock, advanced steadily over very rugged ground, under a heavy artillery fire, the brigades of MEAGHER, CALDWELL and BROOKS dashing forward with great gallantry. On this part of the field, Colonel FRANCIS C. BARLOW, of Caldwell's Brigade, took the Confederates in flank, with the Sixty-first

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and Sixty-fourth New York Regiments, and at a sunken road now called "Bloody Lane," he inflicted upon them a great loss in killed and wounded, took over 300 prisoners and three battle-flags. All along the front, facing the Confederate center, the battle raged furiously, the Union troops gaining ground and pressing the enemy back as far as Piper's house—about half a mile from Sharpsburg. Near this place General Richardson was mortally wounded. General WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK succeeded him in command, and made a successful charge, which drove the enemy still farther, and the advantage gained, if followed up, might have resulted in severing their line.

While the battle, beginning on the Union right, had extended until the right-center had become hotly involved, the center, under Major-General FITZ JOHN PORTER, and the left wing, under General AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, remained almost unengaged until the afternoon, when two brigades of Porter's corps were sent to support the right, six battalions of Syke's regulars thrown forward across the middle bridge to repel sharpshooters, and Warren's brigade was sent to the right and rear of Burnside.

Burnside's hesitation and delay in obeying his orders to cross the lower bridge, carry the heights and advance upon Sharpsburg, which he was instructed to do at 8 o'clock A. M., probably saved Lee from utter defeat and rout. It was not until 1 o'clock that he took the bridge; and he made no attempt to take the heights until 3 o'clock, which he did under peremptory orders. When this was done the left wing pressed the enemy back, some of the troops advancing to the outskirts of Sharpsburg, but this triumph came too late. In the morning, when it could have been accomplished much easier, while Confederates were assailed on their left,

it no doubt would have brought on overwhelming victory; but now, scarcely had the ground been won when A. P. Hill's division, which had been ordered by Lee to hasten from Harper's Ferry, came bounding into the action, and with an irresistible charge drove Burnside's troops from the heights back and near to the Antietam.

When night came on, and the conflict ceased, it found Lee's army badly crippled, and holding a line much shortened and drawn in from where it was in the morning. On the next day McClellan received reinforcements, 14,000 men, and had he renewed the battle Lee might not have escaped, but he was permitted to limp away on the night of the 18th, leaving only his dead and 2,000 of his wounded. His campaign of invasion, however, was a failure, and the spoils of Harper's Ferry did not compensate him for the loss of 14,000 men, in killed, wounded, and taken prisoners. McClellan, in his report of the battle of Antietam, gives his entire loss as 12,469: 2,010 killed, 9,416 wounded, and 1,043 missing; and states that his army counted and buried 2,700 Confederates, which, with the many that had been buried by their own men, gave him a basis on which to calculate that Lee's entire loss was much heavier than his own. McClellan also states: "Thirteen guns, thirty-nine colors, upward of 15,000 stand of small arms, and more than 6,000 prisoners, were the trophies which attest the success of our arms in the battles of South Mountain, Crampton's Gap and Antietam. Not a single gun or color was lost by our army during these battles."

With Lee driven back into Virginia, the North saved from invasion, Baltimore and Washington relieved from danger, and a large part of the Confederate army killed, wounded, or captured, LINCOLN could properly regard the

battle of Antietam as a great victory, and he consequently issued his preliminary Proclamation of Emancipation.

For this reason, therefore, the Antietam battle-ground should have a memorial built by Colored people, to commemorate its relation to emancipation, and it should be visited by them with an interest that they cannot feel on any other battle-field of the Union. There, over 150,000 valiant men struggled for the mastery, the blue and the gray, and out of the bloodiest battle of the Civil War, for the time it lasted, came the verdict which made the inscription on Liberty Bell a glorious reality.

The battle of Fredericksburg, fought on the 13th of December, was a defeat of the Union army under Burnside, who was superceded by Hooker, who in turn was defeated at Chancellorsville in May, 1863, and it might seem that these reverses were indications of divine disapproval of the Union cause, and Lincoln's proclamation, if interpreted by the prayers of Stonewall Jackson, and by Lee's reference to him after the Harper's Ferry capture, when he said: "The victory of the indomitable Jackson and his troops gives us renewed occasion for gratitude to Almighty God for His guidance and protection." However, no one fighting to uphold the curse of slavery, or to destroy a benign government, has a right to claim God as an ally, and the course of events proved that Fredericksburg was one of the stepping-stones which enticed the Confederacy into the trap at Gettysburg, and indirectly helped to overthrow slavery and the Southern Confederacy.

CHAPTER XXV.

FIGHTING UNDER THE FLAG OF FREEDOM.

PROGRESS OF LIBERTY—THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION—RAPID ENLISTMENT OF COLORED TROOPS—NEGRO VALOR AT PORT HUDSON, MILLIKEN'S BEND, VICKSBURG, AND ELSEWHERE—GENERAL GRANT'S OPINION OF NEGRO SOLDIERS.

By an act of Congress in April, 1862, which became a law on the 16th, slavery was abolished in the District of Columbia, and Liberty was henceforth to walk no more around the Capitol of a free Nation with shackled feet. Representatives of Foreign Governments were no longer to look upon her fetters there, and with perplexity try to reconcile them to the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence—"the self-evident truths" that "all men are created equal; they are endowed by their creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these is life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness: that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such forms, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness."

When these facts were first "submitted to a candid

world" it was not expedient to apply them literally and strictly to all the inhabitants of the revolted colonies. Had such an attempt been made then it would have alienated the Southern States, in which there were three hundred thousand Negroes, mostly slaves. It was a great accomplishment to embody those truths in such plain language and have affixed to them the signatures of slaveholders, and to herald them to the world with a bell having an inscription prophetic of liberty to all the people of the land. The framers of our Government builded wiser than they knew. Some of the most prominent, Washington, Jefferson, and others, cherished hopes of emancipation, but, as above stated, an attempt to extend it then over the South would have resulted in two governments, one slave and the other free. After achieving independence by co-operation, there would have been organized a Northern Union, and a Southern Confederacy, and the latter would still exist with slavery established forever; with no power and no right on the part of the North to prevent it.

The government founded on the corner-stone of slavery at Montgomery, Alabama, February 4, 1861, would have come into existence during or soon after the Revolutionary War, and perhaps would now have for its National Capitol Washington City, had a majority of the signers and of the patriots of those days taken any other course than that which they did. The Northern Union, with its Capitol at Philadelphia, would have had a free government, but slavery would have become a permanent institution in the large section of this country that would have fallen to the portion of the South. This was not to be. Its existence was necessarily transitory. As in the old dispensation of the Bible, Christianity was concealed and its principles and establish-

ment were proclaimed by prophets and priests while they continued to worship at the olden shrine; and their teachings were accepted, and they themselves were upheld and honored by a people who afterward slew them; so, in the old system of Republican government instituted by the patriarchs and prophets of the American Revolution, there were principles implanted and hedged in by the Declaration of Independence and by the Constitution of the United States that were foreordained to grow from the acorn to the giant oak, overshadowing and eradicating at last every evil growth that for a while had to be tolerated.

To complete what the fathers began a new testament in the fulness of time had to be added to do away with much of the old; and the "new birth of liberty," of which Lincoln spoke, had to be brought about by the travail of a great civil war; after which, recognizing and accepting the true genius of the Republic that had existed in some obscurity, and that now made its advent for a lasting reign of political righteousness, the people throughout all the land would come to acknowledge its superior blessings, and they who had differed with each other, even unto deadly strife, would now hold in common the doctrines of real free government, and politically worship together in harmony and fraternity at the altar of a homogeneous Union.

As among Christians there are diversities of opinion, different interpretations of scripture, different modes of worship, and often some degree of opposition one to the other while agreeing and acting together on the essential truths of Christianity, so in our National Commonwealth there are political diversities and opposing methods of administration, while, at the same time, the people are almost unanimous in supporting what are now the cardinal principles of its gov-

ernment, with a growing tendency to a more perfect unification, while greatly differing on minor political doctrines.

The house that was once divided against itself is divided no longer, and stands on a permanent foundation. Lincoln had prophesied before the war that it would become either all slave or all free to long endure, and he knew that according to the philosophy of all history that its reconstruction meant freedom under its entire roof, and in every apartment.

It was destined that he should be the master mechanic in the great work of removing incongruous features, renovating the establishment, and making it a habitation of a united family. There were men like Hunter and Fremont who tried to begin the work of demolition, or abolition, before Lincoln did, and who had to be held in check by him. He knew that some of their views and plans were correct, but he also knew that a time must be chosen that would be opportune; that would not involve a danger of collapse or incendiarism through people in the Northern and Border half, who were still with those in the Southern in opposing any change in the Constitution, or any addition to it, by which the structure of government could be made all free.

War is a stern and effective educator, and its corrective discipline, and plain demonstrations of duty and necessity brought the people to the point where Lincoln felt that it would be safe for them to proceed with emancipation. He had been wise and cautious from the beginning of his career. His inaugural address threw upon the South the blame and responsibility of civil war; he permitted the Southern people to go on in seizing government forts and other property, and to strike the first armed blow, to vindicate his action in calling out volunteers to suppress the rebellion; and he gave fair warning of slavery's overthrow if they persisted in try-

ing to overthrow the United States Government. When, therefore, it came to making the radical change of removing slavery, he placed the South in the position of tearing down and destroying the obnoxious system with her own hands, while he stood by to build for her a better portion and join it to the National structure where it would not rest on quicksands.

In June, 1862, another great advance was made against slavery by Congress passing a bill forever prohibiting it in the Territories of the Republic, and it was signed by Lincoln on the 20th. Then, on the 22d day of September, came his premonitory proclamation, signed, figuratively speaking, with the blood of Antietam, and on January 1, 1863, his

EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, On the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to-wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be thenceforth and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any effort they may make for their actual freedom.

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States, and parts of States, if any, in which the people therein respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States, and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such States shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States"

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion, do, on this

LINCOLN AND HIS WAR CABINET.—SIGNING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the day of the first above mentioned order, designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana, except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourge, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves, within said designated States and parts of States, are, and henceforth shall be free, and that the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless necessary in self-defense, and I recommend to them, that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

[L. S.] Done at the city of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States of America, the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President,
January 1, 1863.

WM. H. SEWARD,
Secretary of State.

A good story is told of a slave in Virginia, who, with others, had heard of Lincoln's warning proclamation of September 22, 1862, that slaves would be set free in States continuing in rebellion. At a prayer-meeting held in Decem-

ber, this Colored man, who was leader, with great earnestness prayed as follows:

"O God Almighty! keep the engine of the rebellion going till New Year's! Good Lord! pray don't let off the steam; Lord, don't reverse the engine; don't back up; Lord, don't put on the brakes! But pray, good Lord, put on more steam! Make it go a mile a minute! Yes, Lord, pray, make it go sixty miles an hour! (cries of 'Amen,' and 'yes, do good Lord!') Lord, don't let the express train of rebellion smash up till the first of January! Don't let the rebels back down, but harden their hearts as hard as old Pharaoh's, and keep all hands going, till the train reaches the Depot of Emancipation!"

The Colored people all over the country, North and South, knew the substance of Lincoln's proclamation promising emancipation, and the prayer given, in its essential features, was in the hearts of nearly all of them and found utterance in cultured phrases as well as in the simple language above quoted; and in that prayer millions of Northern White people joined fervently, anxious as they were for the war to close, for they knew that any other settlement of the slavery question but abolition would mean prolonged injustice, continual strife, and another civil war.

There were thousands of Colored men ready to shoulder arms in defense of the Union, but not in defense of slavery, and they waited until the 1st of January, 1863, before offering their services to the Government. When the proclamation went forth they knew that the abolition of slavery in the rebellious States would certainly be followed later by its extinction in all other sections, and their patriotism was no longer hampered. The flag of the Union was now truly their flag of liberty and protection, and soon the tramp of

two hundered thousand Negroes, most of whom had been slaves, was heard marching fearlessly, as they went forward hopefully and faithfully to battle for the disenthralled Nation.

Henceforth the War for the Union became so much their war, and they were included in its various operations, naval and military, to such an extent that we can stop only here and there at a camp-fire along the battle-front to note their qualities and achievements as soldiers ; and hail a vessel now and then to see them with pike and cutlass, rifle, pistol and cannon, maintaining the honor and glory of the American flag against Confederate privateers, blockade-runners, rams, iron-clads and vessels of every description flying the stars and bars.

Pascagoula, Port Hudson, Milliken's Bend, Vicksburg and other places in the Gulf and Western Departments witnessed the exhibition of Negro valor, in competition with that of the Southern Chivalry, without its losing anything in the trial and comparison. The Colored people of the entire country, but especially of the Southern Mississippi Valley, can read the military history of their race by the light of those camp-fires as proudly as descendants of any heroes in ancient or modern times.

THE FIGHT OF PASCAGOULA.

On the 9th of April, 1863, an affair occurred at Pascagoula, Miss., in which the Second Regiment, Louisiana Volunteers, displayed the dash and courage of veterans. The Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel and Adjutant were White men ; and the other officers were Colored men ; and the regiment was a typical one in several respects. First, as to its make-up : it embraced men who had been

slaves, and also free Colored men, some of whom were well educated, were possessed of property, and were of high standing and influence. Second, as to its military stamina : it had the spirit of obedience, willingness, courage and steadfastness. Third, it proved on first trial and subsequent ones that the only difference between a true White Union soldier and a Colored one consisted in complexion ; a matter that does not effect principle and purpose.

According to the report of Colonel N. U. Daniels, submitted to Brigadier-General Sherman, commanding defenses of New Orleans, forwarded from headquarters at Ship Island, Miss., under date of April 11, 1863, he had learned that repeated demonstrations had been made by Confederate troops in the direction of Pascagoula, ashore and also in armed boats along the Mississippi Sound. Being informed, also, that the greater part of the forces of Mobile were being sent to reinforce Charleston, he determined to make a reconnoissance within the enemy's lines, at or near Pascagoula, for the purpose of not only breaking up their demonstrations, but of creating a diversion of the Mobile forces from Charleston, and precipitating them along the Sound. He accordingly embarked with a detachment of one hundred and eighty men under his command on the U. S. Transport *General Banks*, on the morning of the 9th of April, and made for Pascagoula, landing there about 9 o'clock A. M. After taking possession of the wharf and hotel, and hoisting the Union flag upon the building, he threw out pickets, and sent small detachments in various directions to take possession of the place and hold the roads leading from the same.

Immediately after making these dispositions of his troops, a force of over three hundred Confederate cavalry came down the Mobile road, drove in the pickets, and at-

tacked the squad on the left, from whom they received a warm reception that drove them back in confusion. After getting over their surprise at this treatment from Colored men, they reformed, and tried the mettle of another detachment, by dashing toward the one at the hotel, but found it made of good fighting material, and were again repulsed. In the meanwhile Confederate infantry attacked the forces on the extreme left and forced a small detachment to occupy a wharf, from which the Colored soldiers poured volley after volley into the enemy's ranks, killing and wounding many, with the loss of only one of their men.

The fight had now extended along the road from the river to the wharf, the enemy being under cover of the houses and forest; while Colonel Daniels' troops were, from the nature of the ground, unavoidably exposed. After an hour's continuous skirmishing, the Confederates retreated to the woods, and the Union soldiers fell back to the hotel and wharf. Then the enemy sallied forth again, with apparently increased numbers, attempting to surround the hotel, and obtain possession of the wharf; but they were again repulsed, and driven back to their cover,—the forest. It was here that Lieutenant Jones, a Colored man who well deserved to wear shoulder straps, with a squad of only seven men, having been placed on the extreme right, cut his way through a large force of the enemy's cavalry, and arrived at the hotel without losing a man, but killing and wounding a considerable number.

After continuous fighting, from ten o'clock A. M. to two o'clock P. M., and learning that heavy reinforcements of infantry and artillery had arrived from the camps up the Pascagoula River, Colonel Daniels withdrew his troops from the hotel, and returned to Ship Island.

From the best of information which he obtained from prisoners and refugees, and from his own observation, it was learned that the enemy had over four hundred cavalry and infantry at Pascagoula to pit against his one hundred and eighty men; while not six miles away large Confederate reinforcements were available. Colonel Daniels says in his report:

"The expedition was a perfect success, accomplishing all that was intended; resulting in the repulse of the enemy in every engagement with great loss; whilst our casualties were only two killed and eight wounded. Great credit is due to the troops engaged, for their unflinching bravery and steadiness under this their first fire, exchanging volley after volley with the coolness of veterans; and for their determined tenacity in maintaining their position, and taking advantage of every success that their courage and valor gave them; and also to their officers, who were cool and determined throughout the action, fighting their commands against five times their numbers, and confident throughout of success,—all demonstrating to its fullest extent that the oppression which they have heretofore undergone from the hands of their foes, and the obloquy that had been showered upon them by those who should have been friends, had not extinguished their manhood, or suppressed their bravery, and that they had still a hand to wield the sword, and a heart to vitalize its blow.

"I would particularly call the attention of the Department to Major F. E. Dumas, Captain Villeverd, and Lieutenants Jones and Martin (all Colored), who were constantly in the thickest of the fight, and who, by their unflinching bravery, and admirable handling of their commands, contributed to the success of the attack, and reflected

great honor upon the flag under and for which they so nobly struggled. Repeated instances of individual bravery among the troops might be mentioned; but it would be invidious where all fought so manfully and so well."

PORT HUDSON.

From this camp-fire on the Gulf, where a new Colored regiment by itself fought like old soldiers, displaying not only bravery, but good judgment, we will advance up the Mississippi to Port Hudson, where Colored regiments fought in company with White, and where their gallantry was the glowing theme of the whole army, even compelling praise and admiration from the Confederates who witnessed their fearless advance, and who met their heroic charges. General N. P. Banks, who was somewhat slow in according proper valuation and respect to U. S. Colored soldiers, in his report of this Port Hudson assault, could not help saying: "Whatever doubt may have existed heretofore as to the efficiency of organizations of this character, the history of this day proves conclusively to those who were in a condition to observe the conduct of these regiments, that the Government will find in this class of troops effective supporters and defenders. The severe test to which they were subjected, and the determined manner in which they encountered the enemy, leaves upon my mind no doubt of their ultimate success."

Port Hudson was a post of great natural strength, and so important to hold, that the Confederate forces there withstood repeated assaults and the siege laid to it by General Banks, until four days after the fall of Vicksburg; when, on July 8, 1863, it also surrendered, and the Mississippi River was thereby entirely opened for the passage of Union

vessels, for the first time since the beginning of the war. Over six thousand prisoners were taken, thirty-one cannon, two steamboats, and a large quantity of small arms, ammunition and stores; but this success was not obtained until heavy losses had been sustained by the investing army, in which the First, Second and Third Louisiana Colored Infantry, and the First Regiment of Colored Engineers, suffered greatly, owing to their readiness to perform any dangerous work assigned them. When ordered to make a charge the Colored soldiers did not stop to question the reasonableness or utility of the command, but went forward regardless of cost to limb and life.

Concerning the attack upon Port Hudson, on May 27, 1863, a correspondent of the *New York Herald*, in the issue of June 6th, writes: "The First Regiment Louisiana Native Guard, commanded by Colonel Nelson, were in this charge. They were on the advance, and, when they came out, six hundred out of nine hundred men could not be accounted for. It is said on every side that they fought with the desperation of tigers. * * * There are incidents connected with the conduct of this regiment that have raised them very much, in my opinion, as soldiers. After firing one volley, they did not deign to load again, but went in with bayonets."

The *New York Tribune*, of June 8th, also paid them a high tribute, in these words:

"Nobly done, First Regiment of Louisiana Native Guard! Though you failed to carry the works against overwhelming numbers, you did not charge, and fight, and fall, in vain. That heap of six hundred corpses, lying there dark and grim and silent before and within the works, is a better proclamation of freedom than President Lincoln's.

A FIERCE ASSAULT UPON PORT HUDSON.

A race ready to die thus was never yet retained in bondage, and never can be!"

The leading regiment in this assault was made up largely of the free Colored men of New Orleans, and its line officers were of that class, and not one of these officers, it is stated on good authority, was worth less than twenty-five thousand dollars. Men of culture, of wealth, of great respectability, were found in its ranks. It was a thinking regiment, but its thoughts were oblivious to ease, to pleasant homes and cherished family circles, to life itself, under the promptings of patriotic duty, and in the discharge of that duty they did not falter when General Dwight was throwing away their lives in ordering one charge after another against positions that were impossible to take.

The assault along the line was preceded by a bombardment which begun early in the morning, but the plan of moving forward simultaneously was not carried out and much was lost by this lack of concert in the movement. However, it is doubtful whether the works could have been carried with a perfect system of assault. The fighting of the Union army was of the most heroic quality, but the impregnable works defied their best endeavors. The White soldiers, with all the fire and nerve of veteran service, failed in their efforts to pierce the Confederate line, and were hurled back by fires which swept the ground over which they advanced and left it strewn with killed and wounded. The Colored regiments had borne their share so far with a bravery that challenged admiration, and were now given an opportunity to demonstrate their ability to be and to act as soldiers of the highest type of manhood. The order came for them to take certain battery, without fail, it not being considered in this case that there was such a thing as an impossibility.

Colonel Nelson, acting as a brigadier-general, assumes command, and Lieutenant-Colonel Finnegas takes his place. The men know what is before them, but close up with alacrity as if on dress parade, and when the order is received to charge they go into the fight on a double-quick. Lieutenant-Colonel Bassett commanding the First, and Lieutenant-Colonel Finnegas commanding the Third, feel the glow of pride as they glance along the steady, dashing, cheering lines of their Black regiments, and witness a display of courage by them equal to that of the "Old Guard" at Waterloo, and if they ever felt mortified over the slurs and slights which White officers often had to take who commanded Colored soldiers, they will be prepared henceforth to fling the challenge—match them if you can.

The Confederates have a special aversion for Colored soldiers and it seems that the concentrated and cross-fires of their artillery upon the dusky columns rushing toward them are freighted with intensified vengeance, and that their wrath has found utterance in the loudest cannon roars, the most demoniacal shrieks of shells, the most furious musketry, and revengeful sweep of the missiles of death known in modern warfare. Exploding shells and solid shots are making great gaps in the ranks of those charging columns; grape and canister, rifle and musket balls, are piercing and prostrating men by scores and hundreds; but onward the survivors press, watchful of their colors, and showing rivalry to snatch the standards of Liberty before they touch the ground, as one after another of their gallant bearers are stricken down. One of them, Anselmo, devoted to his flag and country, falls, pierced by five balls, embracing the emblems to his breast and consecrating them with his blood; and over his mangled form some of his comrades struggle

for the privilege of uplifting and bearing aloft the gory folds, until the enemies' bullets leave a corporal in undisputed possession of the coveted honor.

That knightly Colored captain, black as ebony, a noble specimen and representative of his race, who is waving his sword and cheering on his men, is ANDRÉ CALLIOUX; a man of culture, of wealth and high standing, beloved and admired by his company, and a favorite with all who know him. In the last charge, about 1 o'clock, his left arm is struck by a ball, which breaks it above the elbow, but he moves on unmindful of his wound, at the head of his men, when a shell blots out his mortal life and ushers him into one that is immortal and into everlasting fame. As if his departed spirit had entered into each man who saw him fall, or who heard the war-cry—Remember Callioux! each one felt himself strengthened with sublime reinforcement, and the decimated column rushed up to the fortification that could not be taken, but where, face to face with their enemies, they could hurl defiance at them while receiving a murderous fire from double-shotted guns, and from rifles that nearly touched them. There they remained until ordered back, but few, alas! were able to return.

It was a useless sacrifice of brave men. Not only this charge, but others made that day; and the same may be said of subsequent attacks, in June, when it had already been demonstrated, from the nature of the works and their approaches, that they could not be taken by assault. Here, as at Vicksburg, assaults were of no avail to the Union forces, and those strongholds fell at last by other and rational means. In this Department, as we have seen, the First, Second and Third Regiments of Infantry, and the First of Engineers, conducted themselves with so much firm-

ness and courage that General Banks felt himself impelled to say of them, in a special communication, "No troops could be more determined and daring." Leaving those who survived the ravages of the Port Hudson battles, around their illustrious camp-fires, we will ascend the river to see new Colored troops in

A HOT FIGHT AT MILLIKEN'S BEND.

This occurred on the 6th and 7th of June, 1863. Milliken's Bend was an important post on the Mississippi, twenty-five miles above Vicksburg. Its garrison had been weakened by General Grant, who needed all the troops that could be spared on his lines which faced Vicksburg in a semi-circle, reaching the river above and below, shutting in Pemberton; and facing the other way confronted Johnston who was anxious to break up the investment. Hence, at Milliken's Bend, on June 6th and 7th, there was only a small force, consisting of the Ninth and Eleventh Louisiana Regiments, and the First Mississippi, all three Colored, numbering anout 1,200 men and 200 members of the Twenty-third Iowa Cavalry, a White regiment. This force, which by some authorities is stated to have been much less than the number above given, was under the command of Brigadier-General Dennis, and was attacked by the Confederate General H. McCulloch with a force of 3,000 veterans. Dennis was not expecting this unwelcome visitation, and with only new recruits to defend it, felt that his post was in jeopardy. His pickets and the cavalry were driven up to the breastworks, and McCulloch rested his troops for the night. Knowing, doubtless, the weakness of the garrison, and that it was composed mostly of Negro recruits, he went to sleep feeling sure of success in the morning, and his men were eager to begin a massacre of the

Fort Pillow order. At any rate they were up early; and in line with fixed bayonets, near the intrenchments, at 3 o'clock, and in a few minutes rushed over the breastworks yelling, "No quarter! No quarter to Negroes! No quarter to their officers!" The attack was so sudden and impetuous that the Negro soldiers fell back, but fighting as they formed in line; and seeing that some of their comrades had received the black flag treatment they rushed at their assailants, and engaged them in a hand-to-hand fight. About this time the gunboats *Choctaw* and *Lexington* came up, and threw some shells which helped the garrison to rally, and the new Colored soldiers with the White cavalrymen took the offensive, driving the Confederates out of the works. At a redoubt a strong body of them tried to hold out against the garrison, but a company of the Colored recruits dashed at and into them, using the bayonet so desperately, that the enemy finally forsook the fort, but in retreating from it received the compliments of the gunboats which hastened their flight. When at a safe distance, the Texans, who had the reputation of being famous fighters, doubtless took time to think that Colored men, formerly slaves, were not slow to learn the use of fire-arms and how to handle them effectively.

Captain M. M. Miller, of Illinois, who commanded Company I, Ninth Louisiana, stated that the number of men in the garrison was not over six hundred, five hundred of whom were Negroes; and that the assailants numbered twenty-five hundred. His company went into the fight with thirty-three men; sixteen were killed, eleven dangerously wounded, and four slightly, leaving only three unharmed. He proceeds to write:

"I was wounded slightly on the head, near the right eye, with a bayonet, and had a bayonet run through my right hand.

"Our regiment had about three hundred men in the fight. We had our colonel wounded, four captains wounded, two first and two second lieutenants killed, five lieutenants wounded, three orderlies killed, and one wounded. The list of killed and wounded officers comprised nearly all the officers present with the regiment.

"We had about fifty killed in the regiment and eighty wounded. * * * I never felt more grieved and sick at heart, than when I saw how my brave soldiers had been slaughtered, one with six wounds, all the rest with two or three, none less than two wounds. Two of my Colored sergeants were killed; both brave, noble men, always prompt, vigilant, and ready for the fray. I never more wish to hear the expression, 'The niggers won't fight.' Come with me, a hundred yards from where I sit, and I can show you the wounds that cover the bodies of sixteen as brave and patriotic Colored soldiers as ever drew bead on an enemy, lying close together.

"They charged us so closely that we fought with our bayonets, hand-to-hand. I have six broken bayonets to show how bravely my men fought. * *

"It was a horrible fight, the worst I was ever engaged in,—not even excepting Shiloh. The enemy cried, 'No quarter!' but some of them were very glad to take it when made prisoners.

"Colonel Allen, of the Sixteenth Texas, was killed in front of our regiment, and Brig.-Gen. Walker was wounded. We killed about one hundred and eighty of the enemy.

"I can say of my men that I never saw a braver company in my life. Not one of them offered to leave his place until ordered to fall back. * * A Colored boy I had cooking for me came and begged a gun when the Confederates were advancing, and took his place with the company; and,

when we re-took the breastworks, I found him badly wounded, with one gun-shot and two bayonet wounds. A new recruit I had issued a gun to the day before the fight was found dead, with a firm grasp on his gun, the bayonet of which was broken in three pieces. So they fought and died, defending the cause we revere."

CAPTURE OF VICKSBURG.

When Grant took immediate command of the Army of the Mississippi, he co-operated with the fleet of Admiral Porter, on whose vessels were many Colored men. In the course of his movements, having tried several plans successively to pass around the city and failed, he marched his army down the west side of the Mississippi, while Porter ran past the batteries, and met below Admiral Farragut, who had run by the batteries of Port Hudson.

Grant was now able to recross the river below Vicksburg, and to push his army towards its rear, fighting several battles, in which he was victorious. On May 12th he defeated the enemy at Raymond; on May 14th, at Jackson; on May 16th, at Champion Hill; on May 17th, at the Big Black River bridge. By the close of May he had securely invested Vicksburg, successfully keeping Pemberton in, and keeping Johnston at a safe distance. After several useless assaults he decided to starve the city into surrender, and on the 4th of July it yielded to hunger and the fear that if it did not capitulate by that time the Union army would celebrate the 4th of July by breaking into Vicksburg at any cost. Terms were arranged by which 30,000 prisoners were surrendered, and arms and munitions of war for an army of 60,000 men. Steamboats, cotton, and other contraband property of immense value, also fell into the hands of the

victors. Besides these losses, it was estimated that the Confederates had at least 10,000 men killed and wounded.

The capture of Vicksburg was a great triumph for the Union, and its moral effect, joined with that produced by the victory at Gettysburg, raised the confidence and faith of all loyal people in the ultimate success of the United States Government over the rebellion, to a point not reached before during the war; and the effect of these great victories had a corresponding depressing influence upon the disloyal element of the country.

In the various operations, on land and on the river, which brought about the surrender of Vicksburg, Colored soldiers and sailors nobly performed their respective parts; and General Grant candidly wrote concerning the soldiers who were under his critical observation: "The Negro troops are easier to preserve discipline among than are our White troops. *All that have been tried have fought bravely.*"

Admirals Porter and Farragut, and the officers of their vessels, on numerous occasions also saw and commended the bravery and good obedience to discipline of the Colored men under them. In running past the batteries of Vicksburg and Port Hudson, and in all hazardous and trying service performed by the Mississippi Flotilla, and the Gulf Squadron, the Colored gunboatmen and sailors were found to be prompt, steady and brave.

In other chapters events of 1863 are mentioned, which, with those given in this, go to prove that the Broken Shackle Army was not backward, and was not deficient in courage, ability, gratitude and faith, to support the Emancipation Proclamation, and with it the Nation that had entered upon its higher and nobler mission.

LINCOLN AND THE BROKEN-SHACKLE ARMY.

THE BROKEN-SHACKLE ARMY.

No other Army ever
  Enrolled at Freedom's Shrine,
Sprung up with true endeavor
  And marshalled into line
With greater zeal to press on,
  And deeds of which to boast,
Than that made free by LINCOLN,—
  The Broken-Shackle Host.

COLUMBIA in sadness
  For armies foiled, or lost,
In meeting those whose madness
  Stopped not to count the cost
Of Sacred Union severed,
  And Liberty denied,
To know the cause endeavored,—
  Her duty to decide.

God-warned, and tried by fire,
  The prophet LINCOLN stood,
To make known God's desire
  For all the people's good,
And preached Emancipation,—
  Preached liberty for all;
And said: with slaves this Nation
  Is surely doomed to fall:

But if we cleanse its banner
  Of slavery's damning stain,
We soon shall shout hosannah
  To Union's lasting reign:
Our arms shall be victorious
  On land and on the sea:
Our Nation will be glorious
  United, happy, free.

COLUMBIA took warning
  And raised her tearful eyes:
No more God's counsel scorning
  She saw with glad surprise,
When shackles fell, a shouting,
  A Black and grand array,
That left no room for doubting
  That she should gain the day.

Though poor, despised, unlettered,
The bondsmen, now set free,
With limbs and minds unfettered
Good soldiers were to be;
In marching and in fighting,
In bearing any loss,
It seems they were delighting,
Like soldiers of the cross.

The fond young wife and mother
Her husband saw depart
To beg to be another,
With willing hands apart,
That might bear arms, and offer
His life on battle-fields;
And prove to ev'ry scoffer
No Negro soldier yields.

"We 're coming, Father Abram
Hundreds of thousands more!"
To Shem and Japheth let Ham
Prove now, the world before,
His principle and valor
For God and Liberty;
Our hue's not made for pallor;
No signs of fear you'll see.

They came; and more were coming
Till peace was won; and they
Returned with joyful drumming
To lay their arms away;
But to be ever ready,
They, or their future sons,
To muster, brave and steady,
At Freedom's signal guns.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FIGHT AT COLUMBIA BRIDGE.

ONE OF GENERAL LEE'S PLANS IN THE INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA FRUSTRATED BY THE FIGHT AT COLUMBIA BRIDGE.—A COMPANY OF COLORED MEN WIN UNSTINTED PRAISE FROM THE COMMANDING GENERAL.

A vital incident of the Gettysburg campaign, 1863, which contributed largely to make General Lee's invasion a failure, and helped to decide the fate of the Confederacy, was the plucky fight of Pennsylvania militia against General Gordon's veteran Confederates, at the Columbia bridge, on Sunday, June 28th, and the burning of the structure to prevent his force from crossing the Susquehanna River.

A company of Colored men from Columbia, Lancaster County, Pa., after three White companies from that place had returned to their homes, continued at their post on the Wrightsville (York County) side to dig rifle-pits, and, when the fight commenced, to take up their arms manfully to oppose the advance and attack of the enemy. That it required a strong combination of patriotism and courage for them to stand their ground, until ordered to retreat across the bridge and then destroy it, may be seen by the following extracts taken from an account by the author of "Memorial of the Patriotism of Schuylkill County, Penna.," who was present, and from the official report of the action at Wrightsville, by Col. Frick, acting brigadier-general. The first writes:

"COLUMBIA, June 30, 1863.

"On Saturday afternoon last, Companies A and B were ordered to join the Regiment (27th Pa. V. M.), on the other side of the river. We reached the command about 5 o'clock, west of Wrightsville, and were thrown into line of battle. On Sunday, the 28th, we commenced digging rifle-pits, and had hardly completed them when our mounted scouts came in rapidly, and reported to Colonel Frick that the Confederates were approaching in force. The men were placed by companies in the pits, and near 5 o'clock the firing became brisk in the front. We could see from our position their cavalry, who, mounted and dismounted, were engaged in driving in our pickets. Between that hour and 6.30 o'clock, the firing was quite sharp, and they were trying, evidently, to flank our little force, and cut off our retreat to the bridge, distant about half a mile. Colonel Frick, exposed to the fire of their sharpshooters, passed from the left to the right of our line, and quietly gave to the captains an order to fall back to the bridge. This movement was effected in excellent order by the command, although exposed during it to a heavy fire of shell, and to a galling one from sharpshooters. The shells exploded over us and in close proximity to our ranks. * * * The enemy did not capture a single man of the regiment. Had we moved from our pits five minutes later, my belief is that our retreat would have been cut off. As it was, we reached the bridge and crossed over, losing but twenty men, members of the Twentieth Regiment of Philadelphia, who were captured. Colonel Frick saw his command pass safely, and then gave orders that the bridge should be fired. This was done, and by 8 o'clock that night Columbia and Wrightsville were illuminated by the flames of the huge structure.

"The Confederates were chagrined at the frustration of their plan to bag us, capture Columbia and destroy the Pennsylvania railroad at this point. Although we were compelled to fall back before a greatly superior force, supported with artillery, while we had not a single piece, we completely foiled the attempt of the enemy to cross the Susquehanna. The enemy had entered York, Pa., on the morning of the same day, in heavy force, with several pieces of artillery. It was Early's Division of the invading army, and the force that advanced upon us, with batteries, was Gordon's Brigade, numbering several thousand men—infantry, cavalry and artillery."

Colonel Frick's report, in part, follows. Notice what he says about the Colored troops.

HEADQUARTERS DEFENSES OF LANCASTER COUNTY,

COLUMBIA, July 1, 1863.

* * * In compliance with General Orders No. 14, from the Department of the Susquehanna, I left Harrisburg on the morning of the 24th ult., and arrived here on the afternoon of the same day, and immediately sent four companies, in command of Lieutenant-Colonel David B. Green, over the river. On the morning of the 25th ult., I sent four more companies to that officer, with instructions to take a position near the York turnpike, about one-half mile from Wrightsville. Hearing, on the afternoon of the 27th, that the enemy were in the vicinity of York, I ordered my two remaining companies to report to Lieutenant-Colonel Green, that we might be prepared to resist any sudden attempt by the enemy to get possession of the bridge at this point. Late in the evening of the same day I crossed the river, assumed command, and disposed of my force for defense. During the night our force was increased by four companies from Columbia—three White and one Colored—numbering about 175 men.

Very early next morning, having obtained intrenching tools from citizens of Columbia and the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, *my own men and the Negro company* (*the other three companies from Columbia having left for their homes*) dug rifle-pits on either side of the turnpike. During the morning a detachment of convalescent soldiers from York, and the Patapsco Guards, in all about 250 men, joined me, and they were posted on the left of the town, protecting the left flank of my position. They were placed under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Green. We were also joined by scattered frag-

ments of the Twentieth Regiment, Pa. V. M., under Lieutenant-Colonel Sickles, during the morning, which I posted on the right of the town, as a protection to the right flank.

The work of intrenching was continued until the approach and attack of the enemy, about 5.30 o'clock, P. M., and whilst the work was in progress I selected, with the assistance of Major Haller, A. D. C. to the Commanding General, the several points at which to post my limited number of men.

The main body of the enemy, about 2,500 strong, composed of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, took up their position about 6 o'clock P. M., on the turnpike in our immediate front, and within three-quarters of a mile of our rifle-pits. A force of cavalry and infantry moved down the railroad to our left, and attacked our skirmishers, who, after replying to their fire for a short time, retired to the main body, which kept up a steady fire, and held the enemy in check until they received orders to retire to the bridge. The enemy succeeded in getting a battery in position on the elevated ground on our right, and a section in our immediate front. These guns were used most vigorously against my command occupying the rifle-pits. In the meantime they sent a column of infantry, under cover of a high hill, on our right, within a few hundred yards of the river. None but their skirmishers approached within range of the guns of the men in the rifle-pits, and these being in a grain field, and obscured from our view, except when they would rise to fire, it was difficult to do them much harm or dislodge them. They depended exclusively upon their artillery to drive us from our position here. Having no artillery ourselves on that side of the river with which to reply, and after retaining our position for about one and a quarter hours, and discovering that our remaining longer would enable the enemy to reach the river on both of my flanks, which I was unable to prevent because of the small number of men under my command, and thus get possession of the bridge, cut off our retreat, and secure a crossing of the Susquehanna, (which I was instructed to prevent), I retired in good order, and crossed the bridge to the Columbia side.

Before the enemy had left York for the river here, I made, as I supposed, every necessary arrangement to blow up one span of the Columbia bridge. When they got within sight, the gentleman charged with the execution of that work repaired promptly to the bridge, and commenced sawing off the arches and heavy timbers, preparatory to blowing it up with powder, which they had arranged for that purpose. After an abundance of time was allowed, and after, I supposed, every man of my command was over the river, and when the enemy had entered Wrightsville with his artillery, and reached the barricade at the bridge head, I gave the order to light the fuse. The explosion took place, but our object, blowing up the bridge, failed. It was then that I felt it to be my duty, in order to prevent the enemy from crossing the river, *and marching on to Harrisburg* in the rear, destroying in his route railroads and bridges, to order the bridge to be set on fire. The bridge was completely destroyed, though a vigorous attempt was made to save a part by the soldiers.

Before closing this report, justice compels me to make mention of the excellent conduct of the company of Negroes from Columbia. After working industriously in the rifle-pits all day, when the firing commenced they took their guns, and stood up to their work bravely. They fell back only when ordered to do so.

* * * * * * * * * * *

JACOB G. FRICK, *Colonel Commanding.*

To emphasize still more the importance of the stand made by Colonel Frick with his White and Colored soldiers at Columbia bridge, it may be added that a detachment of the enemy was this day within three miles of Harrisburg, skirmishing at Oyster's Point. They, with others, were ready to take advantage of a rear movement that could have been made upon Harrisburg by Gordon's Brigade and Early's Division had they secured the crossing, which was prevented by Colonel Frick. Prof. M. Jacobs, D.D., of the Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, in his "Notes on the Rebel Invasion," page 20, says: "General Early to-day entered and occupied York. A portion of his command was sent forward to Wrightsville. A skirmish took place between it and some of our troops under Colonel Frick. The Colonel, finding that he would not be able to drive the Confederates off, and hold the bridge, crossed over to Columbia, and permitted the bridge to be consigned to the flames; thus cutting off their hope of crossing the river at this point and ravaging the State east of the Susquehanna."

By having a prominent and exposed part in this affair, under the brave and skilful Colonel Frick, who commended so highly their conduct for steadiness and faithfulness, Colored soldiers may be credited with helping to check General Robert E. Lee, the ablest Confederate in the game of war, in his shrewd move upon Columbia, and thereby contributing to the failure of his Pennsylvania campaign, and his great defeat at Gettysburg.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE INCREASING CAMP-FIRES OF 1863.

RAPID ENLISTMENTS AND GROWING ZEAL OF COLORED TROOPS.—BATTLES AND INCIDENTS.—GETTYSBURG, THE GREATEST CONFLICT OF THE WAR, ESTABLISHES THE VERDICT OF ANTIETAM.—DRAFT RIOTS.—NEGROES KILLED IN NEW YORK CITY.

Some of the principal events of the year 1863 have been noticed already in this volume, but there are others deserving special attention on account of their magnitude and their connection with the service or experiences of Colored people.

An immediate result of the Emancipation Proclamation was the stimulus given to the enlistment of Negro troops; and another was the increased zeal with which the new and the older recruits performed their various duties. That great edict inspired them with hope and faith in their future, and it strengthened their purposes to be brave and true, and prove themselves worthy to be freemen, soldiers and citizens. A letter from General Hunter, to Governor Andrew of Massachusetts, touching upon this subject, is worthy of perusal, and is here introduced as a true testimonial:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, PORT ROYAL, S. C., May 4, 1863.

To His Excellency the Governor of Massachusetts, Boston, Mass.

* * I am happy to be able to announce to you my complete and eminent satisfaction with the results of the organization of Negro regiments

A HOT FIGHT AT MILLIKEN'S BEND.

in this department. In the field, so far as tried, they have proved brave, active, enduring, and energetic, frequently outrunning, by their zeal, and familiarity with the Southern country, the restrictions deemed prudent by certain of their officers. They have never disgraced their uniform by pillage or cruelty, but have so conducted themselves, upon the whole, that even our enemies, though more anxious to find fault with these than with any other portion of our troops, have not yet been able to allege against them a single violation of any of the rules of civilized warfare.

These regiments are hardy, generous, temperate, patient, strictly obedient, possessing great natural aptitude for arms, and deeply imbued with that religious sentiment * * which made the soldiers of Cromwell invincible. They believe that now is the time appointed by God for their deliverance, and, under the heroic incitement of this faith, I believe them capable of showing a courage, and persistency of purpose, which must, in the end extort both victory and admiration.

In this connection, I am also happy to announce to you that the prejudices of certain of our White soldiers and officers against these indispensable allies are rapidly softening, or fading out; and that we have now opening before us in this department, which was the first in the present war to inaugurate the experiment of employing Colored troops, large opportunities of putting them to distinguished and profitable use.

With a brigade of liberated slaves already in the field, a few more regiments of intelligent Colored men from the North would soon place this force in a condition to make extensive incursions upon the mainland, through the most densely populated slave regions; and from expeditions of this character, I make no doubt the most beneficial results would arise.

I have the honor to be, Governor,

Very respectfully,

Your most obedient servant,

D. Hunter,

Major-Gen. Commanding.

Colonel T. W. Higginson, who commanded the First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers (Colored), and whose muster as Colonel dates back to November 10, 1862, was very active in the organization of Colored troops, having great confidence in them, and when opportunities came to rely upon their sagacity and bravery, he was not disappointed in them. The following report is one of the documents emanating from this eminent patriot and scholar, and corresponds in sentiment and fact with that given above:

On Board Steamer "Ben Deford," Sunday, Feb. 1, 1863.

Brig.-Gen. Saxton, Military Governor, etc.

General:—I have the honor to report the safe return of the expedition under my command, consisting of four hundred and sixty-two officers and men of the First Regiment of South Carolina Volunteers, who left Beauford on January 23d, on board the steamers *John Adams*, *Planter* and *Ben Deford*.

The expedition has carried the regimental flag and the President's proclamation far into the interior of Georgia and Florida. The men have been repeatedly under fire; have had infantry, cavalry, and even artillery, arrayed against them; and have, in every instance, come off, not only with unblemished honor, but with undisputed triumph. At Township, Fla., a detachment of the expedition fought a cavalry company which met us unexpectedly, on a midnight march through pine woods, and which completely surrounded us. They were beaten off with a loss on our part of one man killed and seven wounded; while the opposing party admits twelve men killed (including Lieut. Jones, in command of the company), besides many wounded. So complete was our victory, that the enemy scattered, hid in the woods all night, not returning to his camp, which was five miles distant, until noon next day; a fact which was unfortunately unknown until too late to follow up our advantage. Had I listened to the urgent appeals of my men, and pressed the flying enemy, we could have destroyed his camp; but, in view of the darkness, his uncertain numbers, and swifter motions, with your injunctions of caution, I judged it better to rest satisfied with the victory already gained.

On another occasion, a detachment of about two hundred and fifty men, on board the *John Adams*, fought its way forty miles up and down a river, the most dangerous in the department,—the St. Mary's; a river left untraversed by our gunboats for many months, as it required a boat built like the *John Adams* to ascend it successfully. The stream is narrow, swift, winding, and bordered at many places with high bluffs, which blazed with rifle-shots. With our glasses, as we approached these points, we could see mounted men by the hundreds galloping through the woods, from point to point, to await us; and, though fearful of our shot and shell, they were so daring against musketry, that one actually sprang from the shore upon the large boat which was towed at our stern, where he was shot down by one of my sergeants. We could see our shells scatter them as they fell among them, and a terrible execution must have been done; but not a man of this regiment was killed or wounded, though the steamer is covered with bullet-marks, one of which shows where our brave Capt. Clinton, commander of the vessel, fell dead beside his own pilot-house, shot through the brain by a minie-ball. Major Strong, who stood beside him, escaped as if by magic, both of them being unnecessarily exposed without my knowledge. The secret of our safety was in keeping the regiment below, except the gunners; but this required the utmost energy of the officers, as the men were wild to come on deck, and even implored to be landed on shore, and charge on the enemy. Nobody

knows anything about these men who has not seen them in battle. I find that I myself knew nothing. *There is a fiery energy about them beyond anything of which I have ever read*, unless it be the French Zouaves. It requires the strictest discipline to hold them in hand. During our first attack on the river, before I got them all penned below, they crowded at the open ends of the steamer, loading and firing with inconceivable rapidity, and shouting to each other, "Never give it up!" When collected into the hold, they actually fought each other for places at the few port-holes from which they could fire upon the enemy.

Meanwhile, the Black gunners, admirably trained by Lieutenants Stockdale and O'Neil (both being accomplished artillerists), and Mr. Heron, of the gunboat, did their duty without the slightest protection, and with great coolness, amid a storm of shot.

No officer in this regiment now doubts that the key to the successful prosecution of this war lies in the unlimited employment of Black troops. Their superiority lies simply in the fact that they know the country, which White troops do not; and, moreover, that they have peculiarities of temperament, position, and motive, which belong to them alone. Instead of leaving their homes and families to fight, they are fighting for their homes and families; and they show the resolution and sagacity which a personal purpose gives. It would have been madness to attempt with the bravest White troops what I have successfully accomplished with Black ones.

Everything, even to the piloting of the vessel, and the selection of the proper points for cannonading was done by my own soldiers; indeed, the real conductor of the whole expedition at the St. Mary's was Corporal Robert Sutton, of Company G, formerly a slave upon the St. Mary's River; a man of extraordinary qualities, who needs nothing but a knowledge of the alphabet to entitle him to the most signal promotion. In every instance where I followed his advice, the predicted result followed; and I never departed from it, however slightly, without having reason for subsequent regret.

I have the honor to be, etc.,

T. W. Higginson,
Col. Com. First Regiment South Carolina Vols.

Early in 1863, while Colored men were enlisting in large numbers along the Mississippi, and along the coasts of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida, and were giving ample evidence of their worth as soldiers in expeditions like that above noted, and in various conflicts, farther North operations were beginning which culminated in the decisive battle of the war, starting with

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

Although the surrender of General Lee did not take place until nearly two years after the battle of Gettysburg, it was the common belief among Northern and Southern soldiers that he would have been justified in laying down his sword on the 4th of July, 1863. Every battle fought by the Confederacy after that date was a useless effusion of blood, and simply a prolonging of the death struggle; but President Davis did not think so, and kept his people in hopeless rebellion, in untold sacrifices and suffering, by flattering reports and deceptive proclamations.

The battle of Chancellorsville, Va., properly belongs to the Gettysburg campaign, and to it Pennsylvania owes the honor of possessing the Waterloo field of the rebellion, and the Nation the privilege of delivering on free soil its death-blow to slavery. In various respects it was a defeat of the Union army, and at the time was regarded as a disaster to the Union cause, and taken by itself it was both; connected with Gettysburg it was neither, but a providential loss involving incalculable gain.

On the 25th of January, 1863, General A. E. Burnside, commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac, was relieved at his own request. He had faith in himself as a corps commander, and his record as such was brilliant and successful, but he distrusted his ability to handle an entire army; the slaughter at Fredericksburg, and the Mud March strengthening his opinion. General Joseph Hooker was appointed to succeed him, and he also, another brave and skilful corps leader, proved his inefficiency to manage a great army and conduct a campaign; and resigned his position soon after Chancellorsville.

With a large, thoroughly-reinforced army he crossed

the Rappahannock, and leaving General SEDGWICK with the Sixth Army Corps to confront Lee at Fredericksburg, he pushed on with the main army to attack him in the rear, to place him between two fires and get between him and Richmond. Lee, however, was not accommodating, and did not wait to be disastrously sandwiched in this manner. He soon learned of the smallness of the force in his front that had occupied Fredericksburg, and had driven his men at the point of the bayonet from the memorable "Marye's Heights," put the Washington Artillerists of New Orleans *hors de combat*, captured a full battery of brass Napoleons, and then, having been successful at Fredericksburg, was making an effort, as ordered, to effect a junction with the left wing of Hooker's army. Lee saw his advantage and detached an overwhelming force to fall upon and crush Sedgwick's command. He also sent the swift-marching "Stonewall" Jackson to fall quickly, and by a secret movement, upon a portion of Hooker's army that occupied an advanced position and was resting in fancied security. General Sedgwick's corps passed through one of the most terrible conflicts of the war, giving hard blows and receiving greater because facing great odds, but he succeeded in making good his retreat, and recrossed the Rappahannock. Stonewall Jackson carried out his instructions to perfection, fell like a thunderbolt upon Hooker, and the battle of Chancellorsville, which may be said to have been fought on the 30th of April and the 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th of May, 1863, resulted in the retreat of Hooker's army, which recrossed the river and resumed its former position at Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg. The Confederate losses in killed and wounded were greater than those of the Union, being, respectively, 1,718 to 1,512 killed, and 10,563 to 9,518 wounded; but

they held the battlefield and frustrated Hooker's expectations of defeating Lee and taking Richmond.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

Made over-confident and boastful by their success at Chancellorsville, the Confederate anthorities at Richmond decided to attempt a second invasion of the North with Lee's army, believing that the existing circumstances warranted a better outcome than the results of South Mountain and Antietam. Encouraged by political clamor from Northern sympathizers, which gave the appearance of a great division of sentiment respecting the continuance of the war, and by the depletion and reported demoralization of Hooker's army, Lee's forces were put in motion, his intentions having been heralded by Southern newspapers, and predictions freely published that he would walk through Pennsylvania, gather vast stores of greatly-needed supplies, brush aside the militia, and, reaching Philadelphia, would force a discontinuance of the war, and a recognition of the Southern Confederacy, by terms dictated in Independence Hall.

While there is no doubt that Lee was a general of great leadership, the fact remains that he was not able to carry on a campaign in the North, as Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and others were able to do in the South, and his failure at Gettysburg cannot be excused by claiming that he lacked sufficient forces, for he started on this campaign with a magnificent veteran army of nearly 100,000 men, and they were stimulated by recent great successes and by the hopeful prospect of gathering rich booty in the Keystone State.

On the night of June 7th, General Lee, with his First Corps under Longstreet, arrived at Culpepper, and on the following day he enjoyed the pageant of reviewing General

J. E. B. Stuart's corps of cavalry. There were present about 10,000 of his well-equipped troopers, others being absent on outpost duty. The uproar of this review, with its cannonading, its mimic charges and general hilarity, did not escape the attention of Union scouts, and Lee's movements were carefully watched and reported.

On June 9th, Stuart's shám battle gave place to a real one, Buford's and Gregg's divisions of Pleasanton's Union cavalry crossing the Rappahannock at Kelly's and Beverly Fords, attacking him at the latter place, at Brandy Station and Stevensburg. This conflict between 20,000 troopers was an all-day battle, brilliantly and desperately fought, and one advantage gained by it was obtained in a dashing charge of a portion of Gregg's command, who captured Stuart's headquarters. Among his official papers was Lee's order for the march into Pennsylvania. This was a valuable clew, and the Army of the Potomac followed it up, advancing Northward in a course protecting Washington City and Baltimore, and hastening onward to intercept the enemy.

Lee chose as the most promising route towards Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, his first objective point, the Shenandoah and Cumberland Valleys, the mountain walls giving protection to his army and concealing its movements. On the 13th and 14th of June he encountered General Milroy's command at Winchester, and after some resistance from it on the first day, it was defeated on the second, captured or dispersed; 1,700 of those who escaped reaching Bedford, Pennsylvania, four days later.

On the 15th, Jenkins' Confederate Cavalry entered Hagerstown, trying to overtake Milroy's fleeing wagon-train, and that evening they occupied Chambersburg. Failing to capture the wagon-train, which escaped to Harrisburg,

Jenkins returned to Hagerstown with a large amount of plunder, cattle and horses, to await the arrival of the main force of invaders.

While Jenkins was at Chambersburg, an incident occurred in which a fighting Colored preacher, Lewis Nelson, proved himself to be more than a match for two Confederate troopers. He was on a visit from Philadelphia to see Elias Hall and other friends, and when word came that Jenkins was nearing Chambersburg with his raiders, he thought it best to leave town, as there was danger, if captured, of being dragged away by the enemy as a fugitive slave. Accordingly, he left on what he thought was a safe road, but hearing the sound of horses galloping, he stopped a minute to look, and saw in the distance, rapidly approaching, two cavalrymen. He then jumped over a fence and tried to hide in a wheatfield, but was too late, as the troopers had caught sight of him, and riding close to the fence, pointed their carbines towards him as he lay in the tall wheat, and yelled:

"Come out of there, you Dutch Yankee, if you don't want to be shot!"

Seeing that he had been discovered, and that there was no escape from being wounded or killed if he did not obey their order, he got up and walked towards them, while one of them exclaimed:

"Oh! you 're no Dutchman, but a runaway. We 'll take you back to Virginia and set you to hoeing again!"

"I 'm no runaway slave," replied Nelson. "I 'm from Philadelphia, on a visit here, and preach some for the African Methodist Episcopal Connection."

"I don't believe you if you are a preacher. Get over the fence and come along to headquarters and tell General

SCENE IN THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.—*Second Day.*

HIGH WATER MARK OF THE REBELLION, GETTYSBURG.

Jenkins your story. If he 'll let you off, it 'll be all right," said the man who had been doing most of the talking.

Nelson climbed over the fence facing them, as he had a one-barrel pistol in his hip-pocket, an article not generally carried by ministers, but which he thought, when he left home, might be of service to him on account of the risks to be run in the threatened Cumberland Valley. When he came to the side of the horse ridden by the Confederate who had given orders to him, the trooper leaned far over to adjust some trapping, and as he did so, Nelson, quick as a flash, drew his pistol and shot him in the side, inflicting a severe wound. The shock of the wound caused him to lose his balance, and he fell sidewise from his horse, upon his head, in a condition to give no further trouble. His companion was almost unseated by the rearing of his horse, which was probably one recently stolen, for it was frightened by the discharge of Nelson's pistol. He tried to bring his carbine to bear upon Nelson, but the latter, aided by the unmanageable horse, dodged his shot, and seized and dragged him from his horse. Both were large powerful men. Nelson was in his prime, being then between forty-five and forty-six years old. They clinched, wrestled, and after a hard and desperate tussle Nelson threw his antagonist and succeeded in completely disarming him. The cavalrymen begged for his life, and Nelson told him he was a preacher, did not wish to kill anyone if it could be avoided, and would set him free if he would take to his heels. The Confederate promised to do so, and when released ran at the top of his speed back in the direction from which he had come. Leaving the horses grazing along the road, and the wounded man lying where he had fallen, Nelson with the captured carbines struck across the wheat-field, and had

scarcely got into the cover of a wood when a troop of Confederate cavalry charged up the road, evidently led by the trooper released by Nelson. Some of them quickly dismounted, giving attention to the wounded man, securing the two horses, and tearing down a section of the fence. Nelson saw that he was to be pursued, and, if caught, lynched without a moment of mercy, so he ran rapidly through woods and bushes, aided by the growing darkness, and at last, almost exhausted, still clinging to one of the carbines, secreted himself in a low bushy tree. Not long afterward some of the dismounted troopers passed near him, almost under the tree where he was hiding, but they did not find him. Considerably later they returned, having relinquished the search, as he learned from their loud conversation—one of them saying, "We had better get out of here, or we 'll get ourselves into a trap." About midnight Nelson left his hiding-place, and getting his bearings cut across country towards Harrisburg, which he reached in safety, and then returned to Philadelphia. He claims to have taken the first prisoner in the Gettysburg campaign, and was sorry that pressing circumstances and not knowing the official formula, prevented him from paroling his prisoner, or administering to him the oath of allegiance.

This affair may have been one of the causes which induced Jenkins to fall back from Chambersburg, which he did on the 17th, being alarmed at the gathering of the Pennsylvania Militia, and the war-like spirit of the people surrounding him.

On the 23d of June, Chambersburg was again occupied by the enemy, Rhodes' division arriving en route towards Carlisle, which was evacuated by the Union troops on the 26th. On the same day, at 3.30 o'clock P. M., an advance

guard of about 200 Confederate cavalry rode into Gettysburg with yells and shouts and firing of pistols. This braggadocio demonstration was an intimation, no doubt, of confidence in their ability to defy and overcome opposition, and of their great expectations; a spirit which experienced a painful and complete revulsion within a week from that time. General Gordon's brigade of Early's division, Ewell's corps, numbering 5,000 infantry, soon followed, accompanied by Early himself, who made a requisition upon the borough authorities for 60 barrels of flour; 7,000 pounds of pork, 1,200 of sugar, 600 of coffee, 1,000 of salt; 40 bushels of onions; 10 barrels of whiskey; 500 hats and 1,000 pairs of shoes. If these goods could not be furnished, he would be satisfied with $5,000 in cash. To his demands, representatives of the town council replied that it was impossible for the borough to comply; and before he had time to enforce his levy, he was ordered to proceed to York, and his troops left that night (Friday), and the next morning, after burning some cars and the railroad bridge. It was this portion of Early's force which attempted to cross the Susquehanna, between Wrightsville and Columbia, on Sunday, the 28th, and failed, as narrated in the preceding chapter.

On Saturday forenoon, after Early and Gordon had gone from Gettysburg, three Union scouts of the advanced cavalry dashed into town and captured two dispatch-bearers. One was a chaplain, and he had an important message from Lieutenant-General Ewell to General Early. The people of Gettysburg rejoiced to see the scouts and to learn from them that a strong cavalry force was near, and hastening forward, followed by the Army of the Potomac, which was marching with great rapidity to meet the invaders and to drive them out of the State. At twelve o'clock next day 2,000 of the

Union cavalry entered the town from the direction of Emmettsburg, on a reconnoissance, and received a joyful reception, being greeted with the singing of patriotic songs, and with a bountiful distribution of bread, cakes and pies and other good things that were a great treat to hungry and wearied troopers. That Sunday night they encamped near the eastern limits of the town, and at the same time the camp-fires of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill's advance, of Lee's army, could be seen on the eastern slope of the South Mountain, near Cashtown, about eight miles from Gettysburg. On this day, also, the Confederate advance towards Harrisburg had a skirmish with the Unionists three miles from the city, at Oyster's Point, and then fell back. By Monday it became evident that Lee had relinquished his first designs, had given up hope of taking the Capitol of the State, and was aiming to concentrate his army on the turnpike road leading to Baltimore. Gettysburg being on that pike, and having many roads radiating from it, was a great strategical centre, which drew Lee's divisions towards it, while those of the Union army, now under Major-General GEORGE G. MEADE, who superseded Hooker on the 28th, at Frederick, Maryland, were rapidly approaching from opposite directions, and it was inevitable that these hostile forces would soon come together in the collision of a mighty battle.

On Monday morning the two regiments of Union cavalry, which had encamped at Gettysburg, resumed their reconnoissance, going towards Littlestown.

On Tuesday, June 30th, some of A. P. Hill's Confederate troops advanced, on the Chambersburg road, to Seminary hill, one-half mile from Gettysburg, throwing out a score or more of pickets into the suburbs of the town. This force, which numbered several thousand men, had artillery,

and it was thought that its purpose was to seize and hold the town, but after several officers on horseback had reconnoitered with their field-glasses about an hour, the force retired at 10.30 A. M., withdrawing towards Cashtown. An hour later, General JOHN BUFORD, commanding the First Division of Major-General ALFRED PLEASANTON'S Cavalry Corps, with 6,000 Union troopers, entered Gettysburg and passed through town on Washington Street, striking the Chambersburg road, and marched out on it about a mile and a half; as far as the farm belonging to Hon. Edward McPherson. There he placed his artillery in position, and made dispositions to hold his ground and protect Gettysburg until the arrival of the First and Eleventh Corps, which encamped that night on Marsh creek, four miles from the town. On the eve of the impending battle there were 29,000 Union troops near Gettysburg, infantry and cavalry, which were fated to fight on the morrow more than twice as many Confederates, contending for vantage ground until the arrival of other portions of the Army of the Potomac, which were coming up by forced marches. One of these divisions, KILPATRICK'S cavalry, was attacked during the day at Hanover by Stuart's cavalry, the rear brigade under FARNSWORTH being furiously charged by the Confederates. In the center of the town, where many traces of the fight can still be seen, a fierce conflict took place, resulting in the repulse of the enemy. This was an indication that the next day would witness a collision on a larger scale, as the Union forces were now so near, and threatening the safety of Lee's retreat, that he would be obliged to fight soon and desperately to get his army, or a part of it, back into Virginia.

The battle of Gettysburg, aside from preliminary skirmishes, began on Wednesday morning, July 1, 1863, and

continued until Friday evening. To follow the great conflict in its details through these three days would require a book of many pages, and as no part was taken in it by Colored troops, it will suffice chiefly to show the bearing of the victory upon the issues of the war, with which their interests were vitally connected. Rev. Dr. Jacobs, Professor of Mathematics in Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg, in his Notes on the Invasion, says: "This battle will compare in magnitude and far-reaching consequences, with any of the great battles of modern times. The battle of Waterloo resulted in effectually crushing the power of Napoleon and the grinding despotism that he was exercising over Europe. It broke to pieces that army in whose track followed desolation and famine, and whose final triumph must have resulted in the destruction of all the then existing governments of the civilized world. The battle of Gettysburg resulted, first, in checking the progress and then in destroying the power of a well-disciplined and defiant army, which had come to the North for the express purpose of robbery and of spreading terror and desolation in its track; and, second, by capture of Baltimore and Washington, of dictating to us the most humiliating terms of peace. The sway of Napoleon over subject Europe would not have been more tyrannical and destructive of the vital interests of the people than would have been the establishment, by a decisive victory of Lee, of an over-bearing slave-power as a controlling influence in our country. The fall of Vicksburg and of Port Hudson, which followed immediately after the battle of Gettysburg, though of the highest importance to the country, is, nevertheless, not equal in its influence to the breaking of the power of an army which was striking a blow at the heart of the Nation. In the defeat, therefore, of Lee, the corner-stone

of that fabric, which the rebellion sought to erect on human bondage and the distinction of the races of men, which God has made of one blood, is crushed to pieces; and the bright days of a happy future loom up before our vision, when we shall once more be a united and prosperous people."

From a correspondence the following brief summary is given of points of special importance, which may aid and interest many of our readers, who will doubtless make a pilgrimage to Gettysburg's classic scenes, for of all the battlefields of the Civil War there is no other which is equal in general attraction. Antietam has a peculiar interest to Colored people, as the conflict which brought the edict of emancipation, but Gettysburg as the decisive battle of the war, which decided the fate of slavery and disunion, is of highest interest to all. It is the best typical battlefield and is the most accessible to travelers. Not only is it visited every year by vast throngs of Americans, who come from all parts of the country, but by visitors from beyond the seas, and students of history find there an entrancing subject for study and contemplation.

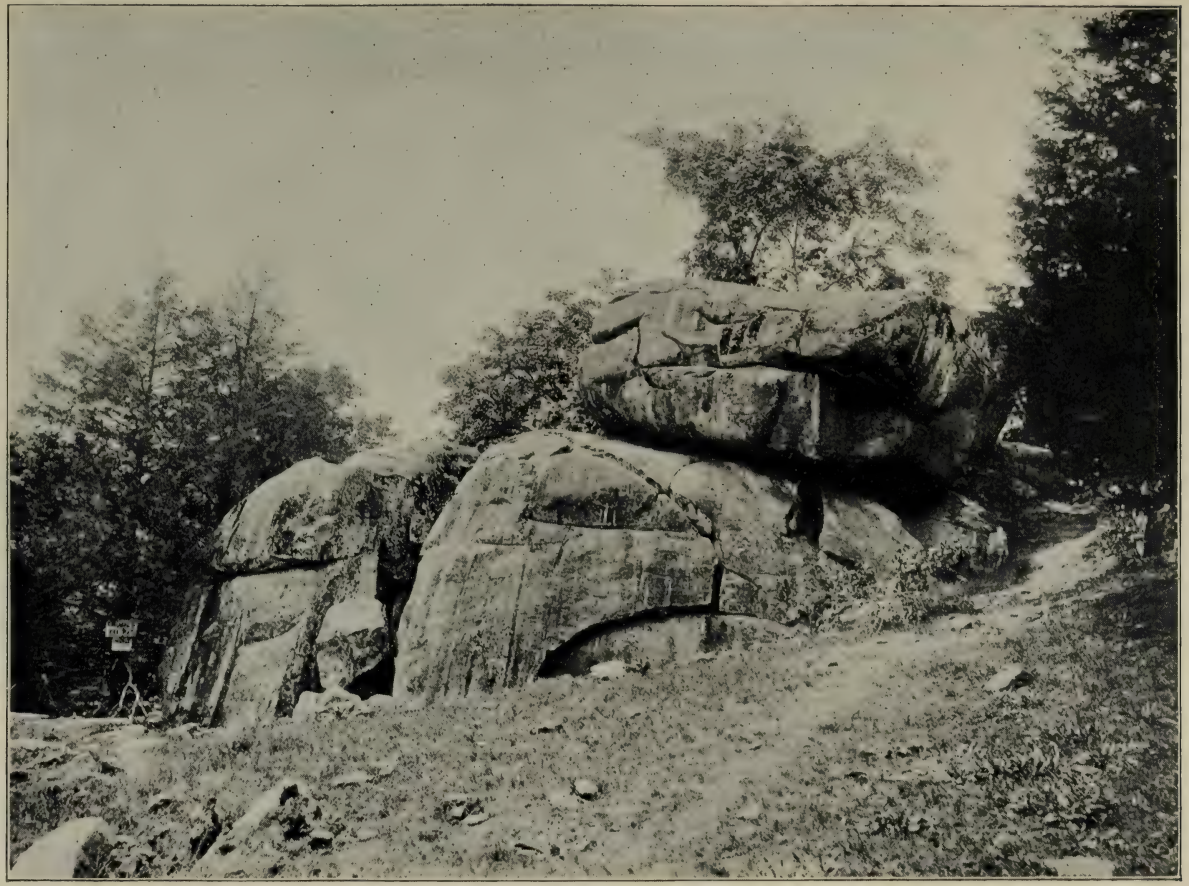
Each year, too, brings back many of the 200,000 men who fought in the dreadful conflict. They wander up over Little Round Top and Big Round Top; they visit again the death trap of Devil's Den, fight the battle over on Seminary Ridge, and trace out the line of Pickett's charge. These are easy things to do, for there has been little change on the battlefield. The cannons still stand in the very places they occupied during those memorable days of July, 1863. The earth defenses around the guns are renewed each year, and the larger breastworks are cared for in like manner. The whole field has been protected against the changes which have nearly obliterated the points of interest at so

many other places. The Battlefield Association has done a most valuable and successful work in preserving the interesting features of the place.

This association composed largely of citizens of Gettysburg, has been gradually securing possession of all the more important parts of the great field, and to it are due the Nation's thanks for the preservation of the old-time character of the battle ground. It is proposed to create here a national park, and more than eight miles of fine roadway have been laid out to reach the important points. Much interest has been aroused in the project, and the various States represented in the battle have spent many thousands of dollars in monuments to mark the places occupied by their troops.

These monuments, which number hundreds, are varied and beautiful in design. Carved on them in relief are groups of cavalry, or infantry, or artillery, in most life-like attitudes of battle. Their number is continuously being increased.

The town of Gettysburg is surrounded by rugged and beautiful country. West of the town and stretching far north and south is Seminary Ridge, where the Federal and Confederate armies met on the first day of the battle. Stretching south from Gettysburg and parallel with Seminary Ridge is Cemetery Ridge, which is prolonged into Culp's Hill and Big and Little Round Tops. On this ridge the Federal army was stationed, after falling back from Seminary Ridge. The positions held by the Union forces are specially wild and rocky. The hills are covered with large granite bowlders, and the wild ferns and flowers crowd thickly over the wooded slopes. Seminary Ridge, on the other hand, is much more open and exposed, and has very little of the natural beauty of Cemetery Ridge.



THE DEVIL'S DEN, GETTYSBURG.

ENTRANCE TO NATIONAL CEMETERY, GETTYSBURG.

Due west of Gettysburg stands the Lutheran Seminary from which Seminary Ridge received its name, and near which General Reynolds fell. The monument erected here, even in its plainness, must always be of interest. It was built by the State of Pennsylvania in 1885, at a cost of $10,000, and stands on the spot where the brave General received his mortal wound. The square granite shaft is plain when compared with the splendid monuments all about, but it is beautiful in its simplicity and bears this short inscription, "Here General Reynolds Fell." At the very beginning of the battle, for which he was so eager, this gallant leader was killed by a sharp-shooter.

It had generally been expected, after General Hooker's resignation, that General Reynolds would be appointed to the command of the army, and no one was more surprised than General Meade, when, three days before the battle, the command fell to himself rather than to Reynolds. With a patriotism and generosity that counted his own interests as nothing, General Reynolds accepted Meade's promotion in perfect magnanimity, and went forward to meet his death.

The Lutheran Seminary, a large brick building, with its lofty cupola topped by a flag-staff, is still standing as it was on the day of the battle. In its shadows lay the dead and dying of the Union army on that memorable first day of July. Later, the Confederate cannons were planted here and sent their shots over the dwellings of Gettysburg to the hills beyond. As one walks in the shady groves which surround the seminary, he finds it hard to realize that it was ever the centre of a great conflict.

When the first day was over the great building became a hospital where soldiers from the North and soldiers from

the South were nursed with equal care and tenderness. So, indeed, it was with many of the buildings in Gettysburg. The town which had rested so quiet in its beautiful valley until the first day of July became, four days later, one vast hospital, while those who were left alive in the armies hurried away to fight on other fields.

Cemetery Ridge received its name from Evergreen Cemetery which is just outside the town. It is a beautiful spot, with its hillsides sloping gently toward the west, its green and grassy graves, and its old monuments. Closely pressed against this cemetery is now the great National Cemetery with its thousands of soldier sleepers resting till the final bugle call. In the centre is the national monument, and no man standing before the great shaft, amid the white gravestones, can fail to feel its power. [*See illustration.*] At the top of the lofty shaft stands a figure emblematic of Liberty, holding in her hand the wreath of honor. At the foot of the column sit War, Peace, History and Plenty.

War and Peace are represented respectively by the soldier and the laborer. History holds the tablet in her hand, and Plenty the rich sheaves of grain gathered from the harvest field.

Just inside of the entrance to the National Cemetery stands the bronze statue of General Reynolds. [*See illustration.*] It is of semi-colossal size, mounted upon a pedestal of granite, and was erected at a cost of $12,000. It is a remarkably fine effort.

South of the cemeteries are Little Round Top and Big Round Top, distant about three miles from town. They can be reached by either the Emmettsburg or Taneytown roads. The views from these elevations amply repay the labor of ascending them.

On the very summit of Little Round Top, directly opposite to Devil's Den, stands the monument to the Ninety-first Pennsylvania. It rests on one of the huge granite boulders, which fairly leans over the sides of the precipice. Standing in the shadow of this monument one can see the whole panorama of the battle of those last two days. Below stretch the peach orchard and the wheat field through which the tide of battle rolled back from Seminary Ridge to the formidable line of hills on which the Union forces took their stand, and from which not even Pickett's charge could dislodge them.

On the summit of Big Round Top an observatory, higher than the surrounding trees, has been erected, and from it can be obtained one of the most interesting and magnificent views in Pennsylvania.

Across from the foot of Little Round Top can be seen the famous Devil's Den. [*See illustration.*] This is a glen where massive boulders have fallen together in such ways as to make one of the wildest and most picturesque spots imaginable. Crouched under cover of these rocks on the days of the battle were Southern sharp-shooters who fired with deadly precision, picking off Union officers and soldiers up on Little Round Top.

About one mile south of town, on the Emmettsburg road, is the Codori farm, across which Pickett made his charge towards the copse of trees, near which stands the monument on the line where his surging tide of men was rolled back—"the high water mark of the Rebellion." [*See illustration.*]

One-fourth mile south-east from Cemetery Hill is Culp's Hill. Many of its trees that were shattered by shells and pitted by bullets are still standing. In the valley under

this hill bubbles Spangler's Spring, and it is said that on one of the nights during the battle, both Confederates and Federal soldiers drank together from this spring. It is a cool, shady spot, where the water comes up in remarkable purity, and the tiny stream goes tumbling down through the woods and over the rocks in enchanting style. Every traveler who goes down there is offered a draught from the spring. He comes away pleased, and the spring has added another to the hundreds of thousands, probably millions, of visitors who have tasted its sparkling water since the night when it refreshed the thirsty soldiers of the two vast armies.

On the right-hand side of the Taneytown Road, about one-half mile south of Gettysburg, is the small frame farm house used by General Meade for his headquarters. Lee's headquarters were in the stone house on the north side of the Chambersburg pike, about one-fourth mile west of the town, not far from where General Reynolds was killed.

The residence of old JOHN BURNS, who was called the "hero of Gettysburg," is at the end of Chambersburg street. In the beginning of the battle, on the first day of July, although past seventy years of age, he shouldered his rifle, and went out in citizen's dress to fight the enemy. In the fierce struggles on Seminary Ridge, in the early engagement, he was wounded twice, but, in spite of severe suffering he continued to fight on until near 4 o'clock P. M., when he was shot by a ball in the ankle. The Union forces being obliged to fall back he was left on the field within the enemy's lines, where he lay until the following morning.

Pennsylvania College stands within the north-west limits of the borough, with Washington street running between the college grounds proper and those of the Preparatory Department. The building is surmounted by an

octagonal cupola, from which Lee directed his fight of July 3d and saw the defeat of his last effort to break the Union line of battle.

The house in which Miss Jennie Wade was killed by a stray shot from a Confederate sharp-shooter, is on the left-hand side of Baltimore street, near the National Cemetery.

These are a few of the places which the visitor would wish to see, and there are many others that will be pointed out by guides and citizens, and people who have been to Gettysburg before. No one can go there without a thrilling interest which is indescribable, and a strong desire to return, and each visit made increases the fascination which is felt not only by Union veterans and their friends, but also by ex-Confederate soldiers, many of whom annually visit the scenes of heroic fighting on the part of both armies.

Additional matter, relating to the battle of Gettysburg, will be found in the chapter following this; and the reader's attention will now be directed to what may be properly called

THE NEW YORK MASSACRE OF COLORED PEOPLE.

There were thousands of disappointed people in New York, and some were to be found in other Northern cities, when Lee's invasion failed, for they were in sympathy with the South, were advocates of slavery, and haters of the Colored race. When the United States Government resorted to conscription in communities that did not raise their quotas to fill up the depleted ranks of its armies, there was much objection made to the draft by the classes mentioned. The Union victories at Gettysburg, Vicksburg and Port Hudson, all three of which were gained by the help of Colored soldiers, if we take into account the service of Colored militia

at Columbia bridge, excited the resentment of Northern Confederate sympathizers, and their ire was increased still more, when they saw regiment after regiment of Colored volunteers marching proudly and gladly to the front, while they stayed at home to hinder the Union cause by opposition in the rear. Urged on by disloyal editors and politicians, organizations were formed to resist the draft, made up mostly of vicious people of the foreign element—principally Irish, and the climax was reached in New York City where the resistance was attended by shameful and barbarous riots. The Colored people were the special objects of spite, cruelty and murder, and forty or more of them were killed, and many more were wounded and crippled. The *New York Times* of July 14, 1863, told the truth mildly when it said: "The poor Negroes have had a hard time. Finding they were to be slaughtered indiscriminately, they have hid themselves in cellars and garrets, and have endeavored, under cover of darkness, to flee to neighboring places."

Regarding the War for the Union as a "Naygur war," the rioters did not hesitate to commit the most heinous crimes against inoffensive and innocent Colored people, and in all the dark pages of Southern cruelty, practiced upon Negroes, there is not one that can show atrocity equal to that exhibited in the New York draft riot of 1863. The Colored people, men, women and children, were hunted down like wild beasts, and Columbia had to blush and weep to see her own children outraged or murdered by a set of ignorant and depraved foreigners.

BURNING OF THE COLORED ORPHAN ASYLUM.

In describing this diabolical act, which was perpetrated July 13th, the *New York Times* said: "This institution was

situated on Fifth Avenue; and the building, with the grounds and gardens adjoining, extended from Forty-third to Forty-fourth Street. Hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of the rioters entered the premises, and, in the most excited and violent manner, ransacked and plundered the building from cellar to garret. The building was located in the most healthy portion of the city. It was purely a charitable institution. In it there was an average of six or eight hundred homeless Colored orphans. The building was a large four-story one, with two wings of three stories each. When it became evident that the crowd designed to destroy it, a flag of truce appeared on the walk opposite, and the principals of the establishment made an appeal to the excited populace, but in vain.

"Here it was that Chief-Engineer Decker showed himself one of the bravest of the brave. After the entire building had been ransacked, and every article deemed worth carrying had been taken,—and this included even the little garments for the orphans, which were contributed by the benevolent ladies of the city,—the premises were fired on the first floor. Mr. Decker did all he could to prevent the flames from being kindled; and with his own hands he scattered the brands, and effectually extinguished the flames. A second attempt was made, and this time in three different parts of the house. Again he succeeded, with the aid of half a dozen of his men, in defeating the incendiaries. The mob became highly exasperated at his conduct, and threatened to take his life if he repeated the act. On the front steps of the building he stood up amid an infuriated and half-drunken mob, and begged of them to do nothing so disgraceful to humanity as to burn a benevolent institution, which had for its object nothing but good. He said it

would be a lasting disgrace to them and to the City of New York.

"These remarks seemed to have no good effect upon them, and meantime the premises were again fired,—this time in all parts of the house. Mr. Decker, with his few brave men, again extinguished the flames. This last act brought down upon him the vengeance of all who were bent on the destruction of the asylum; and but for the fact that some firemen surrounded him, and boldly said that Mr. Decker could not be taken except over their bodies, he would have been despatched on the spot. The institution was fated to be burned; and, after an hour and a half of labor on the part of the mob, it was in flames in all parts. * * * There is now scarcely one brick left on another of the Orphan Asylum.

"At one o'clock yesterday, the garrison of the Seventh Avenue Arsenal witnessed a sad and novel sight. Winding slowly along Thirty-fourth Street into Seventh Avenue, headed by a strong police force, came the little Colored orphans, whose asylum had been burned down on Monday night. The boys, from two and three to fifteen years of age, followed by little girls of the same ages, to the number of about two hundred each, trotted along, and were halted in front of the arsenal.

"Then came a large number of Colored men and women, several having babes in their arms, who had been forced to seek refuge in adjacent station-houses from the fury of the mob. Most of them carried small bundles of clothing and light articles of furniture, all they had been able to save from the wreck of their property. The Negroes who had sought safety under the guns of the arsenal were then taken out, and joined their friends outside. The pro-

THE HAMPTON SCHOOL.

FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

cession was then re-formed, and, headed by the police, marched back again, down Thirty-fifth Street to North River.

"A strong detachment of Hawkins' Zouaves guarded the flanks of the procession; while a company of the Tenth New York Volunteers, and a squad of police, closed up the rear. Col. William Meyer had command of the escort; and on arriving at the pier, where a numerous crowd had followed them, he placed his men, with fixed bayonets, facing the people to keep them in check; and the Negroes were all safely embarked and conveyed to Ricker's Island."

The riot continued from the 13th of July until the 16th, during which time some rioters were killed, and on this last date a great many who had defied the Government and committed crimes deserving severest punishment were shot by soldiers sent to fight rebellion in the Empire City, by the police, and by law-abiding citizens, who helped to wipe out with blood the Irish "Home Rule" that had misrepresented and disgraced their City and State; a reign of outlawry, of disloyalty, of race hatred and merciless cruelty that if it could become dominant in this country would institute without hesitation a series of Saint Bartholomew massacres.

The Colored people hung to lamp-posts, thrown from the docks into the river and drowned, struck down by murderous blows indiscriminately at their homes, their places of service and in the streets, were martyrs to the cause of the Union, for they were the victims of Confederate sympathizers of whom the South had great reason to become heartily ashamed.

THE JOHN MORGAN RAID. A BLACK BRIGADE.

As an adjunct to Lee's invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, a raid into Indiana and Ohio was projected, com-

manded by John H. Morgan, a Confederate leader of guerrilla tactics. With about 3,000 raiders and a battery of flying artillery he crossed the Ohio River early in July, invaded Indiana, and moved rapidly eastward, his track marked with sacked towns and villages, destroyed and burning bridges, barns, mills, residences, railroad and other property, and by general devastation, plunder, pillage, and murder.

By celerity of movement he avoided for a time the militia which sprang up to intercept him, entered Ohio July 13th, passed within ten miles of Cincinnati, traversed a number of counties, and hurried on hotly pursued, with the intention, probably, of crossing into West Virginia. The original plan, doubtless, was to move thence into Pennsylvania to co-operate with Lee, but that general had met with a calamitous expulsion, and ere long Morgan also found himself in the predicament which befell Confederate chieftains who yielded to the temptation of waging war in the Northern States. The Union forces succeeded in crippling him, by causing him serious losses at different places, closing in upon him from all sides, and at last, July 26th, with a remnant of 800 of his plunderers, he was captured near New Lisbon, Ohio.

In the successful efforts to hinder him, head off and capture him, many Colored men joined the militia; and at Cincinnati, as in the year previous when it was threatened by Bragg's invasion of Kentucky, the Colored men of the city responded at once, gladly, and in large numbers to help repel the foe. Referring back to that period, it is not out of place in this connection to note what was said about them, and an extract from a correspondent's letter to the New York *Tribune* is here given:

"While all have done well, the Negroes, as a class, must bear away the palm. When martial law was declared, prominent Colored men tendered their services in any capacity desired. * * * When General Wallace's attention was called to the matter, he requested Judge William M. Dickson, who is related by marriage to President Lincoln, to take the whole matter in charge. Judge Dickson undertook the task, organized the Negroes into two regiments of 300 each, made the proper provision for their comfort, and set them at work upon the trenches. They have accomplished more than any other six hundred of the whole eight thousand men upon the fortifications. Their work has been entirely voluntary. * * * One of the regiments is officered by White captains, the other by Negroes. The latter proved so decidedly superior that both regiments will hereafter be commanded by officers of their own race. They are not only working, but drilling; and they already go through some of the military movements very creditably. Wherever they appear they are cheered by our troops. Last night, one of the Colored regiments, coming off duty for twenty-four hours, was halted in front of headquarters, at the Burnet House, front faced, and gave three rousing cheers for General Wallace, and three more for Judge Dickson."

At a flag presentation, Captain Lupton delivered a very interesting and complimentary address, in the course of which he said: "I have the kind permission of your commandant, Col. Dickson, to hand you this national flag, to encourage and cheer you on to duty. On its broad folds is inscribed, THE BLACK BRIGADE OF CINCINNATI. I am confident that in your hands it will not be dishonored. * * * I charge you, *men of the Black Brigade of Cincinnati*, re-

member that for you, and for me, and for your children, and your children's children, there is but *one Flag*, as there is but *one Bible*, and *one* GOD, the Father of us all."

When this brigade was mustered out, the commander addressed its faithful members in eloquent words of highest praise. A few brief extracts from his address are appended:

"*Soldiers of the Black Brigade:* You have finished the work assigned to you upon the fortifications for the defence of the city. You are now to be discharged. You have labored faithfully; you have made miles of military roads, miles of rifle-pits; felled hundreds of acres of the largest and loftiest forest trees; built magazines and forts. The hills across yonder river will be a perpetual monument of your labors. You have, in no spirit of bravado, in no defiance of established prejudice, intimated to me your willingness to defend with your lives the fortifications your hands have built. Organized companies of men of your race have tendered their services to aid in the defence of the city. In obedience to the policy of the Government, the authorities have denied you this privilege. In the department of labor permitted, you have, however, rendered a willing and cheerful service. * * * The citizens, of both sexes, have encouraged you with their smiles and words of approbation; the soldiers have welcomed you as co-laborers in the same great cause. * * * Go to your homes with the consciousness of having performed your duty,—and bearing with you the gratitude and respect of all honorable men. You have learned to suffer and to wait; but, in your hours of adversity, remember that the same God who has numbered the hairs of your head, who watches over even the fate of a sparrow, is the God of your race as well as mine. The sweat-blood which the

Nation is now shedding at every pore is an awful warning of how fearful a thing it is to oppress the humblest being."

CHICKAMAUGA, CHATTANOOGA, KNOXVILLE AND OTHER CLOSING CAMP-FIRES OF 1863.

At Murfreesboro, Tennessee, General ROSECRANS, commanding the Army of the Cumberland, fought a long and terrible battle against the Confederate forces under General Bragg, the conflict beginning on the 29th of December, 1862, and ending on the 4th of January, 1863. Both armies experienced heavy losses, but Rosecrans was victorious at the cost of nearly 12,000 men, in killed, wounded and missing. After their defeat the Confederates were steadily pursued southward, Rosecrans moving cautiously on account of his endangered communications, but in the latter part of June he became more active and by a vigorous advance, good strategy and heavy blows, compelled Bragg to retreat from a strong position on Duck River, to abandon Middle Tennessee, cross the Cumberland Mountains, and retire to Chattanooga. There he took a strong position, which he strengthened by fortifications, but was forced to evacuate the place, September 8th, Rosecrans having made a dextrous flank movement. Taking possession of Chattanooga, with a portion of his army, with the other he followed Bragg through the passes of the Lookout and Missionary Mountains, endeavoring to flank him again and drive him still farther. Bragg, however, receiving large reinforcement by the arrival of Longstreet and his corps, from Virginia, was enabled to turn suddenly and furiously upon his pursuer, engaging him in a most destructive conflict of two days' duration, September 19th and 20th, known as the battle of Chickamauga, and resulting in the partial

rout of the Union army, it being saved from total defeat by the arrival of General Gordon Granger with reinforcements and by the firmness and heroism of General GEORGE H. THOMAS and his men. It was here that he won the title which was afterwards conferred upon him—"The Rock of Chickamauga."

The Union losses in the two days' battle were 16,351 men, 36 cannon, over 8,000 small arms, and a large amount of munitions of war, but the Confederates paid dearly for their success, losing, according to their own statements, 20,000 men, 2,000 of whom were taken prisoners.

Falling back to Chattanooga, to the protection of its intrenchments, the Union army was soon very nearly hemmed in, the Confederates holding the surrounding mountains and passes, and the "cracker line" was almost severed. While in this perilous position General Grant hurried to its relief with reinforcements, taking command of the forces; restored communications with Chattanooga, and fought a series of brilliant battles, including those of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, known under the general title of the "Battle of Chattanooga." This fierce and prolonged conflict with its capture of Orchard Knob, November 23d, its fight above the clouds of Lookout Mountain, November 24th, and scaling the dizzy heights of Missionary Ridge, November 25th, was one of the most successful and remarkable battles in the world's history. On the Union side there participated in it, Grant the chief, Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, Hooker, Granger, and other generals of illustrious renown. Their men seemed to be impelled by a heroism from above, and to be led by an invisible and invincible commander, like the Colored Regulars in the Spanish-American War at El Caney and San Juan Hills, who pressed on re-

gardless of orders, regardless of difficulties, danger and death, intent only on gaining victory. Bragg was driven from his position, that was apparently inaccessible to the Union troops, routed, and compelled to fall back into Georgia, having lost 6,000 prisoners besides those that were wounded; forty-two cannon, 6,000 small arms, and a large supply train. His losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and materials of war were so great that he was relieved of his command, being succeeded by General Joseph E. Johnson.

Grant was now able to send reinforcements under Sherman to Burnside who was besieged at Knoxville, Tenn., by General Longstreet. The Confederates were repulsed and Longstreet fled eastward, making his way back to Lee's army in Virginia.

THE DEPARTMENTS OF THE SOUTH, GULF, AND MISSOURI.

While stirring events were occurring elsewhere, the Colored troops in these departments were doing good service under Gillmore, Banks, Prentiss and other generals. In August, on the 14th, Gillmore, with their aid, succeeded in mounting the "Swamp Angel," on Morris Island. On the 26th, he made another assault on Fort Wagner, after seige approaches, and on the 6th of September the Confederates were forced to evacuate both Fort Wagner and Fort Gregg —the Union forces, including Colored troops, taking possession of them.

On the 22d of November, Colored troops met with success at Pocotaligo, S. C., while in North Carolina, on the 25th, they also rendered good service. In brief, the operations in the Southern Department, and by the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron, were now carried on with the help of many Colored soldiers and sailors, who performed every duty

so faithfully and well that there was no hesitation in receiving Colored recruits, and no hesitancy, whatever, to trust them in any position requiring vigilance and bravery. In all departments of the government service there was increased and hopeful activity, and the fact that it had accepted and was now gladly inviting the assistance of the best allies obtainable, liberty-seeking, liberty-upholding Colored men, —native-born Americans with the best interests of America at heart, made the prospect bright of successfully subduing the slave-holders' rebellion and of conquering for the entire country a reign of freedom and peace.

By the close of 1863 there were sixty thousand Colored troops regularly mustered into the United States service, with many thousands in addition getting ready to follow their example. Besides the soldiers and sailors sworn in, there were also great numbers connected with all branches of the military and naval service, who bore the hardships of campaigning, who were exposed to the risks of conflict, and who endured the toil and exposure of dangerous labor.

Wherever the flag went, advancing the cause of the Union, there was sure to be a following of Negroes. Refugees thronged into camps where the banner of Emancipation waved, eager to be employed as soldiers or laborers. Lossing, the historian, observes of them that measures were also taken for their instruction and moral discipline, and that the results were very wonderful. There were large communities of these freedmen and their families in different parts of the Southern States held by the National arms, where were promises soon of the most radical improvements in the condition and character of their race. "*They also made excellent soldiers.*" Although the number regularly enrolled during the war is usually given at about one hun-

SCENE IN THE BATTLE OF PITTSBURG LANDING.—*First Day.*

dred and eighty thousand, the same authority estimates it at two hundred thousand, which is more nearly correct; for the reasons that many served intermingled with White and Indian troops, and others stepped into dead men's shoes, of whom no additional count was made.

The Mississippi River and its navigable tributaries presented good opportunities to Southern refugees to escape from thraldom, and find refuge and service under the flag which now had for them the assurance of liberty. With the capture of Port Hudson, July the 8th, the Mississippi was open for Federal navigation to its mouth, and its military posts, principally Memphis, Tennessee,—Helena, Arkansas,—Vicksburg and Natchez, Mississippi,—Port Hudson, Baton Rouge and New Orleans, Louisiana,—became great places of refuge, training and enlistment. At other points along the river the many different vessels of the squadron were often hailed by Colored people, sometimes by men alone and at others by men, women and children together, who had found their way from the interior, through hardships and dangers, seeking the "Linkum" gunboats.

The writer recalls several instances of this kind, and remembers well one party consisting of two men, with their wives and children,when he was serving as Surgeon's Steward on the U. S. steamer *Champion*. One morning the boat was hailed from the Louisiana shore, and a group could be seen between the levee and the river waving their hands, and an article of wear which turned out to belong to one of the pickaninnies. A cutter was sent to their assistance, and returned to the steamer with some very foot-sore, hungry and wearied refugees. It was breakfast time and when they had washed hands and faces, seeming to be glad to use soap and towels, they were given a place amidship to sit on

blankets spread on the deck to make them comfortable. Then they were furnished with bright tin plates, cups and spoons, and scoured knives and forks. They handled these utensils with much satisfaction and pleasure, and when the cook and members of the crew, including some belonging to petty-officer messes, vied with each other in supplying the thankful creatures with steaming hot, fragrant coffee, in which they could have plenty of sugar and condensed milk, hard-tacks, hot biscuits with butter and molasses, and fried eggs, the writer adding some dried beef and a pot of canned honey to the contributions, it would have made old Pharaoh's heart melt to see the gratitude expressed in their wide-open eyes, their smiles and tears, and their "God bless you, honey." It was a pleasure to bind up their torn and bleeding feet, and to feel that "Inasmuch as ye ministered to the least of these ye did unto Me."

Their story told by one and another, the separate parts and experiences fitting well together, was interesting to the crew who asked many questions to draw them out, and their answers, and the antics of their little ones, were pleasing and amusing.

"How did you find out that Lincoln set you free, and how did you manage to find us?" was asked of one of the Colored men who was the older, and better talker of the two.

"Well, you see it was this way; first I heard my old Massa a-cursing the prockelmation and telling Missis about it in the carriage-house while I was in the loft, and they didn't know it. He went on terrible. Then, a few days ago, a knock came to my cabin door, on a dark stormy night, and when I opened it, in came two Linkum soldiers, all tired out, and hungry as wolves. One said,

'Are you for the Union and do you want to get free?' I said yes, but dassen't let Massa know or he'd kill me. 'Never mind the Massa, you 're your own boss now, and we 'll tell you how to give him the slip; only help us first to get something to eat, for we 're nearly starved. So me and my woman here fried 'em some eggs that I found that morning in a new nest, and give 'em plenty of corn-bread and molasses, and cold bacon, till they were filled up. Then one of 'em said: 'Look here my Colored friends; you must get out of this, and if you have any neighbors that you want to go along, now 's your chance. We 're out scouting for the gunboats, and one of them, the *Champion*, will be along by the bend about five miles from here on Saturday morning. We 're going in that direction to-night, or before morning, and you can come along and learn the way.'

"I told the men I knowed the way to the bend, and would go there before daylight on Saturday with my family and some friends if it would be safe and sure to depend on the *Champion* to take us aboard. The men said never fear, so I told them I would try to be there. Me and my wife give them our bed to sleep on, and I watched around the cabin till near morning so nobody could surprise 'em, and when they left we give 'em a good lot of cold vittals to take along, in a big handkerchief. They were awful thankful and the quietest one said, kind o' smiling: 'Brother Ham, you take our advice and next Saturday you 'll be in the ark of liberty and safe from the flood of slavery and secession.' So, last night I slipped around and told all I could trust, and this morning about three o'clock we were on our way to the bend, and here we are sure enough, thank the Lord, on one of his arks of freedom."

The happy refugees were taken to a protected camp of

their people that afternoon, and the men soon after enlisted; some in the gunboat service, and others in the heavy artillery.

AUNT HANNAH RAISES HER QUOTA AND THE TOWNSHIP'S, TOO.

Having referred to some of the sad occurrences connected with the conscription enforcement of 1863, the outrages of the draft rioters in New York, it is pleasant to chronicle an agreeable incident which happened in another State, in which an old Colored lady figured amusingly and effectively.

The township in which she lived was under strong pro-slavery and anti-Lincoln influences, and was far behind in furnishing its quota of recruits under the apportionment, although there were many young men in it who would have enlisted if they had not been held back by parental objections. Something had to be done, or the community would be obliged to stand the draft. A public meeting was called, to assemble in the town hall. Prominent speakers were engaged, and a band hired. The patriotic people of the place hoped to break down the anti-war feeling, raise their quota, clear the township of odium, and avoid the necessity of a draft.

The meeting was largely attended, the hall being crowded to the door, and there were a number of ladies present. The music was inspiring to those of patriotic impulses, and the speeches were good, but failed to bring forward to the enrolling desk any volunteers. While a hush of disappointment made everything quiet, and the speakers hung their heads as if ashamed of their efforts, or the lack of the expected results, Aunt Hannah, who occupied a seat in the rear of the hall, mounted a chair, and being used to "speaking in meeting," addressed the chairman.

"Mr. President: May I say a few words?"

"Certainly, certainly, Aunt Hannah, speak on; you have a good right to speak," replied the chairman, who was well acquainted with her.

"Thank you. I want to say this, Mr. President and gentlemen. I can't remain quiet. I feel so sorry and ashamed for these young men, when I look at that flag above you, and think how many noble young men from all over the country are now marching and fighting to uphold it and defend it as the banner of freedom, while there are so many right here in this hall who seem to have no interest in it; no love for it. Mr. President, I am the mother of five boys and they are all in the army. Four of them went of their own accord, and I could n't have held them back if I had wished to, but I did n't. My youngest, Mose, he felt like staying at home, but when Lincoln issued the Emancipation Proclamation, I got after him. I said, your first duty is to fight for the freedom of your race, and fight to save the Union. Do n't be a skulker, or a coward, said I, like so many of the young White men around here, but be a patriot and a hero. So Mose went, and all my boys are now in the army, thank the Lord, and I am proud of them, and gentlemen, if I had known in time that the White young men of this town were going to be so backward about enlisting, I would have tried hard to raise five or six boys more."

At this point the audience could contain itself no longer and broke out in deafening cheers, many of the men jumping upon the seats, and swinging their hats; at the same time the band started up with

> "Rally round the flag, boys, rally once again,
> Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom,"

and the enthusiasm reached such a pitch that Aunt Hannah, who doubtless felt as if she were in a good, old-fashioned

camp-meeting, began to clap her hands and to shout glory! During the excitement there seemed to be a crowding forward, like a flocking to a "mourner's bench," and when, after a long time it subsided, when the band had played itself out and the people were hoarse from cheering, it was found that more than a score of young men had broken away from all restrictions of political objections and selfish interests, and had signed the muster-roll, filling the quota, with some names to spare.

OPENING OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

The greatest, and most difficult operation, that the United States Government had to perform in the Civil War was cutting the Confederacy in two, by gaining complete control of the Mississippi River. This was done by operating from two directions—northward from the Gulf of Mexico, and southward from Cairo at the junction of the Ohio with the Mississippi. Among the events which figured in this great task was the battle of Belmont, Mo., on the west bank of the river, Nov. 7, 1861; evacuation of Columbus, Ky., Feb. 27, 1862, and, in the same year, the capture of Island No. 10, April 7th, the naval battle at Memphis, Tenn., June 6th and the surrender of that city, and the capture of Natchez, Miss., May 12th. The capture of New Orleans, Vicksburg and Port Hudson have already been noticed in detail. When, at last, Union camp-fires gleamed upon the Father of Waters, from every point and stronghold that had been in possession of the Confederacy, Colored soldiers, gunboatmen and marines, were entitled to a good share of credit, for their faithful services had contributed largely to secure this glorious result.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A BATTLE-FIELD SERMON.

PREACHED BY CHAPLAIN JAS. M. GUTHRIE, FROM THE ROSTRUM NEAR THE MONUMENT, IN THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG, SUNDAY MORNING, JULY 24, 1881, ON THE OCCASION OF AN ENCAMPMENT OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

SUBJECT:—National Deliverance at Gettysburg, assured by the Abolition of Slavery, worthy of National Gratitude.

TEXT:—1 Samuel, VII, 12.—Then Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

For twenty years Israel had suffered at the hands of Philistine oppressors, after the memorable battles in which the Israelites were twice defeated by them on the same field, losing thirty-four thousand men, and the Ark of the Lord which was rashly brought into the second battle with the expectation that its presence would insure victory. A superstitious regard for the mere symbol of God's presence, a resort to religious forms in a time of danger and distress, when the people were not obedient to Him, did not save them from the power of their enemy. Their departure from the standard of Jehovah in the practice of idolatry, a wide-spread apostacy, and their sacrilegious use of the Ark to retrieve misfortunes brought on by sins of which they had not repented, provoked the wrath of God, and for a time He permitted

them to reap the bitter fruits of their sinful sowing. The chastisement of the Lord on his erring people is for correction, and is a manifestation of that love which declared in the old as well as in the new dispensation, "I will be his father, and he shall be my son. If he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of men, and with the stripes of the children of men; but my mercy shall not depart from him;" and, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous, therefore, and repent." Israel mourned the loss of the Ark, and at length, moved by the preaching of the prophet Samuel, sincerely repented of the sins which caused the calamity. They saw, too, that the way to retrieve a national loss was to re-establish national integrity. They found, what has been true in every age, that when a people are fit to be the custodians of an ark, a palladium of truth and liberty, all the powers of error and oppression cannot prevent them. The forces of Israel gathered at Mizpeh, where they made a full confession of their sins, observed a solemn fast, and gave proof of sincere repentance by permitting Samuel to judge them and to correct and redress their evils. While thus engaged, the Philistines, who were on the alert, mustered their armies to disperse the hosts of Israel. Samuel was in the act of offering sacrifice for his people, and they were in the attitude of worship, when the enemy drew near for battle. The prayers for deliverance uttered by Israel were not now in vain. "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him, to all who call upon Him in truth; He will fulfill the desires of them that fear Him; He also will hear their cry and will save them." He interposed in their behalf; He "thundered with a great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them; and they were smitten before Israel; and the men of Israel went out

GETTYSBURG NATIONAL MONUMENT.

of Mizpeh and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until they came under Beth-car."

On the field of two defeats they now won a great victory. The tide of invasion was rolled back, and the Nation redeemed. Why? Because they were fighting, not merely to kill; nor to bolster up a rotten system that must of necessity fall; but for a principle and for righteousness. "So," says the sacred writer, "the Philistines were subdued, and they came no more into the coasts of Israel; and the hand of the Lord was against the Philistines all the days of Samuel." There was great rejoicing over this national deliverance. There was the outpouring of gratitude to God for the victory, and, right after the battle, "Samuel took a stone, and set it between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer (or, *stone of help*), saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

My comrades, may we not trace an analogy between this history of Israel, and the history of our own Nation as it relates to the battle of Gettysburg? Is not yonder beautiful monument, around which thousands of our patriot dead are resting from their warfare, an Ebenezer, a Stone of Help?

Does not a view of that memorial awaken emotions of gratitude, and do you not rejoice to-day because hitherto hath the Lord helped us? Let us, then, consider:

1. The American people were divinely favored and delivered at the battle of Gettysburg.

Defeat after defeat had attended the operations of our armies. Not that our soldiers were less brave than the enemy, that our resources were less, but because we had not a well-defined purpose in our movements, a clear conception of God's design in permitting the Nation to be scourged with the horrors of a mighty civil war. Just as the American

Revolution was an irrepressible conflict, so was the War between the States. The first came in the fulness of time to establish religious and civil freedom on the basis of God's sovereignty and man's capability to freely think and act under Him. He bore with us for scores of years, just as He did with the Israelites, when they came out of Egypt with polygamy and slavery incorporated in their national life. While conditions which could not at first be easily cured by the people, were endured by the Almighty, He gave legislation and counsel by the prophets, the design of which was to correct and cleanse the Nation, and heal it of its infirmities. Such, we believe, was God's intention respecting us, and it was revealed by the inspired word, by the philosophy of history, and by that same Spirit who taught the framers of the Declaration of Independence the freedom and equality of mankind.

We were not, however, willing to practice fully the tenets of Democracy and Republicanism. On the mountain tops we heralded the Union as an asylum for the oppressed of all nations, but in the valleys, under the ensign of the Republic, we bartered in human flesh and blood, and ground millions of our race under the iron heel of slavery. We sang the songs of Liberty until they were wafted over the seas, but our lips were mute to rebuke those who forged in the national temple fetters for humanity. We took our stand upon the Magna Charta of freedom, but our feet were swift to pursue and bring back to servitude the panting fugitive from the house of bondage. We knelt, it is true, at the shrine of Liberty, and swore eternal allegiance to her, but the same hands that were uplifted in covenant vows forced the dusky children of the Nation to pass through the fires of its Moloch. Like Israel we worshipped the form and

trampled upon the principle of right. This could not continue. If we were to be a free Nation we must be one not alone in theory, but in fact. Compromises and conciliatory measures failed to keep the States in unison. The house was divided against itself. There was wrong, an element foreign to liberty in the body politic, and it had to be eradicated. There was a deep-seated antagonism to slavery on the one hand, and a determination to perpetuate it on the other. A conflict was inevitable. When it came it found an uprising in the loyal States that was the glory of the age, but, at the same time, the forces that went forth to contend against treason were not moved by what ought to have been, and what became at length the impulse of patriotism. The secession-South was a unit. Its incarnate ideas were the perpetuation of slavery, and the heresy of ultra State Rights. The North was undecided in its policy. Its great idea was struggling for birth, but had not yet become embodied. Some of us fought to preserve the Union; some to rebuke those who insulted the Nation's flag; some for one thing and some for another.

The true principle had not yet inspired us. Early in the struggle patriots stood guard over enemies' property, while they were away killing our citizens and trying to destroy the Union. Our generals were superseded if they thought of freeing the slaves of their foes. Thus we temporized, gaining an occasional victory, but more often suffering defeat. With the grandest armies and the bravest soldiers that ever marched to battle, we were foiled again and again. Our boasted Ark—our Constitution—could not save so long as we worshipped only the symbol. An Abraham, and many a Samuel, exhorted the North to repentance. It was seen that we must fight for the Nation, not as she was,

with her gnawing cancer and loathsome blotches of slavery, but as she ought to be, cured and purified. The Proclamation of Emancipation was echoed back to the Capitol of the United States by every clear-sighted patriot. Slavery must fall or the Republic must fall. God had written the startling mandate in characters of blood on many a battle-field. The crisis came. The North was divided in sentiment. Following the Proclamation, before the masses of the Union would acknowledge the true situation and accept the only solution of our national difficulties, defeat was the rule and victory the exception with the Union arms. Not to mention other fields, Chancellorsville, where we greatly outnumbered the foe, and had every advantage, was turned into a defeat. Providentially it was overruled for our good by the death of "Stonewall" Jackson, and by inflating the President of the Confederacy with a notion that Lee's magnificent army was invincible; and by his ordering it to invade Pennsylvania, placing it where it received a check, a shock and a depletion, from which it never recovered. Our men were brave, heroic, but our leaders seemed doomed to fail. Soon the exultant army of the Confederacy marched northward to dictate humiliating terms of peace. The out-look was dark and terrible. The onset struck the Keystone State and filled her southern valleys with desperate foes. The people awoke from their lethargy. Dissensions were hushed, and unity of sentiment established. The army of the Potomac was thrilled, too, with new life. Its divisions swept onward like rapid rivers, to wipe out the stain of invasion, and to sweep away, with resistless floods, the power of the Confederacy. Foot-sore and weary the patriot soldiers stopped not to rest, but forward they pressed, each man imbued with the sentiment of Bozzaris:

"Strike, for your altars and your fires:—
Strike, for the green graves of your sires—
God and your native land!"

Here on this consecrated ground our army truly fought both for God and country, and here He gave them the victory. "He thundered with a great thunder upon" the boastful and confident foe, and the appalling sound that smote upon them was the knell of slavery and secession. In the lines of battle taken by our forces, in the blunders made by the enemy, in various ways where he failed to grasp advantages that might have been ruinous to us, we trace the hand of Providence, and we repeat our first proposition, The American people were divinely favored and delivered at the battle of Gettysburg. That this victory was the turning point of the war need not be argued. It is generally admitted, and for good reasons. Rebellion delivered her strongest blow here against liberty and union, was foiled, and the recoil sent her to her doom. Admitting, then, that here, on these memorable hills and plains, our foes lost that for which they planned invasion and battle, we take the broad ground that our victorious army won here a triumph for them; that the cause which was lost here by the South was her greatest gain; in short, if Gettysburg decided the fate of slavery and disunion, it was a victory for the South as well as the North, for the East and the West; and, in view of the manifest destiny of Columbia, her world-wide mission, it was a victory for all lands; for this age and every succeeding one. The whole American people were divinely favored and delivered here, taking the destruction of slavery and disunion heresies into consideration, by

(1.) The promotion of national purity.
(2.) The establishment of national unity; and
(3.) The insurance of national perpetuity.

On the latter point we must dwell briefly. Who can measure the blessings secured to coming generations by fixing the perpetuity of the Republic on a rock against which no storm can prevail? Imagine the consequences if the South had succeeded in establishing her doctrine of secession. Soon there would have been a separate East and West, in addition to a North and South. The Union would in time have been rent all asunder, and the several States, moved by conflicting interests, plunged often into war. Ah! this was truly an Aceldama—a potter's field of treason—the gory bed of six thousand dead, and twenty-seven thousand wounded men.

Its three days' charges and counter-charges; fierce hand-to-hand encounters; face-to-face volleys of long lines contending for each foot of vantage ground; its artillery duels, such as never before shook the soil of this continent; its headlong cavalry dashes; its indescribable clangor and din of mingled cannon roars, rattle of musketry, clash of sabre and bayonet, wild rebel yells and Union cheers, shrieks of the wounded and groans of the dying; its twenty-five square miles of blood-soaked sod, reddened rocky heights and crimsoned streams; these, all these, made a contest sanguinary in the extreme, appalling and awe-inspiring.

When this tempest was over, when shot and shell had ceased to fall, the Angel of Peace, with snowy wings, was seen for the first time in the war, painting the receding clouds with a silver lining; and the yet darkened sky with the bow of promise, token of the new covenant sure to come, under which the Republic would no more be deluged with fraternal blood.

Like one who disarms a madman that he may not take his own life, the North grappled with the South here,

wrenched from her grasp the weapons with which she sought to destroy herself, and with a baptism of blood consecrated her to a new and nobler life. Look back to 1863: in imagination review the battle, and on the third day of the conflict behold the Waterloo charge of the Confederacy. Over yonder plain nearly twenty thousand men are marching in solid columns, with waving banners, on towards the Union center. They are charging the flag of freedom, and the ark of the nation's covenant; they are charging against their day and generation, and against future ages; they are charging against right and liberty, and in their blindness, against their own homes and firesides; they are charging against Jehovah,—author of liberty, justice and equality. Onward they come: the earth shakes beneath their steady tread. The champions of the Nation wait to receive them; and now from cannon and unflinching lines of infantry the deadly hail falls upon them; the storm of battle rages at its highest fury; then comes a lull indicative of prodigally-spent blood and power; the sulphurous canopy clears away and reveals a plain strewn with the wounded and the dead—the long gray columns swept away. The havoc of that futile charge was dreadful, but the agony produced by it in Southern homes was that the children and children's children of those who fought and died under the banner of rebellion might rise up at some future day to bless the hands that smote their kindred.

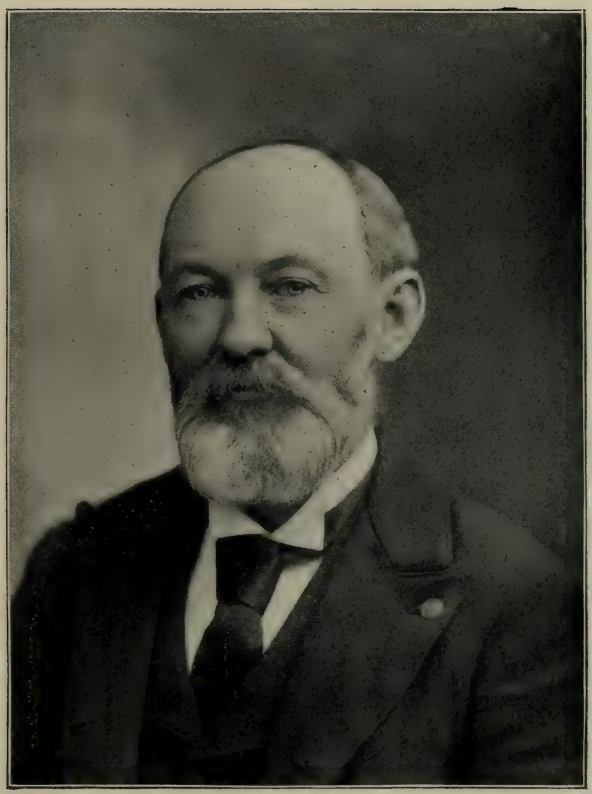
Even now the South is being clothed with reason, is coming with a right mind to her true sphere and feeling. She rejoices that slavery is abolished, for her prosperity has been increased by its abolition, and if she were permitted to decide whether to have slavery again or not she would refuse. She is glad, too, to live under the flag of her Revo-

lutionary fathers, and to be a part of a Nation instead of a confederacy. For these blessings she has to thank the brave men who died here contending against her, and the heroes who have lived to see the glorious outcome of their struggles against her. To-day as our hearts are filled with sorrow over the news that President Garfield is sinking in death from the blow of an assassin, there is one thing which pours sweetness into our cup of bitterness; it is that the attempt on the President's life has fathomed the patriotism of the United States, and the expressions of sympathy that have sprung spontaneously from every State in the South, from old Confederate soldiers, from those who fought against him at Chickamauga, and against you at Gettysburg, prove that we are one; that we are united as never before; that the new spirit in our national life has fused the hearts of all together in a compact which cannot be severed.

We turn, then, our gaze forgivingly away from the scenes where our enemies died while attempting our destruction, to view the graves around that monument of those who did not die in vain. All hail, ye sleeping heroes! Over your graves the Nation weeps, yea, the tears of the South are falling, and here she also will come while time endures to look with reverence upon the statue of the gallant Reynolds, and to read with profoundest gratitude the monumental inscriptions of your patriotism, your valor and your glory.

2. This great deliverance is worthy of a lasting memorial of gratitude and praise.

The gratitude of Samuel and his people found immediate expression. On the battle-field where God had wonderfully favored Israel,—where he had smitten the defiant foe and sent him reeling from the affray in headlong and disastrous flight,—there Samuel set the "memorial stone," and



PORTRAIT OF CHAPLAIN JAS. M. GUTHRIE.

called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." He did not wait until the influences of the great victory were dissipated; until emotions of gratitude to God grew feeble with the lapse of time; but at once, while the people were deeply moved by the divine favor, the memorial was set up bearing the name "Stone of Help," as if to perpetuate the memory of God's interposition for Israel and preserve the impressions made upon the Nation by his mercy and help in its time of need. There was, then, a speedy and spontaneous action upon the part of the rescued people, through their leader, to mark the scene of Israel's triumph under God, with a durable memorial.

There was a like feeling and action in relation to yonder beautiful monument, and these grounds consecrated forever to the memory of Liberty's dead, and to the grateful remembrance of Liberty's God. Scarcely had the tide of battle ebbed away when the wide extended arena of carnage was visited by philanthropists, by bereft relatives and friends seeking for their Union dead, and by thousands who came either through curiosity or to help in caring for the wounded and in burying the dead. The idea of gathering the remains of Union soldiers and interring them in a soldiers' cemetery was soon conceived. Within two weeks from the time of the battle the movement was inaugurated which resulted in the purchase of these blood-hallowed grounds, the establishment of this National Cemetery, and the erection of that monument which is an honor to the Nation, a beautiful and durable tribute to the fallen heroes of Gettysburg, and a National Ebenezer: for, while its figure of War, personified by a statue of a Union Volunteer, unfolds to listening and recording History the story of the hotly contested field, we think that in the narrative there must be some reference to

God's merciful and overruling providence: PEACE and PLENTY stand, too, as his witnesses in that glorious group, to tell what patriotism and heroism guided by His spirit will do to bless and build up a nation; and high above all, standing with sword in one hand and a wreath of laurel in the other, the GENIUS of LIBERTY surveys the scenes where the best blood of the American people was poured out in costly oblations at the shrine where God consecrated to her his chosen people of the nineteenth century, with holier impulses, loftier motives, nobler vows, grander patriotism, than ever before moved them in her defense.

Had we the time, and the disposition, to revive scenes which make one's heart bleed with pity, we might narrate incidents related to us by those who helped to remove the patriots from shallow graves and trenches, hastily buried in places where they had fallen, but we forbear. Let the curtain hide those scenes of horror and decay. The work at last was accomplished. The remains of thirty-five hundred and eighty Union soldiers were re-buried, and their new graves were marked by grateful hands that their names should not perish from the scroll of fame.

As we look back, and recall the account of that great gathering on the 19th of November, 1863, when with military, and civic display, and impressive religious ceremonies, this cemetery was consecrated, it seems that the echo of the fervent prayer offered lingers around us still: "Oh had it not been for God, when our enemies came flushed with victory, we would have been undone. At first when our men met the blast they bent like trees, but led by thine hand they took their stand on these hills and thou gavest them the victory. Glory to Thee for this rescue. But oh, the slain—alas! how little can we do for them?" It seems,

too, that we can see the tall form of the Nation's Moses and Samuel, in one immortal figure, standing on the side of the monument, and hear the oration whose noble sentiments have thrilled and inspired mankind,—a classic to be translated into all languages:—

> "Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new Nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any Nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us; that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they give the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall

> not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Comrades of the Grand Army, White and Colored: let us ponder over these words anew. Let us be truly consecrated to the work advanced here by the thousands who suffered and died to establish a true Republican government; by the many who have since fought their last battle; by him, the martyred Lincoln, whose deeds and words are a priceless legacy to us; and by the living, who, having passed through the battle fought on these hills and plains, and other fields of conflict, are looking forward to a commingling with those already sleeping "on Fame's eternal camping ground," an awakening with them at the reveille of the resurrection, and the re-assembling of the Grand Army above, where we shall unite with Samuel, Washington and Lincoln, and all godly patriots, in a glorious review, saluting the great Captain of Salvation, on the plains of immortality. Comrades, some of us may never meet each other again on earth, but, oh, let us strive to meet in heaven. Let us fight under God "the good fight of faith," that with every day's life-battle we may be able to dedicate an Ebenezer, and in the last conflict, be able to exclaim, "Oh, death, where is thy sting? Oh, grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." Amen.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ASSAULT UPON FORT WAGNER.

THE FIFTY-FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS COLORED REGIMENT LEADS THE FAMOUS ASSAULT—HEROISM OF SERGEANT CARNEY—DEATH OF COLONEL ROBERT SHAW WHILE IN THE ADVANCE—THE SHAW MONUMENT AT BOSTON.

The 18th of July, 1863, was a day that Afro-Americans have great reason to remember with pride, for at no time in the Civil War was there a more heroic assault than that which was made Saturday evening, on the date mentioned, by the Fifty-fourth Regiment, U. S. Colored Troops, Massachusetts Volunteers, when it led in the attack upon Fort Wagner, Morris Island, South Carolina. In this sanguinary affair the testimony of Confederates coincides with that of Union authorities, crediting the assaulting columns with unsurpassed bravery and defiance of death.

A correspondent thus describes the Island and its fortifications, and the description will enable the reader better to understand the nature of the attack in which the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts took the leading part, supported by the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, the Forty-eighth New York, the Ninth Maine, the Third New Hampshire, and the Sixth Connecticut regiments:

"This Morris Island is nothing but a narrow bed of sand, about three miles in length, with a breadth varying

from a few hundred yards to a few feet. Along the central portion of the lower end a ridge of white sand-hills appears, washed on one side by the tidal waves, and sloping on the other into broad marshes, more than two miles in width, and intersected by numerous deep creeks. On the extreme northern end, Battery Gregg, which the Confederates used in reducing Fort Sumter in 1861, had been strengthened and mounted with five heavy guns, which threw their shot more than half way down the island. A few hundred yards farther down, from Battery Gregg, and at its narrowest portion, a strong fort had been erected, and armed with seventeen guns and mortars. This was the famous Fort Wagner; and as its cannon prevented any further progress up the island, it was necessary to reduce it before our forces could approach nearer to Fort Sumter.

"It was thought by our engineers that a continuous bombardment of a few days by our siege batteries and the fleet might dismount the enemy's cannon, and demoralize the garrison, so that our brave boys, by a sudden rush, might gain possession of the works. Accordingly our siege train was brought over from Folly Island, and a parallel commenced about a thousand yards from Wagner. Our men worked with such energy that nearly thirty cannon and mortars were in position on the 17th of July. On the 18th of July the bombardment commenced. The land batteries poured a tempest of shot into the south side of Wagner, while the fleet moved up to within easy range, and battered the east side with their great guns. In the meantime the Confederates were not silent, but gallantly stood to their guns, returning shot for shot with great precision; but, after a few hours, their fire slackened; gun after gun became silent, as the men were disabled, and, at 4 o'clock in the

afternoon Wagner no longer responded to the furious cannonade of the Federal forces. The men had taken shelter under the bomb-proofs, and no sign of life was visible about the grim and battered fortress."

All this cannonading and bombardment was understood by the Confederate commander of Fort Wagner to be preliminary to an assault by the Union troops, and his fire slackened until it ceased, in order to reserve his resources; and his men sheltered themselves only to spring forth at the most critical time to repulse the assailants. They also dismounted and covered with sand-bags the light guns which could be quickly remounted, and which could be used with terrible effect upon assailants at close quarters. The silence of Wagner, however, was deceptive to the Union forces. The battering it had received throughout the day, the fiery and iron tempest which had enveloped it, made it appear reasonable that the fort had been injured so badly as to be incapable of defense, and it was thought that its garrison could not hold out against a determined assault.

General Gilmore yielded reluctantly to the requests of officers and men to permit an attack that evening, as he was not quite sure that the right time had come for it, and orders were given to make the attempt to carry the works soon after dark. Waiting for the darkness to cover movements was a great mistake, as it led to confusion when it came to the hand-to-hand encounter, it being hard to distinguish friend from foe, and it prevented the fleet from rendering assistance.

The cessation from firing by Union vessels and by the land-works was a sufficient signal to the occupants of Wagner that they should come out from their bomb-proofs, remount their light guns, man the batteries, and line their

parapet and ramparts. All, according to their authorities, were quickly in position to deliver a direct and an enfilade fire, and thus nearly two thousand fierce fighters stood well sheltered and well prepared to resist the advancing force of four thousand Union soldiers, and in their secure position would have had the advantage if the attacking party had been twice or thrice as large again.

In the twilight the Union troops paraded on the beach, and formed as if for a holiday review, in their appointed order. There was the young and soldierly Colonel Shaw, once the pride of the renowned White New York Seventh, and now the idol of his Black regiment, the free Colored men of Massachusetts who were eager to follow their gallant leader in any forlorn hope, and willing to consecrate Lincoln's Emancipation decree with their blood, to make their enslaved brethren free. They and their Colonel were proud to be given the van in this movement, and to have the confidence of the brave veterans of Maine, New Hampshire, Connecticut, New York and Pennsylvania, with whom they were soon to face the fury and horrors of war, that only heroes can endure with a courage that does not quail.

Now the order to advance is given. A mile away stands the sullen fort, and towards it, in the gathering darkness, the troops move quietly, quickly and steadily. Sergeant W. H. Carney, of Company C, Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, with the form and spirit of a true soldier, proudly carries the flag, and does not foresee that within an hour, doubly wounded, he will be protecting it heroically from dishonor.

The supreme moment of trial and endurance has come: the men are close to the fort, the columns swiftly deploy, the commands to charge are given, and with a shout they rush upon what is now a volcano belching fires that in an instant

CHARGE AT FORT WAGNER—FIFTY-FOURTH MASSACHUSETTS.

smite down a thousand, killed and wounded, but which fail to daunt the courage of the Black and White Unionists who, fighting and falling together, mingle the blood of which God made all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth.

Praise from an enemy is praise indeed, and this is what General Taliaferro, the Confederate commander of Fort Wagner, wrote concerning the valor exhibited by the Union troops: "The columns were seen in the fading twilight to approach; line after line was formed and then came the rush. A small creek made in on the right of the fort and intercepted the enemy's left attack. They did not know it, or did not estimate it. It was believed the obstacle presented by the creek would confuse the assailants, cause them to incline to the right and mingle their masses at the head of the obstacle, and thus their movements would be obstructed. It seemed to have the anticipated effect, and the assaulting columns at this point were met by the withering volleys of McKethan's direct and Gaillard's cross-fire, and by the direct discharge of the shell guns, supplemented by the frightful enfilading discharges of the lighter guns upon the right and left.

"*It was terrible, but with unsurpassed gallantry the Federal soldiers breasted the storm and rushed onward to the glasis.*

"The Confederates, with the tenacity of bull dogs and a fierce courage which was roused to madness by the frightful inaction to which they had been subjected, poured from the ramparts and embrasures sheets of flame and a tempest of lead and iron, *yet their intrepid assailants rushed on like the waves of the sea by whose shores they fought.* They fell by hundreds, but they pushed on, reeling under the fearful blasts that almost blew them to pieces, up to the Confederate

bayonets. * * The carnage was awful. * * One of the assaulting regiments was composed of Negroes (the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts), and to it was assigned the honor of leading the White columns to the charge. It was a dearly-purchased compliment. Their Colonel (Shaw) was killed upon the parapet and the regiment almost annihilated, although the Confederates in the darkness could not tell the color of their assailants."

Through this blinding blast of destruction, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, that only two days before had received its baptism of fire on James Island, forced its way against shot and shell and minie-ball, sword and bayonet, and planted its flag upon Wagner's parapet. Over the ramparts these Colored heroes leaped, followed by their White companions in death and glory, into the midst of their foes, grappling with them, bayoneting the cannoneers, and pressing the enemy to the rear. The fort appears to be taken, and the victory won; but, alas! large reinforcements, under the Confederate General Hagood, sent by Beauregard, have just arrived, and the struggle becomes more terrific—hand-to-hand and fort-to-fort. The troops that have entered the fort are reluctant to give up their dearly-bought prize, refuse to surrender, and continue the unequal combat. The reserve supports, hastening to assist them, mount the ramparts, and mistaking in the darkness Union men for enemies, fire into them and greatly weaken their resistance by the destruction and confusion made by this terrible mistake. The fresh Confederate troops move along on the traverses and bomb-proofs, and deliver a concentrated fire into the masses of White and Colored soldiers, who, with retreat cut off, still fight on and hold out until the carnage reduces them to a little band of scorched and bleeding men.

The battle was lost, not for want of valor, but because of the time chosen for the attack, the almost superhuman obstacles in the way (which, however, were surmounted), and chiefly because of the arrival of reinforcements for the Confederates after the works had been entered and the flag of the Union unfurled above them.

General Strong had fallen; also Colonels Putnam, Chatfield and Shaw, and other heroic leaders. Back through the darkness made gloomy as a starless midnight by the loss of two thousand comrades, the remnants of those columns a little while before so strong and confident, now shattered and weakened, but still courageous and defiant, retreat to their starting place: but not unmolested, for the guns of Wagner are trained in their direction, and those of Gregg and Sumter also throw their shells upon the retiring troops.

Their retreat was one of honor. They had performed deeds, according to the report of the Confederate General, that were not equalled by any in the charge of the Louisiana Tigers, or Pickett's Division, in the battle of Gettysburg.

Sergeant W. H. Carney, of the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, was a sample of the Colored heroes of that never-to-be-forgotten night. He was with the first battalion, the advance of the storming column, and pressing forward to the front rank, carrying the regimental colors, he took a place near Colonel Shaw, who was leading his men over the ditch. As they ascended the wall of the fort under the terrible fire the full ranks of the Fifty-fourth melted away almost instantly, but the survivors undismayed rushed on. He received a severe wound in the thigh, but fell only upon his knee. He planted the flag upon the parapet, lay down upon the outer slope, so that he might get as much shelter

as possible, and there remained for over half an hour, until the Second brigade came up. He kept the colors flying until the conflict was ended. When the forces retired, he followed, creeping on one knee, holding up the flag. It was thus that Sergeant Carney came from the field : having held the emblem of liberty over the walls of Fort Wagner during the entire conflict, and having received two very severe wounds, one in the thigh and one in the head. Still he refused to give up his sacred trust until he found an officer of his regiment.

When he entered the field hospital, where his wounded comrades were being brought in, they cheered him and the colors. Though nearly exhausted with the loss of blood, he said : "BOYS, THE OLD FLAG NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND!"

On the 5th of the following September, Forts Gregg and Wagner were again attacked, and on the 6th they were evacuated, and occupied by General Gilmore; and Morris Island, a little spot that had been the scene of one of the most terrible and heroic battles of modern times, came into full possession of the Union forces as a base from which to prosecute the siege of Charleston.

The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, with ranks recruited, retained its reputation, and added to its glory in the battles of Olustree, Honey Hill, Boykin's Mill, and in operations around Charleston. It was not mustered out of service until August, 1865.

Although attached to its other commanding officers, it could not help feeling towards its first colonel, Robert Shaw, who fell with many of its numbers at Fort Wagner, and who was buried in the same trench with his Colored soldiers, a profound reverence and devotion. His name is one almost of worship among the surviving veterans.

When a flag of truce party returned to the fort to bury the Union dead, it was found that this work had been done already, by order of General Beauregard, and in response to a request for the body of Colonel Shaw, one of the Confederate officers replied: "We have buried him with his niggers." This expression of contempt for the noble leader and his black noblemen, furnished a text which Mr. George H. Boker, the author of a number of patriotic poems, used with good effect in the following stanzas:

They "buried him with his niggers!"
  Together they fought and died.
There was room for them all where they laid him
  (The grave was deep and wide),
For his beauty and youth and valor,
  Their patience and love and pain:
And at the last together
  They shall be found again.

They "buried him with his niggers!"
  Earth holds no prouder grave;
There is not a mausoleum
  In the world beyond the wave,
That a nobler tale has hallowed,
  Or a purer glory crowned,
Than the nameless trench where they buried
  The brave so faithful found.

They "buried him with his niggers!"
  A wide grave should it be;
They buried more in that sandy trench
  Than human eye could see.
Aye, all the shames and sorrows
  Of more than a hundred years
Lie under the weight of that Southern soi'
  Despite those cruel sneers.

They "buried him with his niggers!"
  But the glorious souls set free
Are leading the van of the army
  That fights for liberty.

Brothers in death, in glory
The same palm branches bear;
And the crown is as bright o'er the sable brows
As over the golden hair.

The visitor to Boston, Massachusetts, who loves liberty and those who died for it, should not fail to see among its many shrines in that city, the monument erected to the honor and memory of Colonel Robert Shaw (and his gallant regiment), on one side of which is this inscription:

TO THE FIFTY-FOURTH REGIMENT [SHIELD] OF MASSACHUSETTS INFANTRY

THE WHITE OFFICERS

TAKING LIFE AND HONOR IN THEIR HANDS, CAST IN THEIR LOT WITH MEN OF A DESPISED RACE, UNPROVED IN WAR, AND RISKED DEATH AS INCITERS OF SERVILE INSURRECTION IF TAKEN PRISONERS, BESIDES ENCOUNTERING ALL THE COMMON PERILS OF CAMP, MARCH AND BATTLEFIELD.

THE BLACK RANK AND FILE

VOLUNTEERED WHEN DISASTER CLOUDED THE UNION CAUSE, SERVED WITHOUT PAY FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS TILL GIVEN THAT OF WHITE TROOPS, FACED THREATENED ENSLAVEMENT IF CAPTURED, WERE BRAVE IN ACTION, PATIENT UNDER HEAVY AND DANGEROUS LABORS, AND CHEERFUL AMID HARDSHIPS AND PRIVATIONS.

TOGETHER

THEY GAVE TO THE NATION AND THE WORLD UNDYING PROOF THAT AMERICANS OF AFRICAN DESCENT POSSESS THE PRIDE, COURAGE AND DEVOTION OF THE PATRIOT SOLDIER.—ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTY THOUSAND SUCH AMERICANS ENLISTED UNDER THE UNION FLAG IN

MDCCCLXIII–MDCCCLXV.

Mention has been made of Sergeant Carney's heroic work and words, but the author desires to add to this chapter, as a special tribute to him, the following lines:

SERGEANT W. H. CARNEY,
Company C., 54th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers.

THE OLD FLAG NEVER TOUCHED THE GROUND.

"The Old Flag never touched the ground!" 'twas thus brave CARNEY spoke—
A Negro soldier: words renowned, that Honor will invoke
Upon the records of the Race whose heroes many are,
Records that Time cannot efface, and Hate can never mar.

Those words were stamped with Carney's blood upon our Country's scroll,
And though dislike, deep as a flood, against his Race may roll,
It cannot dim, nor wash away, its crimson-written fame
Which History wrote on Wagner's day without a tinge of shame.

Not only Carney did she view, when with immortal pen
She stood to write the honors due one thousand Colored men
Who laughed at death, who felt no fear, and followed Colonel SHAW
Where none but heroes dared to go, with cheer and loud hurrah.

July the eighteenth, of the year eighteen-and-sixty-three,
To Negroes always will be dear, as any one could be,
For bloody cost of honors won, for loss of noble life,
For valor that no risk would shun in fiercest battle strife.

'Twas at the setting of the sun, Fort Wagner to attack,
Four thousand men their march began, one-half to ne'er come back;
The Massachusetts Boys in front—the Fifty-fourth with Shaw,—
Negroes, to bear as hard a brunt as this world ever saw.

Their brave White comrades marched behind, to follow where they led,
And with them soon the ramparts lined with wounded and the dead;
For when the blood of which God made all nations on the earth
Began to flow none were afraid to give it without dearth.

Nor did they dread lest it unite together in one stream,
In one oblation, Black and White, for it should surely seem
To be in color and in kind alike to God and man;
Poured from one source, one end to find, since Races first began.

No color-line was drawn that night, except the blood-red line
On which these comrades stood to fight, and there was seen no sign
Of Race aversion, for they fought as kindred, freemen, men
Against Oppression, and they sought one brotherhood again.

So, when Fort Wagner, Morris Isle, they had approached quite near,
There was not seen in any file a man who seemed to fear;
And there were none who would go back because of Blacks ahead
Who begged to lead the fierce attack and be first 'mongst the dead.

* * * * * * * * *

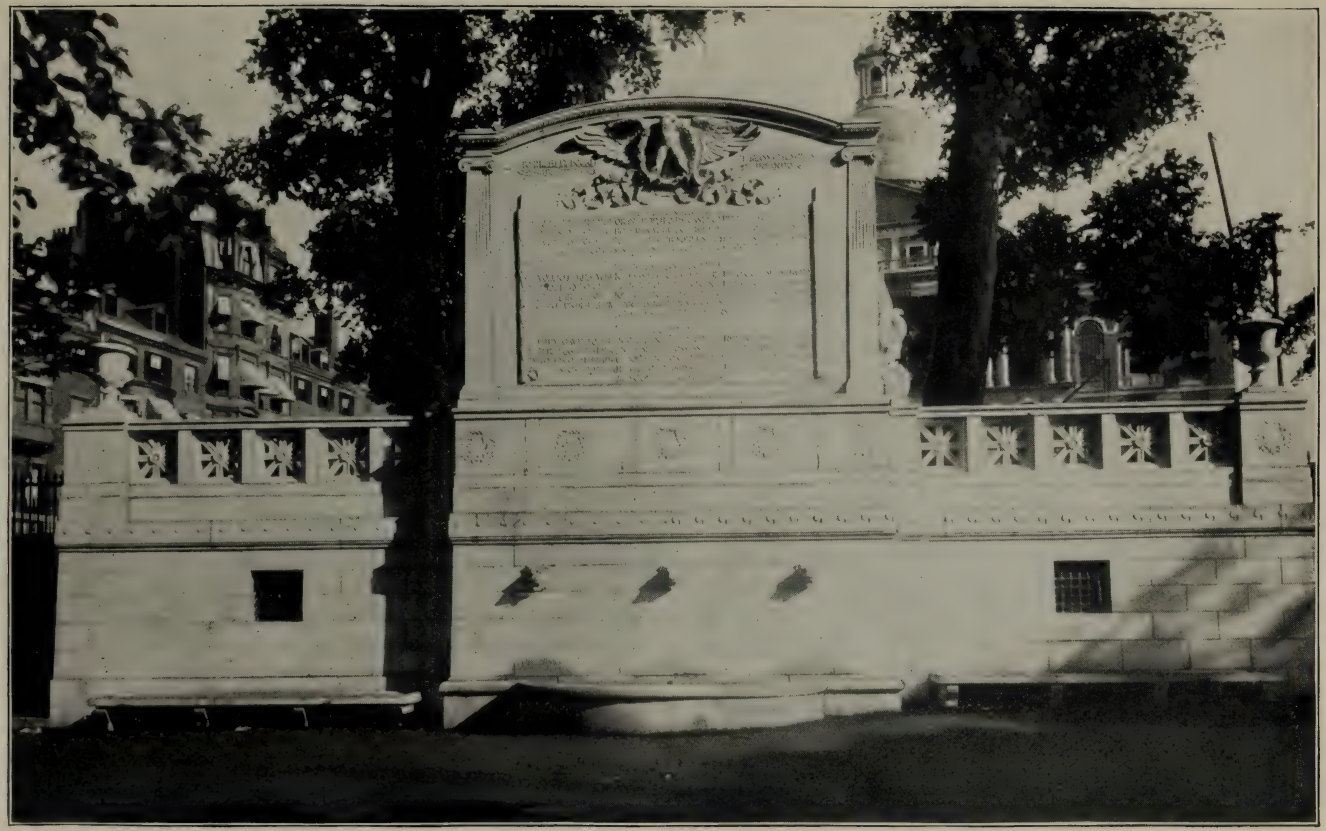
There stands Fort Wagner's sullen wall with double-shotted guns;
Its frowning ramparts one appalls who thinks of risks he runs;
But there are none who stop to think, to count the cost and odds,
Of all the men now on the brink of death died like the gods':

A death of noble sacrifice—fearless, unselfish, free;
A joyous paying of the price to purchase liberty
For those in bondage, and maintain a Union of Mankind
Freedom and happiness to gain: the truest good to find.

March on, Black soldiers, in the van, free Negroes of the North,
And each one prove yourself a man—a man of equal worth
With any in the ranks of those who boast that they are White,
And for this reason are your foes: show them that you can fight!

Fight, not to fetter, but to free; not for one Star, but all:
Fight for your Race, its liberty, and do not fear to fall
Wounded and dying, for your loss will sanctify the cause,
Will crown with glory Freedom's cross, and win the world's applause.

Halt! to the colors, soldiers, dress; and keep in steady line:
Forward, QUICK-STEP: CHARGE now and press right on with zeal sublime!



REAR VIEW OF THE COL. ROBERT SHAW MONUMENT, BOSTON.

Follow the flag where Carney leads: press on though he should fall!
This is your time for deathless deeds—to make immortal, all.

The Fifty-fourth their Colonel heard with pride, and with a shout
Which every noble impulse stirred, and gave no room to doubt,
They charged into volcanic fires; they breasted sheets of flame;
They showed the courage God admires, and won undying fame.

While roared the guns which rent the skies, and shook and rocked that isle,
And belched forth death, the veterans, with wonder and surprise
Saw new recruits, these Colored men, this new Black regiment,
Rush on with force Death could not stem, to go where they were sent.

What care these men for leaden hail, and iron tempests, too?
Right on they charge! they do not quail—the Black Boys dressed in blue:
They storm the works! they seize each gun! with gleaming bayonets
They make their foemen backward run, or fall with crimson jets!

Hurrah! Hurrah!! the fort is theirs, and on the parapet
Their flag now floats, for Carney dares to hold it there, while yet
Prostrate he lies with wound on wound: he will not let it fall:
"The Old Flag must not touch the ground!" this was his thrilling call.

The men fight on, still gaining ground, their work to finish well,
But now, alas! with rapid bound, and with exultant yell,
Fresh troops from Charleston join the foe and meet these cheering men
Who still fight on, with zeal aglow, e'en in this slaughter-pen.

Hemmed in they fight; they fall, they die, till but a few remain:
Their Colonel's dead; and leaders lie thickly among the slain:
And now the men hear with dismay the orders to retreat;
And though reluctant they obey,—still loath to own defeat.

Back, o'er the ramparts, fighting yet, they leave the fort they gained,
And in the darkness try to get, 'midst piles of dead and maimed,
The noble Shaw: in this they fail, and sadly they retire
Before Fort Wagner's vengeful hail, and Gregg and Sumter fire.

Where now is Carney? On his knees, wounded in head and limb:
His painful efforts Heaven sees, and angels pity him,
As with the flag above his head he creeps to reach the lines
Where he is hailed as from the dead, while proudly he resigns

Charge of the flag he bore so well, while comrades him surround
And cheer, while Carney tries to tell—"*It—did—not—touch—the—ground!*"
Brave words and true! and they will live: in Union fights be found;
For aye this motto they will give: "It *shall not* touch the ground!"

CHAPTER XXX.

A NAVAL TRAITOR ON THE MISSISSIPPI FOILED BY NEGROES.

NEGRO FRIENDS FROM A PLANTATION, AND NEGRO GUNBOATMEN OF THE U. S. STEAMER "RATTLER," NO. 1, MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON, PREVENT HER CAPTURE BY THE CONFEDERATE FORCES.—FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

When the Captain of the U. S. Steamship *Rattler* undertook to dispose of her to the Confederates the author was a member of her crew, and was one of the party sent ashore, and captured, on Sunday night, September 4, 1864, in Tensas Parish, Louisiana.

He was an actor in some of the scenes described in an historic romance written by Commander STANHOPE, U. S. N., and learned from witnesses on the gunboat of other incidents narrated, and can, therefore, vouch for the story's basis. As the writer states, he has used license in dates, minor particulars, and romantic coloring.

With some alterations and additions, which include an account of the tragic and heroic death of the Negro gunboatmen left in charge of the cutters, the tale is as follows:

INTRODUCTION.

Bold Sherman was sweeping on from Chattanooga towards Atlanta, and it became apparent to the Rebel leaders that he must be checked in his victorious career, or the fort-

unes of the Confederacy were lost. To this end orders were sent from Jeff. Davis to Lieut. Gen. Kirby Smith, who commanded the trans-Mississippi department, to cross his forces from the west to the east side of the Mississippi River, and effect a junction with General Joe Johnson in Atlanta, at all hazards. Kirby Smith had sixty thousand men thoroughly armed, and well supplied with clothing and munitions of war obtained by the way of Mexico and the Rio Grande; and his Lieutenants, Generals Dick Taylor, Prince Polignac, and Price, since their success over our troops in the disastrous Red River campaign, were eager to gain new laurels in another quarter.

Acting upon these orders, the Rebel forces were concentrated near St. Joseph, in Louisiana, at a point a few miles from the river, and several hundred large bateaux, or flat-bottomed skiffs were constructed; but the vigilance of our gunboats was so great, and the patrol of the river so incessant, that the scheme was abandoned of ferrying an army, with cavalry and artillery, across a rapid stream like the Mississippi, in the face of a watchful enemy who could speedily concentrate a fleet of iron-clads or light-drafts at any required point. For the Rebs had learned by dearly-purchased experience, what would be the probable result of an open fight under such circumstances.

At this period my story opens, and, although I have used some slight license, the main incidents are true to the letter, and form a chapter in the secret history of the Great Rebellion never heretofore made public.

TWO LOVES.

The sun was sinking behind the poplar-skirted "dead'n-ing" of a Louisiana plantation, on the banks of the Missis-

sippi, one July (September) day, and the twilight shadows were stealing out from the recesses of the grim old woods, as a young girl rode at a rapid pace from the adjoining road to the summit of the levee, and shading her eyes with her hand, gazed long and anxiously down the river.

She was a very handsome picture, as she sat there waiting impatiently. Scarce eighteen, yet developed by a southern sun into mature womanhood. Her form lithe and graceful, undulating with every motion of her steed; a lock of her raven hair escaped from the jaunty riding hat down upon her neck; and her flashing steel grey eyes lit up with a beauty that was almost supernatural. Evidently disappointed in her search, she turned her horse's head, and striking the chaffing animal pettishly with her whip, galloped off towards the collection of Negro cabins near by, that formed the "quarters" of the plantation. She was met by a smiling, white-headed old Negro, with a low bow and salutation of:

"Good-ebenin', Miss Winnie, how's you all at home?"

"Oh, we are all quite well, Uncle Isaac, and Milly sends her love to you and Aunt 'Liza; but Isaac—" and the girl hesitated as she spoke—"have you seen anything of the Yankee gunboat hereabouts this afternoon? The *Rattler*—you know the boat I mean, Isaac?"

"Oh, yes, Miss Winnie, I knows the *Rattler* right well; and dat ar Yankee capen—Mass' Glenoy dey calls him. Oh, yes, I knows dem, for I sold dem a dozen chickens and free dozen eggs last Saturday when dey stopped in here, and my ole woman—"

"Yes, yes, Isaac, I see that you know them; but have you seen the boat to-day?" interrupted the girl, impatiently.

"Now raaly, Miss Winnie, you'se so unpatient."

"Well, well, Isaac, have your own way!"

"I was jus' goin' to tell you, Miss, dat my ole woman said, as she was ridin' up from Mass' Alec Dunbar's, down ribber, you know, she saw dat werry same gunboat out in de ribber a smoking away as do she was jus' goin' to start. Why, look dar, Miss Winnie!" and he pointed to a column of dark smoke curling up above the trees below the point, a few miles down the river. "Dat am de berry 'dentical smoke now I do believe."

A smile of gratification stole over the girl's face, as she glanced in the direction pointed out by the Negro, and she muttered, "He will not fail me after all! But I must hasten home and be ready to receive him!" and she struck her horse and galloped away, while the Negro watching her with the curiosity of his race, soliloquized:

"Now what does Miss Winnie want to know so much about dat ar Yankee gunboat for. 'Tisn't for no good, I'se sure, for ef dare is an out an out rebel in dis parish it's dat same gal, and I'se know'd her eber sence she wasn't bigger dan a possum. I'clar she's as cunnin' as one now. I think I'll go ober to Duncannon dis ebening and see what's goin' on ober dar, for I don't believe dat ar Mass' Colonel Levert is hangin' round dar for nuffin!" and muttering to himself, Isaac drove his cows up to the cabin where old Eliza was anxiously waiting to milk them.

The gunboat, meanwhile, was ploughing her way up stream against the rapid current. Standing upon her upper deck were two officers in conversation, one of them by his shoulder straps the commander of the vessel, the other his executive officer. The superior officer was of medium height, with broad shoulders and well-knit frame, denoting the possession of great physical strength, while his square

face and low forehead, with a weak mouth and small, drooping, restless eyes, gave the impression that although an obstinate man, he was one who might be easily influenced and led by a superior mind.

"Do you not fear there may be some trap for your capture, Captain?" said the younger man to his commander.

"No, no, Harvey, I have satisfied myself on that score thoroughly."

"I have no right to criticise your movements, Captain Glenoy, if I had the inclination; but do you think it prudent for the commanding officer of a gunboat to leave his vessel at night and venture into the enemy's country alone?"

"My dear Harvey, I don't think it *prudent* for us to expose our precious lives in any manner to the enemy; but you are the last man to talk of prudence since the Clarendon affair, where you saved our White River fleet—not by prudence, but by one of the most daring feats of the war, and gained that other stripe by the operation," and he laid his finger on the young man's sleeve where the two rows of lace indicated his rank of master.

"But, Captain, that was an exigency—"

"And what do you call the present condition of affairs but an exigency? No, no, my dear fellow, prudence is not the question; I have an opportunity to make a *coup* by which I shall earn my step, and I intend taking advantage of it."

"Then you really think the desired information can be gained by keeping the appointment you refer to?"

"I am sure of it; and I shall land this very night for that purpose. So remember my instructions, Mr. Harvey, and have the skiff ready for me by eight o'clock," and the Captain turned away and descended to the cabin. Giving

directions to the orderly at his door, to prevent intrusion, Glenoy speedily divested himself of his uniform, and put on a suit of seaman's blue clothing that he had at hand. His toilette completed, he seated himself at the table, and opening his desk, drew from it a letter and two miniatures, each of which he took up in turn.

The pictures were of two very lovely women, but as far apart in their styles of beauty as the poles. One was a golden-haired girl with soft blue eyes, and a sunny smile that seemed to beam out from the painted card before him; but the other, upon which he gazed with intense fervor, was a brunette, with raven locks and flashing grey eyes that might well lure a man to perdition if 'twere the will of their mistress.

The first picture was of a daughter of New England to whom Glenoy had plighted his troth, and who only awaited his return to become his wife. A fair, honest face it was, and of one who loved him with her whole heart. The other we have already seen—it was the counterpart of the girl who was watching for the *Rattler* in the opening of our story.

"She is indeed beautiful!" exclaimed Glenoy, as he gazed upon the picture of Winnie, "and I love her as I have never loved before! Nay, gaze not upon me so sadly, fair saint," he said, as the fair girl's picture caught his eye, "I am resolved, and if perdition itself yawned beneath my feet, I will possess her!—and she loves me in return; let her own words prove it," and he opened the letter before him.

"Dear Ralph," it ran, "if you indeed love me as fondly as you have so often sworn, do not fail to meet me this evening at the usual place. I shall await you at nine o'clock, and shall accept no excuse in default of your appearance. I have matters of vital moment to us both to

present to your consideration, for upon the result of this evening's interview depends whether or no I am to be ever your own. WINNIE."

"What can it be that Winnie desires so anxiously, and upon which our future depends, as she says;—no matter, I shall soon learn from her own sweet lips, and nothing shall stand between us that I can overcome."

"Mr. Harvey, sir," announced the orderly.

"Let him come in. Well, Harvey, you see I am in costume; if anything should turn up against me I shall pass for a runaway Jack tar. Are we near Porcupine Point, yet?"

"Yes, sir, it is but a short distance ahead."

"What kind of a night have we?"

"Dark, sir, the moon does not rise till near morning."

"Ah, that is well. Now, Harvey, we thoroughly understand each other, do we not? At midnight you will be abreast of this point, on your way down river, and on the lookout for my signal; three rapid flashes from my dark lantern, as I shove off from the bank, will warn you that I am at hand. Now, if all is ready, I will go on deck and shove off."

"All is ready, sir," said Harvey, respectfully, "but I wish I could persuade you to forego this expedition, or, at least, to take an armed boat's crew with you."

"Nonsense, Harvey! A boat's crew would arouse suspicion, and defeat the object I have in view. No, no, I have no fear, so let us be going, for it is nearly eight o'clock."

The two passed on deck, the skiff was quietly lowered into the water, the *Rattler* was stopped, and Glenoy, entering the frail boat, seized the paddles and dropped away into the darkness.

LANDING OF TROOPS ON JAMES ISLAND, S. C.

THE TEMPTATION.

In a dimly-lighted and scantily-furnished apartment in the overseer's house, on Duncannon plantation, sat Winnie Bragdon and her cousin, Colonel Levert, the owner of Ellerslie, the adjoining estate, a property rivaling some of the German Duchies in extent, and yielding, before the war, a princely revenue to its now impoverished and proscribed proprietor. Levert was a young man of twenty six, with all characteristics of the fiery Southron, nowise ameliorated by the reckless life he had led in the Confederate army during the past three years.

He had evidently just arrived from a long and muddy ride, by the splashed appearance of his garments. He is seated close to Winnie, and the ardent glances he is casting at the damsel bespeak the lover most unmistakably.

"Do you really think he will come, Winnie?" said he, anxiously.

"I am confident of it, Charles; the fool is well snared; leave it to me that he breaks not from the net."

"We must not fail, Winnie; this plan, if successful, will be a vital blow to the enemy, and rid our river at once of these hated Yankees. Our force combined with Johnson, and we shall crush Sherman as readily as we chased Banks and his myrmidons from Western Louisiana."

"We shall not fail, Charles. I have this Glenoy utterly in my power; if naught else will avail, I will sacrifice myself for our cause."

"Never, Winnie!" exclaimed the Colonel; "I will not live to see you the bride of a Yankee. No, no! Promise all he may demand, but when the time of payment comes, refer him to me. Ah! what noise is that?" and Levert seized his pistol and placed himself in a position for defense.

"Hold, Charles," she exclaimed, "it is only old Abram whom I placed as sentinel;" and she approached the window and cautiously peered out. Then turning, cried out, "The Captain 's coming; quick! step in here," and she opened a door leading into an adjoining apartment. The Colonel entered, and Winnie seated herself at a table, as Glenoy, accompanied by an old Negro, entered the room.

"My dearest Winnie," he exclaimed as he pressed his lips to her hand, "it seems an age since I have seen you, my beloved one."

"Be seated, Ralph," and she motioned him toward a chair; "Abram go outside and keep a sharp look-out that I am not interrupted; if anyone approach, give the same signal as before." The servant bowed, and obeyed his mistress.

"Ralph," said Winnie, "I have sent for you this evening on very important business—"

"Business? dearest, I detest the word. I see you but once in three weeks, and you speak to me of business. There should be no business between lovers."

"Oh, you are absurd," she rejoined; "you love me, do you not?"

"Love you, Winnie. Oh!—"

"There, there, moderate your transports and spare your vows. Well, loving me, it is fair to suppose you wish to be with me. Am I not right?"

"I would never leave thee, Winnie. Be mine, and we will never part."

At this ardent declaration the door of the Colonel's room creaked ominously, and the girl, glancing cautiously in that direction over Glenoy's shoulder, saw Levert peering out upon his rival.

"Very well. Now, Ralph, I will be frank with you. I am a daughter of the South, and can never wed an enemy of my country. Ponder well upon my words and weigh them carefully. If you would gain my hand, you must win it."

Glenoy gazed at her intently for a few moments.

"What do you mean, Winnie?" he said at last.

"Honestly and truly, then, Ralph, you must join us if you would have me. This was the object of my appointment. Come, what say you; have you made your choice?"

Glenoy bowed his head upon the table, and seemed wrapped in thought, while the false girl glanced anxiously from her victim to Levert, and impatiently awaited the decision of their dupe. Ralph meanwhile had in fancy roamed far away to another and purer scene—the home of his childhood in the valley of the Connecticut—where even now a pure maiden kneels in her chamber and implores of the Throne of Grace protection for her beloved and absent sailor.

If there be power in the prayers of the good, let us hope they may avail him in this hour of trial! But no! he spurns the pure impulse that is stealing upon him, and his good angel mournfully leaves his side, as Glenoy, raising his head, encounters the searching eyes of his tempter.

"I consent, Winnie," he muttered. "I am yours, body and soul—do with me as you will, if you will become my wife."

"Dear Ralph, I knew you loved me," said the wily girl, bending over him and imprinting a kiss upon his forehead.

"Love you!" exclaimed Glenoy, seizing her in his arms, and pressing kiss upon kiss on her unwilling lips. "Love you! For love of you I have earned eternal shame; yet glory in that shame, having but your love!"

Releasing herself from this unwelcome embrace, Winnie seated herself again at the table.

"Thanks, Ralph—my own Ralph—for this proof of your love. You join us then, and are now under my orders; I am to be your commanding officer for the future."

"Yes, Winnie; if you desire it, I will return no more to my vessel."

"No, no, Ralph, that will never do. Let me explain my plan. I am proud of you, darling, and am not willing to see you sink down into obscurity. You are ambitious; am I not right?"

"Yes, Winnie; at least I once thought myself so."

"Why should you not advance in our service beyond your wildest anticipations in your own?"

"What do you mean, girl?"

"Listen! Our General requires your aid in furtherance of a scheme. It is in your power to serve him as he wishes; do this, and a general's commission awaits you, and the day you put on your new uniform Winnie Bragdon becomes your bride."

"What does he require of me?"

"Simply this," replied the girl, and she grasped his arm as though to prevent his escape. "You must give up your boat to us."

"Ten thousand fiends, girl!" exclaimed Glenoy, springing to his feet. "Surrender my vessel! Never!"

Winnie arose, and with an evil look in her grey eyes approached him.

"Enough of this folly, Ralph Glenoy; decide now once for all; will you do my bidding, and receive my hand as your reward; or am I to say farewell to you now and forever?" and drawing the mantle about her form, she approached the door.

For an instant he hesitated; but the demon had him in his toils, and throwing himself at her feet, he seized her garments, exclaiming in impassioned accents:

"Thine, at whatever cost!"

THE PLOT.

Delighted at the success of her plan, Winnie determined to lose no time in entangling her victim still further in the project; so, opening the door, she called Abram to come in, and speaking in a loud voice, said:

"Abram go to Aunt Nancy's cabin and desire the gentleman you will find there to come here."

"Yes, Miss Winnie, but what gentleman is it you wants to see, for I don't beliebe dere 's anybody dere but ole Pete, her husband."

"Go, do as you are bid," said Winnie, sternly, "you will find Colonel Levert there," she added, with a significant emphasis.

"Why, Miss Winnie," exclaimed the bewildered Negro, "Massa Charles is—"

"Leave the room this instant," interrupted Winnie, and Abram went his way, scratching his head perplexedly.

Meanwhile the Colonel, taking the hint, had jumped from a convenient window in his room to the ground, and overtaking Abram on the way to Aunt Nancy's, returned with him to the room where Winnie was keeping the Captain engaged in cheerful conversation.

"My cousin, Colonel Levert, Captain Glenoy," said Winnie, as the Colonel entered. "Colonel this is a new recruit to our ranks; as such, I bid you welcome him as warmly as his devotion merits."

"Spare your praises, Winnie," said Ralph: "this

gentleman is an emissary from General Kirby Smith, I presume?"

"No, no, Captain, not an emissary, merely one of his staff; but none the less glad to welcome you to our cause."

"Colonel Levert," said Winnie, "in as few words as possible, state to Captain Glenoy what is expected of him; he is ready to aid us at all hazards. Is it not so, Ralph?"

"Yes, yes," responded Glenoy, "but let me hear at once what I am to do. It is a bitter pill. I will swallow it and have done."

"Briefly, then, Captain, we propose that you shall deliver your boat to us on the night of the 18th, when we will fill her with troops and drop down stream to the next gunboat. Having the signal book, and your aid, we can run alongside of her unexpected, can we not?"

"Yes," answered the Captain, between his set teeth.

"Gaining possession of her, we shall have two steamers filled with well-armed men. The iron-clad *Pittsburg* off Grand Gulf will be the next object for a *coup de main*, and then—"

"Enough! Enough!" interrupted Glenoy. "I would know no more of your scheme. I see the result will be the utter destruction of our—did I say our?—of the Federal fleet. If I consent to this I make one stipulation."

"What is that?" said Levert, anxiously.

"The promise that all the naval prisoners you take shall be released within one month. I will not consign my shipmates and friends to the tender mercies of prison pens, bad as I am."

"Your request shall be granted, I vouch for that," responded the Colonel. "And now, Captain, let me beg of you to take a more cheerful view of this matter. Remember

you are aiding a people ever generous, and not likely to forget or slight claims upon their gratitude so eminent as yours."

"I thank you, Colonel Levert, but my reward is here. For the love of this lady, I have abandoned the cause I had sworn to protect. Let us understand each other. I shall be true to you, but it is for no love I bear the South; farewell, sir. Winnie," and he turned to the girl, "my boat awaits me, and I must go. One kiss, darling; nay, be not ashamed. This is my betrothed bride, sir," and pressing her to his bosom he strode out of the room.

Winnie gazed after him a moment, and then turned to the Colonel:

"I almost regret that we have gone so far," she said; "it is vile treachery, indeed, Charles, and sullies all who mingle in it."

"In good sooth it is not to my taste, Winnie, but the glorious end justifies the means, be they ever so crooked. You must play the game out, now that it is commenced, darling."

"I will not fail you, but it is a bitter trial to me; come, let us go into the house," and she shivered as she passed out of the room, although the air was warm and sultry.

The pair had scarcely left the apartment when a woolly head peeped from behind a large settle in a dark corner of the room, and, finding the coast clear, our old friend Isaac made his appearance upon the scene.

"Well, I 'clar ef dat doesn't beat all! What won't dat gal be up to nex'? Fus she lubs de Colonel, and den she goes clean 'stracted arter Mass' Glenoy; and den she frows *him* off again. Now, who *does* she want, I likes to know? Talk about de sarpent inweiglin' Ebe in de Garden ob

Eden; what sort a show any decent snake hab wid a gal like Miss Winnie, now? I wish dey tole a little more about tookin' dem gunboats while dey was 'bout it. Howeber, I'se gwine to Mass' Harvey and tells him all about dat ar Capen Glenoy joinin' de rebs, anyway. Dat 's what I 'll do de berry fust chance."

And Isaac shuffled off, turning the matter over in his mind.

PLOT AND COUNTERPLOT.

It is the afternoon of the 18th of July—the day appointed by the colonel for the surrender of the *Rattler*—and she is lying quietly at anchor off Hurricane Island, some twelve miles above the scene of our last chapter. The crew are lounging about in the shade of the awnings, reading their letters and papers just left by the semi-monthly mail-boat; while the officers, with the exception of the ensign on duty, are similarly engaged in the wardroom.

The commander is alone in his cabin; stretched upon a lounge he is wrapped in thought, and seems to have been long unconscious of matters about him, for upon a table, unnoticed, the pile of letters constituting his mail from home remains unopened. With a deep sigh he arouses himself from his meditations, and as the letters catch his eye he moves listlessly toward the table and examines them more closely. One of the letters he opened was in a female hand.

"Poor Jennie," he exclaimed, sadly, as he glanced at its pages filled with the out-pourings of a simple and pure heart, that held no thought of love but for him—"Poor girl; this will be a sad blow for you indeed! Yet it may be for the best, for I fear I never could have made her happy. The dove mates not well with the hawk, the lamb

A CHARGE OF COLORED TROOPS ON JAMES ISLAND.

cannot lie down with the jackal. 'Tis strange that this gentle little maiden should have loved such a wild ne'er do well as I have ever been! But here is the consolation for all my sacrifices," and he drew from his breast the picture of Winnie, and gazed upon it long and ardently. "Ah, my own wild beauty; you are a more fitting bride for me. Nothing shall keep us apart; away with all these puling recollections; from this hour I commence a new life, and as I destroy all that links me to the past, I dedicate myself, Winnie, to thee alone!" As he spoke, he drew from his desk a package of letters and Jennie's picture, and tearing them into fragments, cast them into the river.

Calling the orderly, he then summoned Mr. Harvey, who speedily made his appearance in the cabin.

"Harvey," said he, "I have positive information that Gens. Dick Taylor and Polignac are to pass the night at Harrison's house ashore here; they are making a brief visit, and have no guard with them, or, at most, a couple of orderlies. I shall need thirty men, with two officers, to surround the house and take them prisoners to-night."

"Very well, sir, I will make the necessary arrangements," replied Harvey. "Who do you propose to send in charge of the party? or, shall you go yourself?"

"No, Harvey; I have had enough of night work, lately. I think you had better send Mr. Allen, and let Mr. Britain go with him."

"I would suggest, captain, that Mr. Allen has scarcely had experience enough for work of this nature; I should certainly ask to go myself, if this twist I got in my ankle yesterday would allow me to walk out of a hobble."

"Mr. Allen will answer every purpose; there will be no resistance. I shall not land the party until after mid-

night, and it will be a complete surprise. He will find both of our birds in their nests, and there will not be a shot fired."

"I will make the detail at once, sir, and notify Mr. Allen of your wish."

"Do so, Mr. Harvey, and send him to me for his orders, if you please. By the way, how many men did you send away in that draft, by the despatch-boat to-day?"

"Thirty-five, sir; and it leaves us very short-handed. There are four or five of our Negro firemen asking permission to go on shore on the Island, at the Freedmen's Camp; they have some kind of a frolic there to-night, and will keep it up till morning. As you propose to send so large a party out of the boat, I don't suppose you wish them to go now."

"Oh, yes, Harvey, let them go, we shall get on very well without them, and as I am going down river shortly, they may not have another opportunity of seeing their friends and sweethearts."

"Then I will give them permission to go, sir," and he left the cabin.

"'Tis strange," soliloquized the captain, "how well the devil is served; here are seventy men disposed of, leaving but a handful on board. Well, it will make the job easier for Levert than I had anticipated. Let me see his letter again," and he drew forth a paper. "'Instructions for Captain Glenoy,' he has the impudence to head it," he muttered, as he read the document carefully over. It was as follows:

SIR:—On the evening of the 18th, a brigade of 1,800 men will be in readiness at a point near Ellerslie plantation, to embark in your steamer. Lieut. Carter, C. S. N., has command of a detail of picked men, who will act as a boarding party. I would suggest that you send thirty or forty of your crew on shore in a couple of your largest boats on some pretended

expedition—the plan I leave to your own judgment; these men I will surround and capture. Lieutenant Carter can then put his party into your boats, return to your vessel and probably get on board without detection, having the countersign you will give out for the night.

With your weakened crew we can easily arrange that the resistance will be slight. After you are 'captured' we shall run you into the bank, embark our men, and proceed down river at once, as arranged when we last met. Read these instructions carefully, and take every precaution to insure the success of the scheme. *Rattler* will be the countersign for the night. Yours,

C. LEVERT, Col. and A. D.C.

"Well, everything has fallen out as happily for our project as we could wish, and I see nothing to mar its final accomplishment. I must wait patiently for midnight, now, and then have this work over. Orderly," and he touched his bell. "Tell Mr. Allen I wish to see him in the cabin."

Leaving the traitor to complete his villainous preparations, we will return to the shore. In one of the cabins of Ellerslie plantation, three Negroes are busily engaged in conversation. They are Isaac, Abram, and his wife Nancy.

"You'se sho' dey 're in de cottonwood, Abram?" said Isaac.

"Sho'? Ob course I'se sho'. I was huntin' round arter dat contrary mule ob Mass' Harry's, when I come right on de top ob dem."

"Massey's sake!" ejaculated Nancy.

"Dat is to say, I should a been on top ob 'em, ef a fellow in a grey coat had not poked de bar'l ob his gun in my face, and stopped me."

"Abram, you may 'pend 'pon it, dey 's up to mischief," said Isaac.

"I beliebe you, honey; but what we got to do wid it? Dey ain't gwine to hurt us pore critters, is dey?" said Isaac.

"Abram, I'se 'shamed ob you! We knows well enough,

dey isn't goin' to hurt us; but dey is going to hurt our frens', dat is to say, de Yankees; and de Lord knows we ain't got no oder frens' down here, now-a-days."

"Dat's true enuff, Ike, and Abram knows it, too, said Nancy.

"Well, what we gwine to do 'bout it, Isaac?" said Abram, mortified at the turn things were taking.

"I'll tell you what we's gwine to do. We's gwine to take your skiff, jes' as soon as it is dark enuff, and paddle off to de gunboat, and let 'em know what's gwine on. Dat's what we's gwine to do, Abram. Now Nancy, you go up to de house, and see what dey's doin' up dar, and come back and let me know all about it."

The old woman hobbled off to do as she was bid, and Isaac and Abram, like true Negroes, rolled over in a corner for a nap, till the darkness would enable them to go off to the vessel unobserved.

An hour before midnight the landing party, thoroughly armed, quietly embarked in two of the *Rattler's* largest cutters, and with many injunctions from the captain to Mr. Allen to be careful and secret in his movement, shoved off for shore. They had been gone from the vessel about an hour, when the sentry on the forecastle hailed, and reported a skiff with two Negroes close alongside. Glenoy had gone below and Harvey received them as they clambered over the side.

"What do you want here, boys, at this time of night?" he exclaimed, surprised at the visit.

"Hush, Mass' Harvey," whispered Isaac, shivering with excitement, "don't let de cap'en know 'bout dis."

"What do you mean? you block of ebony," queried Harvey, angrily.

"For de Lord's sake, Mass' Harvey, don't speak so loud, but jes' listen to me 'bout a minute. Dere 's more 'n two thousand rebels jus' out back ob de quarters dar and—"

"Great Heavens! is this really so, Isaac?" exclaimed Harvey, as he thought of his men going to certain capture. "Come along, boys, and tell your story to the captain at once!"

"Dat ar 's wot I 'm tryin' to 'splain to you, sir, ef you 'll gib me half a chance. *De cap'en 's in it, too!*"

"In it! In what? What do you mean? Speak up and talk lively."

In as few words as possible, Isaac told Harvey all he had gathered at the interview between Levert, Winnie and Glenoy. The young officer was thunderstruck at the revelation, and for several minutes speechless with horror and dismay. The earnestness of the Negro convinced him of his sincerity, and the presence of the large force at Ellerslie was confirmed by Abram, who had also seen the captain on the night of the meeting at Duncannon.

"I will convince myself at all hazards," he exclaimed, after a few moments' reflection, "and I may be in time to save our poor boys from the trap. Quick, boys, jump into your canoe; I will join you in an instant!"

Rushing up to his room he buckled on a cutlass and revolver, and allowing the skiff to drop aft, entered it unobserved by his own crew. Seizing a paddle, he plied it vigorously, and the light boat flew through the water towards the shore.

THE ATTACK.

The *Rattler's* cutters, on leaving their vessel, pulled quietly in toward the bank with muffled oars, and speedily landed nearly abreast of the gunboat. Leaving two Negroes

as boat-keepers, Mr. Allen formed his men in line and started up towards the house, where he expected to secure his distinguished prisoners. Passing over the levee, he crossed the main road and struck into a by-path through the woods that approached the house in the rear.

All was quiet save the baying of the Negroes' dogs in the distance, and the occasional shriek of an owl in the tree-tops, and the men marched on in perfect silence, when suddenly a voice from the bushes exclaimed in a loud tone:

"Halt! You are surrounded! Lay down your arms, and surrender!"

"Not if I know myself," replied the officer, with admirable self-possession, notwithstanding his utter surprise at the ambush. "Fire, boys, on the right flank!" and a sheet of flame burst from the thirty muskets, at the command.

This random discharge was of little avail, and when replied to by the concealed enemy the discharge was received by a party of the enemy's gun-boatmen, who unexpectedly came up behind the *Rattler's* crew as they crouched upon the ground preparing to give the rebs another volley. The rebel gun-boatmen thinking they were attacked by Union men returned the fire. Several volleys resulting in the death of a number of rebels by the hands of their own friends, were delivered before the mistake was discovered. After this, the *Rattler's* men being surrounded, were compelled to surrender.

"You are a brave man, sir," said Col. Levert, as he approached Allen, "and it is no disgrace to surrender to such a force as mine."

"Bad luck to me!" ejaculated the young officer, "my first expedition nipped in the bud. What will the captain say when he hears of it?"

"Come up to the house, sir; you are my guest for the night. I will forward any message you may desire to send to your captain, in the morning. Gentlemen who hunt must expect to be hunted in their turn, you know," said Levert, as they rode towards the house.

In the meantime the Colored boat-keepers had been killed, after a desperate resistance, by Carter's Confederate gun-boatmen, who had expected to seize the cutters without alarming the *Rattler*. Their firing and noisy pulling warned Harvey, who had nearly reached the shore, that he was too late to save his comrades, and that he must hasten to make a struggle for the safety of his vessel.

Straining every muscle at his paddle, he gained rapidly on the cutters and soon came within hail of the gunboat.

"Boat ahoy!"

"*Rattler*," he responded, as he struck her side and leaped on board. His plans were already matured, and without calling the captain, he seized the rattle and gave the alarm that awoke every sleeper fore and aft, with the call to arms.

"Man the port battery!" he shouted through the trumpet. "Go ahead on the engine. Stand by to slip the cable!"

At this moment the captain appeared on the gundeck.

"Silence fore and aft!" he shouted. "What is the meaning of this, Mr. Harvey? Are you mad? Am *I* not in command of this vessel?" he exclaimed, in tones of thunder.

"Boats ahoy," hailed the quartermaster, at this juncture.

"*Rattler*," was the response.

"Do you not hear, sir; they are our own boats returning!"

View of U. S. Steamer *Rattler*, Mississippi Squadron, taken off Natchez, Miss., before the attempt of her captain to deliver her to the Confederates.—From a photograph.

"Ay, sir, they are returning, but they are *filled with rebels.* Captain Glenoy, you are a traitor!" said Harvey, in a low tone.

Glenoy cowered and shrunk back, and Harvey springing to the gangway shouted to his amazed crew:—

"Train your guns on those boats; depress well. Fire!"

The guns belched forth, and by the lurid light of the flashes the boats were seen to have ceased moving, and were evidently seriously injured by the well-directed broadside.

"Load again with canister!" cried Harvey. "Are the engines ready, Mr. Shaffer?" said he to the chief engineer, who at that moment came out of the engine-room.

"I shall be ready in a few minutes, Mr. Harvey," he replied, "but my firemen are nearly all out of the ship."

"Ah, yes, I see it all, now," exclaimed Harvey, as he remembered the captain's unusual kindness in permitting the Negroes to go on shore that evening. "We are disabled as a part of the plan. Do your best, Shaffer, we can't lay here much longer," and he turned from the engineer, and looked out upon the river. "As I feared," he muttered, as he saw the boats creeping up again astern; "they intend to try us in the rear, where we have no teeth."

"Repel boarders on the port quarter!" he shouted, "lay aft here, every mother's son of you!"

He was none too quick, for the boats had almost got alongside as his men rushed aft and delivered a withering fire of small arms upon the rebels, who now that disguise was no longer of avail, dashed up to the attack yelling like demons. The *Rattler's* fire was promptly returned by the men in the boats, and several of Harvey's little band fell upon the deck severely wounded.

"Give it to them, boys," shouted Harvey, cheerily "don't let one of them get on board alive!" and he dealt a slashing blow with his cutlass at the head of a tall fellow who had crept up the side near him.

Carter, who had been an officer in our navy and had resigned when Virginia had seceded, finding it impossible to obtain a footing on board the *Rattler* in the face of such an unlooked for and determined resistance, detached one of his boats to pull quietly around on the other side of the vessel, and board in the starboard gangway, thus taking Harvey in the rear. This plan would have been fatal to the *Rattler* if old Isaac, who was keeping out of the way of the combat, had not seen them coming and given the alarm. Mr. Shaffer, hearing the outcry, gathered his firemen, and dragging the hot water hose to that side, turned on the water from the boilers, and deluged the approaching boat with scalding water and steam. No human beings could face this volley, and with yells of agony they dropped their oars, screaming for mercy.

"All ready with the engine, Mr. Harvey," reported Mr. Shaffer to the gallant fellow who was busily engaged in repelling the attack of the other boat, and was not yet aware of the defeat of one portion of the attacking party. "Go ahead then, strong. Let slip the cable, quartermaster," he cried, and the chain rattled out of the hawse pipes as the vessel forged slowly ahead, clear of the bleeding and discomfited remnant of his foes.

"I don't think *they* will want any more gruel; they are repulsed fast enough; I wonder what comes next on their wretched programme. But I must temporize with the captain, I suppose, or I shall be in hot water. I must have better proof of his treachery than a Negro's story, or I shall

never be believed;" and he made the best of his way to the captain's cabin.

Glenoy was pacing the floor of his apartment, wild with rage and mortification. His plans, so skillfully laid, were foiled, and the suspicions of his chief officer directed toward him, he felt certain. His game was up. Safety in flight, ignominious flight, seemed his only resort, and that quickly and while he yet had the opportunity. At this moment Harvey knocked and entered the cabin. Glenoy approached him with extended hands.

"Ah! Harvey!" he exclaimed, "what a fearful night's work, and to your vigilance and energy alone am I indebted for the safety of the vessel!"

Harvey bowed coldly in response.

"Yes," continued the captain, "aroused suddenly from my sleep by the call to quarters, I rushed to the gundeck and thought you were about to fire upon our own men. Poor fellows, I fear they have been captured."

"I fear they have, sir," replied Harvey.

"Well; keep under easy steam for the night, have your wounded attended to, and in the morning we will pick up our men from the Island and steam down to Grand Gulf to report this disastrous affair, and fill up our crew. By-the-way, did I not see a skiff alongside?"

"Yes, sir; it belongs to a Negro from the shore."

"Very well, hold on to it; for since the loss of the cutters we may need it. Good-night, Harvey; I trust you will turn in for the few hours of the night remaining; we shall have a busy day to-morrow."

Harvey left the cabin, and after clearing up the debris of the night, turned in for a brief nap, leaving the deck in charge of one of the ensigns. Glenoy, in the meanwhile,

dressed himself hastily in the sailor's suit he wore in the first chapter, and taking his revolver and a good supply of ammunition, stole out on the gundeck and noiselessly entering the canoe severed the painter, and allowed the boat to drift away with the current.

THE TRAITOR'S REWARD.

The following morning, Winnie was listening to an account of the attack and repulse, brought down by a Colored woman from Ellerslie, when the door opened and Glenoy entered the room, and motioning the latter to leave, closed the door. Glenoy's dress was stained, his face was haggard, and there was a wild gleam in his eyes that Winnie had never seen there before.

"You here, Captain Glenoy?"

"Where else should I be, my own darling, but at your feet? For you I have sacrificed all men hold dear in life. I have come for my reward!"

"What do you mean, sir?" she exclaimed.

"Did you not promise to become my wife?"

"Yes, when you had placed your vessel in the hands of my friends. Have you filled your compact in murdering them instead?"

"Winnie, this is an evasion. Through some means beyond my ken, our plan was revealed to Mr. Harvey, who opened fire upon Carter without my permission; nay, in the face of my orders to the contrary. I am not in fault; and you behold me a fugitive from my vessel, seeking the dearly-purchased reward at your hands. Come to me, Winnie; I need comfort in this hour of disgrace!" and he approached her, and strove to draw his arm about her waist.

"Off sir! your touch is pollution! Think you I would

wed a traitor?" and she shrank back from him in disgust.

"A traitor say you? And who made me a traitor, but you, base girl? Is this to be my reward? Is it for this I have sullied a fair name, and became an outcast from mankind? Be it so; but I will not go alone. You shall share the outlaw's fate. I have sworn to make you my bride, and I will keep my oath!"

"Heavens! what would you?" she exclaimed in terror.

"We are here alone; there are no men within miles of us; my horse is at the door, and you shall go with me to my hiding place in the swamp! You shall be the mistress of my cane-brake palace!" he cried, in a voice husky with passion.

"Help, help!" she screamed, rushing to the window.

"Your cries are in vain, mistress. Come; to the horse!" and seizing her in his stalwart arms, he dashed through the passage; and swinging her upon the saddle by a herculean effort, sprang up himself and put spurs to his horse before the bewildered house-servants could comprehend the situation. Dashing across the home lot, Glenoy entered the belt of woods which stretched along close in its rear, and was soon lost to view.

Not long after this scene, Colonel Levert rode up to the house. Before he could dismount he was surrounded by a crowd of affrighted Negroes, each striving to relate the story of their mistress's mysterious abduction, to the astonished lover. That Winnie was in the hands of a desperado was sufficient to nerve the colonel to every exertion; and, without pausing an instant, he drove the spurs into his willing beast and galloped off in the direction pointed out to him, followed by Winnie's favorite hound.

At the edge of the wood Levert came upon the fresh tracks of the fugitive, and with the keen senses of the hunter fully alive, he found no difficulty in following Glenoy through the wood and down to the road that skirted along the river bank. Sparing neither whip nor spur, Levert felt that he must be gaining upon his prey, and he was soon rewarded by hearing the sharp yelp of the hound, which told him the dog had sighted the chase. He cheered his panting steed on with his voice, and soon caught sight of Glenoy through an opening of the woods, a short distance ahead. Every bound of his horse now brought him nearer to his love; a smile of triumph stole over his face, and he breathed hard through his set teeth, as he detached the carbine from the saddle-bow.

He raised the piece to his shoulder, but his heart failed him as he thought of the fearful consequence of a false aim; he dared not fire lest Winnie should be injured.

Turning in his saddle, Glenoy recognized his pursuer, and muttered his name, coupled with a curse. The sound of her lover's name aroused Winnie from her stupor, and she cried aloud,—

"Help, Charles! Save me! Save me from this ruffian!"

"I come, Winnie. I *will* save you!" answered Levert, in cheerful accents. At this moment an ominous but familiar sound struck upon the colonel's ear; and ere he could shout,—

"Quick, to the right! Turn to the right!" the earth cracked, yawned, and with a dull plunge a large section of the bank caved away and slid into the river, carrying with it Glenoy's horse and its double burden, and bearing all before it into the seething waters beneath.

With a scream of horror Levert reined in his horse

upon the brink of the abyss, and gazed spell-bound into the cavern formed beneath him. As he stood there the body of the horse, crushed and bleeding, appeared, drifting down upon the relentless stream; but never more shall mortal eyes behold Winnie Bragdon or Ralph Glenoy!

NOTE.—These land slides are of very common occurrence on the Mississippi, and are often of great magnitude. As an instance of the encroachment of the "Father of Waters," the old town of Grand Gulf is now beneath the river; and but half a dozen houses remain of a once populous and flourishing place.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

The author will here add to Commander Stanhope's story an account of the fate which befell the Colored boat-keepers.

They were men of good appearance, intelligent and reliable, and sacrificed their lives in the performance of duty.

Entombed by the "Father of Waters," their graves unknown, no floral tribute may be offered to them on Memorial day, but they deserve a grateful remembrance in the hearts of American patriots.

On our reaching the Louisiana shore, after rowing quietly away from the *Rattler*, they were given charge of the cutters by the officer leading the landing party.

"Now, boys," said he, "I've picked you out to be sentries here and to keep these boats, because I can trust you. The boats must not be surrendered. Hold them for us at any cost. You understand me?"

"Yes, yes," answered the Negroes, "we understand." "They will not be taken from us," continued one, "while we live to defend them. Depend upon us, and be sure to bring

back with you those rebel officers. We have a curiosity to see them."

"All right, lads," said the officer, with a subdued, good-natured chuckle; "I'll try to do my part, so don't fail to do yours."

With these words of admonition he left the guards, and rejoined the men who had formed in double-file on the levee, under a petty officer. The detail then proceeded quickly and cautiously on its way to capture by surprise the big quarry which Glenoy had assured them was within easy sighting, but to be, on the contrary, themselves entrapped and made game in an ambush eagerly awaiting them.

It was not long after the squad's departure that the boat-keepers were startled by sounds ominous of a stealthy approach of enemies. They were, doubtless, on the alert, and strained eyes and ears to detect in the darkness any subtile foes, who, watching day and night the *Rattler's* movements, might be near them, and ready to pounce down upon them.

The night was somewhat hazy, and the dense woods near the high sloping bank, on the edge of which the prows of the cutters lightly rested, threw a deep shadow all around them. Back of them, a mile distant, anchored near the Mississippi shore, was the steamer whose safety, and escape from a treasonable capture, depended upon them, although they did not know it.

They were armed only with cutlasses, and, standing forward in their boats, with a cutlass in the right hand and a boat-hook in the other, each man was prepared to strike an enemy and at the same time shove off into deeper water.

It would have been easy to put them out of the way with firearms, but it was not on Carter's programme to do

any shooting then, if it could be avoided, lest the loyal officers of the *Rattler,* in spite of the traitorous captain, should be forewarned to defend their vessel.

While those brave men stood like statues in their boats, peering into the gloom where Death lurked and was preparing relentless shafts for them, keenly alive to duty, faithful to the flag under which they had gained their freedom, they did not flinch from responsibility.

There was a rustle, a quick tread of many feet, a rush, and the shore was lined with foes pointing guns and pistols, while Carter, in a firm undertone, ordered them to surrender.

"Men, give up these boats. There is no escape for you. Surrender, and we will do you no harm."

"We can 't surrender. We 've pledged ourselves to keep these boats. We would rather die, anyway, at our post than be butchered ashore. We are Negroes."

"Yes," replied Carter, coming nearer, "I know now that you are, but didn't know it at first. It makes no difference. You are plucky boys, and I promise you, yes, I swear on my honor, that no hurt will come to you if you give up without any more parley."

Carter, with some of his men, came almost within touching distance of the Black heroes, who stood defiantly ready, with uplifted cutlasses, to strike the first who should attempt to seize their boats, making an effort, with boat-hooks in their left hands, to push off. As the boats cleared the shore, Carter, seeing their design, said to his men quietly, "Grapple the boats! Hold on to them! Be quick!" With these exclamations he leaped into the water, waist deep, and laid hold upon one. His men followed his example and caught the boats at and near their prows, before they could be backed beyond their depth.

A terrific blow was aimed at Carter's head, which he dodged, but it took effect on his left hand, disabling it so that he let go, but with his right he held on to his revolver. The Negroes fought furiously, cutting right and left at every head that came near enough to be struck, and drove their assailants, who were at a disadvantage in the water, out of reach.

It was then that Carter, seeing them about to escape with the boats, and maddened with pain, dropped all secrecy and yelled—

"Shoot them down! Shoot them down!" and fired his revolver at the Negro who had wounded him. His victim fell backward out of the boat he had so gallantly defended and sunk in deep water. His comrade also, a companion in heroism and death, pierced by many bullets, rejoined him in depths of the Mississippi—tossed overboard by hands which slew him.

They died, and their death saved the *Rattler*. The clash of cutlass against sword and bayonet, and the report of arms, were borne across the water, and officer Harvey, warned again by Negroes, prepared to give the would-be boarders a hot reception and repulse.

While a prisoner at the headquarters of General Harrison's brigade, Louisiana Cavalry, the author met Lieutenant Carter, who carried his wounded hand in a sling, and learned from him the particulars of the attack upon the Colored boat-keepers.

"They were game to the last," said he, "and spoiled our plans. They were made of stuff that doesn't surrender, and they had to be killed."

Next morning after the fight, a boat from the *Rattler*, commanded by Harvey, searched the vicinity where the boat-

keepers fell. The battered and abandoned cutters, dyed with blood, were recovered, and floating among weeds along the shore were found the hats of the unfortunates.

These were kept as sacred relics on the *Rattler*, and went down with her, when, a few months later, in a great storm, she sunk near Grand Gulf, Mississippi.

Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Crockett at the Alamo, Custer on the Little Big Horn, did not face more fearful odds, nor fight more defiantly and heroically, than did those two Negro boatmen in the service of the Union, when on Sunday night, September 4, 1864, they were "faithful unto death."

A COLORED HERO.

William Stains, a Mulatto, was the body servant of General McClernand, and in the battle of Belmont, Mo., early in the war, exhibited conspicuous courage. He was close to the general during the whole engagement, cheering the soldiers, and jokingly declaring that he would shoot the first man that showed the white feather.

In the course of the fight a captain was struck by a spent ball, which disabled him from walking. Stains, who was mounted, rode up to him, and shouted, "Captain, if you can fight any longer for the old Stars and Stripes, take my horse and lead your men." He then dismounted and helped the wounded officer into the saddle. As he was walking away a rebel dragoon rushed forward at the officer to take him prisoner. The Negro quickly drew his revolver, put a ball through the rebel's head, and received the grateful thanks of the captain and the hearty cheers of his men.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PETERSBURG MINE AND CRATER.

THE COLORED TROOPS OF THE NINTH ARMY CORPS, FOURTH DIVISION, TAKE PART IN THE ASSAULT AND MAKE A HEROIC CHARGE.—THE CRATER BECOMES A SLAUGHTER PEN FOR WHITE AND COLORED SOLDIERS.

One of the most successful and unsuccessful attempts made by Union soldiers in the Civil War, and one in which Colored troops won great praise for bravery, was the famous mine explosion and accompanying assault at Petersburg, on Saturday morning, July 30, 1864.

That the affair would have been successful from start to finish if the fresh and ambitious Colored Division had been permitted, as originally intended, to go ahead in the charge through and around the crater, upon the enemy's inner line of works, was believed by General A. E. Burnside, commanding the Ninth Army Corps; by many other prominent officers; and by General Grant himself, who in his testimony before the "committee on the conduct of the war," expressed his belief "that if they (the Colored troops) had been placed in advance, as General Burnside desired, *the assault would have been successful*, although at the time the Colored troops were ordered in, the White troops already in were in confusion, and had failed in the assault upon the crest beyond the crater, and the fire of the enemy had become exceedingly destructive."

The committee reported further that "the Colored troops advanced in good order, passed through the enemy's lines and beyond our disorganized (White) troops there, and stopping but a short time to reform made the charge as directed; but the fire of the enemy was too strong, and some other of our (White) troops hurrying back through their lines, they were thrown into confusion and forced to retire."

General Burnside testified before the Committee that "each of the division commanders as well as every officer in the command who had given his attention to the subject in the least degree, was fully aware of the condition of the White troops, and all were fully impressed with the conviction that the Colored troops were in much better condition to lead the attack."

The Committee positively disclaimed any desire to censure the conduct of the White troops engaged, although they *confidently thought that the original selection of Colored troops was the best that could have been made.* Concluding their report the Committee stated that in their opinion the cause of the disastrous result of the assault was mainly attributable to the fact that the plans and suggestions of General Burnside who had devoted his attention for a long time to the subject, who had carried to a successful completion the project of mining the enemy's works, and who had carefully selected and drilled his troops for the purpose of securing whatever advantage might be attainable from the explosion of the mine, were entirely disregarded by a General (Meade) who had evinced no faith in the successful prosecution of that work, had aided it by no countenance or open approval, and had assumed the entire direction and control only when it was completed and the time had come for reaping any advantage that might be derived from it.

General J. K. Sigfried, of Pottsville, Penn'a, who commanded the First Brigade of the Fourth Division, and who led the charging column of Colored troops, in his report shows how well they behaved, and how triumphant they could have been, had they not been hindered by disorganized troops in front of them. The report, in part, was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS 1ST BRIG., 4TH DIV., 9TH ARMY CORPS,
BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., JULY 31, 1864.

SIR:—In obedience to orders I moved my brigade on the morning of the 30th inst. down the covered way immediately in the rear of Col. Humphrey's Brigade of the 3d Division. On arriving at the meadow I was halted by the stopping of his brigade. After remaining here sometime, I, in accordance with orders, moved by his brigade at a flank, as directed, across the field, through the crater made by the explosion of the mine. Great difficulty was experienced in passing through the crater, owing to its crowded condition: living, dead, wounded and dying crowded so thickly that it was very difficult to make a passage through. By the great exertion of the officers and *heroic determination of the (Colored) men*, my brigade finally made its way through, and was halted beyond by the line of intrenchments, which had been taken and was being held by troops of the 1st, 2d and 3d Divisions. Behind this line it formed in good order. The 43d Regiment, U. S. Colored troops, moving over the crest of the crater towards the right, *charged the enemy's intrenchments and took them, capturing a number of prisoners, a stand of colors, and recapturing a stand of national colors.* This line was part of the continuous line connecting with the crater. The balance of my brigade was prevented from

advancing into this line by the number of troops of the 1st, 2d and 3d Divisions in front of them. *This position left my brigade very much exposed to the fire of the enemy, and it was so exposed at least an hour.* Owing to the crowded lines of troops of the stated divisions immediately in front, it was impossible to get my brigade on. Just as the troops in front were about to make a charge, a White color-bearer, with his colors, crossed the works in retreat, and the troops gave way and sought shelter in the crater, where was concentrated soon a terrific fire from the enemy's batteries and intrenchments. My brigade held its position until pushed back by the mass of (White) troops which rushed back upon it, and until the enemy occupied the works to its left and the opposite side of the intrenchments, where, becoming exposed to a terrific flank fire, losing its numbers rapidly, and in danger of being cut off, it fell back behind the line temporarily occupied by a part of the 18th Corps, where it originally started from. Here it was rallied and placed in position on this line.

Too much praise cannot be awarded to the bravery of both officers and men. *The former fearlessly led, while the latter fearlessly followed* through a fire hot enough to cause the oldest of troops to falter.

Had it not been for the almost impassable crowd of troops of the leading divisions in the crater and intrenchments, Cemetery Hill would have been ours without a falter on the part of my brigade.

(Signed) J. K. Sigfried,
Colonel Commanding.

Having given some official testimony from high authority for the purpose of establishing the position taken with

reference to the conduct of the Colored troops in this battle, and its probable victorious outcome had they not been hindered, it will be interesting to go back to the inception of the mine; watch the miner-soldiers at their familiar work during its progress; notice the difficulties overcome by them; its completion and explosion; and the desperate charge to capture Petersburg.

As stated in the report of the Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War, the attack upon the Confederates before Petersburg, on the 16th, 17th and 18th of June, 1864, secured for the Ninth corps an advanced position beyond a deep cut in the railroad, about one hundred and twenty-five yards from the enemy's lines. Just in the rear of the position gained was a deep hollow, where work could be carried on entirely out of sight of the enemy.

A few days later, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants, of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, commanding the First brigade of the Second division of the Ninth army corps, suggested to General R. B. Potter, his division commander, that a mine could be run under one of the Confederate forts by means of which it could be blown up, and an opening made favorable for an assault. The suggestion having been submitted to General Burnside, it was approved by him, and the work of mining was commenced at 12 o'clock noon, on Saturday, the 25th of June.

Henry Pleasants had been a mining and civil engineer before the war, and a long experience in his profession qualified him for the peculiar work he was now given to manage, and he undertook it with confidence in its success, although Burnside told him that General Meade, and Major Duane, chief engineer of the army of the Potomac, said the thing could not be done; that it was all clap-trap and nonsense;

VIEWS AT THE PETERSBURG CRATER.

that such a length of mine had never been excavated in military operations, and could not be; that the men at work would either get smothered for want of air, or crushed by the falling of the top; or the enemy would find it out, and it would amount to nothing.

His regiment, then only four hundred strong, and composed mostly of coal miners from the anthracite region of Schuylkill County, Pennsylvania, did the work. A few men at a time were employed at first, but the number was increased as the mine progressed, until at last the whole regiment was engaged, non-commissioned officers included. The earth had to be removed in hand-barrows made out of cracker boxes, which were strengthened with pieces of hickory nailed on and then iron-claded with hoops taken from pork and beef barrels. The digging was done without suitable tools, and lumber and other materials requisite for such work, were lacking. The picks were made out of those used by the pioneers, and planks were obtained by tearing down a bridge, and afterwards by sending to a saw-mill, five or six miles distant. In spite of all hindrances the work progressed rapidly until Saturday, the 2d of July, when it reached an extremely wet ground. The timbers then gave way, and the gallery nearly closed, the roof and floor of the mine nearly meeting; but the 48th boys, who were used to mine explosions, floods and falls, didn't stop to give General Meade a chance to say "I told you so"; they retimbered and started again. From that point a stratum of marl had to be excavated whose consistency was like putty, and which caused progress to be necessarily slow. To avoid this, Pleasants ordered an inclined plane to be started, and in about one hundred feet rose thirteen and a half feet perpendicularly.

On Sunday, the 17th of July, the main gallery was completed, being $510\frac{8}{10}$ feet in length. The Confederates having obtained some information or suspicion of the mine, and having commenced searching for it, Pleasants was ordered to stop mining, which was, however, resumed on the 18th, by starting the left lateral gallery, and at 6 P. M. work was commenced on the lateral gallery to the right. At this time the Confederates could be heard very plainly working in the fort over them. The left gallery being 37 feet long, was stopped at midnight on Friday, July 22d; the right, being 38 feet long, was stopped at 6 P. M. July 23d, and the mine could have been charged and exploded immediately after. From that time the men were employed in draining, timbering, and placing in position eight magazines, four in each lateral gallery. The whole amount of material excavated was 18,000 cubic feet.

The mine was ventilated at first by having the fresh air go in along the main gallery as far as it was excavated, and to return charged with the gases generated by the breathing and exhalations of the workmen, by the burning of candles, and by those liberated from the ground, along and in a square tube made of boards, and whose area was sixty inches. This tube led to a perpendicular shaft twenty-two feet high, out of which this vitiated air escaped. At the bottom of this shaft was placed a grating, in which a large fire was kept burning continually, which, by heating the air, rarefied it, and increased its current. Afterwards, the fresh air was let in by the above-mentioned wooden tube, and the vitiated air made to return by the gallery and out of the shaft, a partition being placed with a door in the main gallery a little out of the shaft, to prevent its exit by the entrance of the mine. The latter plan was more advantageous because

the gases had to travel a less distance in the mine than before.

The great difficulty to surmount was to ascertain the exact distance from the entrance of the mine to the Confederate works, and the course of those works. This was accomplished by making five separate triangulations, which differed but slightly in their result. These were made on the most advanced line, and within 133 yards of the enemy's line of sharpshooters. Pleasants testified before the Committee on the Conduct of the War that he was not able to get suitable instruments to make his surveys. Said he: "Whenever I made application I could not get anything, although General Burnside was very favorable to it. The most important thing was to ascertain how far I had to mine, because if I fell short of or went beyond the proper place the explosion would have had no practical effect; therefore I wanted an accurate instrument with which to make the necessary triangulations. I had to make them on the furthest front line, where the enemy's sharpshooters could reach me. I could not get the instrument I wanted, although there was one at army headquarters, and General Burnside had to send to Washington and get an old-fashioned theodolite, which was given to me."

Having received the order to charge the mine on Wednesday, July 27th, the work of putting the powder in commenced at 4 P. M., and was finished at 10 P. M., at which time the tamping was begun, which was finished at 6 P. M. on the 28th. A space of thirty-four feet of the main gallery was tamped, and ten feet of the entrance of each of the side galleries; but the space between the magazines was left untamped.

The charge consisted of 320 kegs of powder, each con-

taining about twenty-five pounds. It was placed in eight magazines, connected with each other by troughs half filled with powder. These troughs from the lateral galleries met at the inner end of the main one, and from that point there were three lines of fuses for a distance of ninety-eight feet. Not having fuses as long as required, two pieces had to be spliced together to make the required length of each of the lines.

On the 29th of July, Pleasants received orders from corps headquarters to fire the mine at half-past three on Saturday, the following morning. The fuse was lighted at 3.15 A. M., but the explosion did not follow as expected, and after waiting until 4.15 A. M., First Lieutenant JACOB DOUTY, of company K, and Sergeant HENRY REES, of company F, 48th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, volunteered to go in and examine into the cause of the delay; and they found that the fire had stopped where the fuses were spliced. They relighted them, and at sixteen minutes of 5 o'clock, A. M., the powder exploded, and the fort went up. The effects on the enemy were awful. It so completely paralyzed those who escaped immediate destruction that the breach in their line was practically four or five hundred yards. The Confederates in the forts, both on the right and left of the one destroyed, fearing their time was about come to go up, left their works, and for over an hour not a shot was fired by their artillery. There was no fire from infantry from the front for at least half an hour; none from the left for twenty minutes, and but few shots from the right. Here was a grand opportunity for a *coup de main*, and to capture Petersburg. What might have been, had the original programme of assault been carried out, has already been presumed, but to make the presumption more certain, a little

more of the testimony given before the Committee on the Conduct of the War will be presented.

By General Edward Ferrero, commander of the 4th Division (Colored) of the 9th Army Corps:

"Before the commencement of the mine I had a conversation with General Burnside, as it was intended I should make the assault, and I submitted to him a plan of attack, having surveyed the ground, and made an examination. * * The mine was under a considerable fort upon the right. There was a small fort, a short distance, probably six hundred yards, to the left, with three or four guns. My idea was to make an assault at the moment of the explosion of the mine between these two points. I wanted to advance one brigade, which was to be the leading brigade, then divide it into two parts, one portion to go to the right and sweep the enemy's lines in that direction, and the other portion to go down the left and sweep the lines in that direction. The other two brigades of the division were to march forward in column, and carry the crest of Cemetery hill.

"*Question.* What was the condition of the White troops at the crater and beyond, at the time you were ordered to make your advance?

"*Answer.* They were without any organization; just one mass of human beings seeking shelter * * * .

"*Question.* At what time in the day did you receive orders to advance?

"*Answer.* About an hour and a half after the explosion of the mine.

"*Question.* What was the strength of your division?

"*Answer.* I had four thousand three hundred men for duty.

"*Question.* Please narrate what occurred after your division began to move.

"*Answer.* I received an order to advance my troops and pass the White troops which had halted, and move on and carry the crest of the hill at all hazards. * * * I then started with my division; *they went in magnificently under a most galling fire; they passed beyond the White troops, captured the only prisoners captured that day, some two hundred and fifty to three hundred, together with a stand of colors, and recaptured a stand of our colors belonging to a regiment of White troops of the 9th Army Corps.* They were a little broken by going through the mass of White troops there, and the Colonel (J. K. Sigfried) in command of the first brigade of the division proceeded to reform for the assault. There was a dismounted cavalry regiment, I think, of the second division of the 9th Corps, a little off to one side. As my troops started, the color guard of that regiment came back on the double-quick, and broke through the ranks of my leading brigade, which of course caused my Negroes to break.

"Finding no shelter at the crater, as the White troops had all the shelter there, they came back to our main line, inside of which they were reformed, and there they remained the balance of the day. *As my troops went in so gallantly under a most galling fire, I maintain that, had they led the assault when there was comparatively no fire, nothing could have stopped them until they got into Petersburg.*"

By Lieutenant-Colonel Charles G. Loring, Assistant Inspector General of the 9th Army Corps:

* * * "About half-past seven o'clock the Colored division was ordered in. At that time I was standing in our front line. General Ferrero, who commanded the Colored

division, was standing near me when the order was brought to him, by one of General Burnside's staff, to lead his division also into the crater, and to push for the top of the hill. The order struck me as being so unfortunate that I took the liberty to countermand it on the spot. * * * I went and represented to General Burnside that this Colored division could not be expected to pass the lines of the old troops; that it was impossible to expect green troops to succeed where old troops had failed before them. * * * General Burnside did not reply to me, * * * but simply repeated his previous order. [That evening, after the affair was all over, he showed me a written order from General Meade, directing him to throw in all his troops and push for the top of Cemetery hill; and he added that under those instructions he felt that he could not have done otherwise than he did.]

"*The Colored division went in very gallantly indeed.* The fire of the enemy, at that time, was exceedingly heavy, especially from some batteries in a ravine on the right, and also from some batteries on our left. There was consequently a cross-fire directed upon the ground over which the Colored division had to pass. Besides, they were exposed to a cross-fire of infantry."

By Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel J. L. Van Buren, Major, and aide-de-camp on the staff of General Burnside:

"While we were reforming Colonel Marshall's brigade along the enemy's line, the head of the Colored division came over the crest of the crater right down this line * * Colonel Bates, in command of one of the Colored regiments, was at the head of this Colored column * * I pointed out to him a white house on Cemetery hill as the objective point. I started back towards the crater; when

I got very near there, I saw the movement of this Colored column. * * *

"They carried about two hundred yards of the enemy's lines, capturing a color and quite a number of prisoners. * * * Just as I got to the crater the second brigade of the Colored division came across, going right through the crater and somewhat to the right, and right over the tops of the bomb-proofs, and over the men of the first division. They came on in good style, under a sharp fire, but were much broken and disordered by the unfavorable ground and the crowded condition of the pits. All this time the fire of the enemy was very heavy. There were two guns in what was known as the fort on the left of the New Market road, and two guns just across a ravine to the right. They were throwing canister and shrapnel in there in a very lively manner. There was some mortar firing also.

"I then saw Colonel Sigfried, who commanded the right brigade of the Colored division, and Colonel Thomas, who commanded the left brigade. * * * I gave them their instructions for the final charge of the whole division. I instructed Colonel Thomas to form his brigade as far to the front as he possibly could; Colonel Sigfried to form on his right, and then to charge directly for Cemetery hill. I instructed Colonel Marshall and General Bartlett to form their brigades, as much as the nature of the ground would permit, in the rear of the Colored division, and support the charge.

"I suppose this must have been about a quarter to 9 o'clock. Having made these arrangements, I started back to report to General Burnside. * * * Before I got up there the Colored division had made their charge and been repulsed."

BREAKING THE CONFEDERATE LINE, PETERSBURG.

A great deal of additional testimony by these, and other witnesses of rank, could be given from the Congressional Report, to prove the valor of the Colored troops, and that they were not to be blamed for what General Grant, in his letter of August 1, 1864, to General Meade, called "the miserable failure of Saturday." A portion of his testimony will therefore be given, in conclusion.

By General U. S. GRANT:

"As I understand it, the troops marched right into the breach, caused by the explosion, *without there being a single division commander* there. They had no person to direct them to go further, although the division commanders were directed in the most positive terms to march to what is called Cemetery hill, which would have given us everything. * *

"General Burnside wanted to put his Colored division in front, and I believe if he had done so, it would have been a success." * *

The Union loss in this unfortunate, some-one-had-blundered-affair, was very heavy: the 9th Corps losing killed, 52 officers, 376 men; wounded, 105 officers, 1,556 men; missing, 87 officers, 1,652 men. Total, 3,828.

General Grant blamed himself and General Meade for not permitting the Colored troops to lead the charge, and all generals up to himself for not seeing that the brave White and Colored soldiers who charged into and beyond the crater were properly led by their division commanders.

The Colored soldier who fought at Petersburg on that day, or his descendants, can stand by the site of the old crater, shown in the views, without a particle of shame; and can feel satisfied on the strength of the highest and most unimpeachable authority,—that the outcome of July 30,

1864, in the affair at the crater, would have been a glorious victory for the Union cause, if the Colored Division of the Ninth Army Corps had only been given the opportunity for which they had prepared themselves, and which they craved, to charge up Cemetery hill, and on into Petersburg.

LIEUTENANT HENRY REESE.

Sergeant "Harry" Reese (spelled Rees in the *Congressional Report*), who became a Lieutenant of Company F, Forty-eighth Regiment, Penn'a Veteran Volunteers, related to the author his experience in the Petersburg mine adventure when he with Lieutenant J. Douty of Company K, same regiment, went into the main gallery to relight the extinguished fuse. Said he:

"I saw Colonel Pleasants standing on an earthwork, watch in hand, anxiously looking toward the fort which we expected every minute to see blown up. He had lighted the fuse at quarter past three o'clock A. M., and the explosion ought to have followed within ten minutes; and when that time had passed, and it did n't come off, I began to think about the fuse. Being a practical miner, I concluded that a defect in it had caused the fire to go out, and I went up to Colonel Pleasants and so stated it to him, and at the same time offered to go into the mine and remedy the difficulty. Lieutenant Douty joined in with me, but the Colonel would n't permit us to make the venture until he felt sure that the fire was out, and not slumbering. He was afraid that, like many cases in mining, it might go off just as we would be approaching to investigate the trouble. At last he consented, and at quarter past four o'clock we entered the mine. We found that about fifty feet of the fuse had been consumed and that the fire had gone out where the fuses were spliced. We needed a

knife, so I went out for one, reported the trouble, returned, and with Douty soon had the fuses fixed again."

"How did you feel, while in there?"

"Feel? I did n't stop to feel. I had been in tight places in coal mines before the war and did n't mind this affair; but when I got outside, and stood a few minutes looking toward the fort that was doomed, and at the ranks of brave men soon to go charging perhaps to destruction or capture, I felt something then trickling near my eyes, but," said the Lieutenant after a pause, "I guess it was only sweat."

"The explosion," continued he, "took place at about quarter to five o'clock. There was a heavy jar, a dull thud, a big volcano-puff of smoke and dust, and up went the earth under and around that fort for a distance in the air of a hundred feet or more, carrying with it cannons, caissons, muskets and—men. Poor fellows," said he, "their fate was awful, but it was so sudden that the fate of our men who were slaughtered in the crater soon after was worse. The men who went up in their sleep, with the fort, thought may be that it was only a nightmare that ailed them; but our poor boys at the crater, hemmed in and shot down with their eyes open, had a worse lot, and the suspense they were in was enough to kill them. If I had known what a blunder was going to be made in the assault, after the mine had been made such a success, I never would have gone into it to relight the fuse. It made me frantic to see such useless destruction; and when the assault had failed, it made me still more furious to see a division of Colored soldiers rushed into the jaws of death with no prospect of success; but they went in cheering as though they did n't mind it, and a great many of them never came back."

CHAPTER XXXII.

SHERIDAN'S SHENANDOAH VALLEY CAMPAIGN.

THE RACING GROUND OF FEDERALS AND CONFEDERATES SWEPT AT LAST BY SHERIDAN, WHO WINS IT WITH THE AID OF A COLORED MAN, LAWS THE SCOUT.—WASHINGTON CITY THREATENED.—BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG.—CEDAR CREEK AND SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

The rich productive region known as the Shenandoah Valley was the granary and chief supply source of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia, and uniting with the Cumberland Valley it was a convenient highway by which Confederate forces could invade Pennsylvania.

Early in the war, June 8, 1861, General Patterson advanced from Chambersburg toward Harper's Ferry, the Confederates retreating and burning bridges and public buildings. Crossing the Potomac he watched General J. E. Johnston until the latter slipped away in July to join Beauregard at Bull Run. Following Patterson, on the Union side, Generals Pope, Fremont, Banks, Shields, Milroy, Averill, Crook, Hunter and others, and lastly General Sheridan took part in the Shenandoah races, their competitors, in addition to Johnston, being Generals Jackson, Breckinridge, Imboden, McCausland, Jones, Early, and others not omitting General R. E. Lee in his Gettysburg campaign

Back and forth from Martinsburg on the north to Stanton on the south, columns of infantry and squadrons of cavalry, on the one side or the other of the opposing forces, marched and counter-marched, the latter sometimes on the double-quick and gallop, until the people of Winchester wondered on one day whom they should have for guests on the next—the Blue or the Gray.

It remained for General Sheridan to decide the question as to its settled military occupants and boarders, and in his campaign he depended very much on information furnished him by LAWS—a trusted Colored friend and scout.

In 1864, while Lee felt secure behind his works at Petersburg, having defeated attempts made in June to take them, he detached a force of about twenty thousand men whom he sent northward under General J. A. Early to seize supplies, and, if possible, Baltimore and Washington. By the 5th of July he occupied Harper's Ferry and Hagerstown, and helped himself liberally from the Hagerstown stores. Pushing onward the Confederates were able to brush aside the small bodies of Union troops met at different points, and entered Frederick, Md., where they made a levy of $200,000 on its citizens. "Maryland, my Maryland," had not responded favorably to General Lee's wooing in the Antietam and Gettysburg invasions, and now the discarded lover permitted his agents to punish her for her coldness and derision. In their march towards Washington they first robbed, and then burned, Governor Bradford's house, and no longer expecting Maryland to join the Confederacy in a fit of emotional insanity, they treated her as a Northern State.

An incident of this invasion deserves special mention—the loyalty and bravery of ISHMAEL DAY, who was seventy-

three years of age at the time when he defended his flag by shooting one of the invaders. A renegade Marylander, named Gilmore, "with his body of horsemen swept through the country, spreading destruction, alarm and confusion among the people. Day said to some of them who came to his house, in Baltimore County, over which waved the National flag: 'Gentlemen, you may burn my barn, and rob my house, but I will shoot the first man who touches that flag.' Two of Gilmore's raiders attempted to tear it down. The old man mortally wounded one of them with the contents of a duck-gun, when the other fled. Day escaped to the woods. A body of Gilmore's horsemen came up, turned the old man's family out of doors, and burned his house and barn." In his quaint way he told the story substantially as follows:

"On Sunday evening, July 10th, I heard that Dulaney's Valley was filled with the raiders, stealing horses and cattle, and that they were on the Harford Pike, only a mile distant, the people living thereon being much excited. I went to bed, leaving my lamp dimly burning all night, and arose early on Monday morning, and ran up the glorious old Stars and Stripes rather earlier than usual. I then sat down in my front porch, and was soon accompanied by Mrs. Day. About 6 o'clock A. M. my little Colored girl told her mistress that she heard soldiers up the road hurrahing. In a few minutes my wife said she heard the sound of horses' feet coming down the road; and looking up the road, said, 'They're they are!' two of them coming in full tilt. A little while after, they were before my door, and I moved down on the lower step to see if there were any more near; and seeing none, resumed my seat. By this time the foremost one had dismounted, seized hold of the bottom of the flag, jerked

it down, and broke the rope, cursing and calling it a '—— old rag.' I then coolly asked him, 'What do you mean? What are you about?' and, without waiting for an answer, ran immediately up stairs, seized one of my two guns, already loaded in my bed-room, and shot the foremost one of them, out of the second story window, which was already up, while he was in the act of folding up the flag. He then raised his hand and fell back, exclaiming, 'I am shot!' I then seized the other gun, ran down stairs, when I was met by Mrs. Day crying, imploring me not to shoot again or they would kill me. I, however, pressed out into the yard to take a shot at the other, but he was among the missing, having clapped spurs to his horse on the fall of his companion, which I regretted very much, as it did not give me an opportunity of giving him his bitters also. I soon heard the whole troop coming down the road, and I returned to my bed-room, got my six-barrelled revolver, and with the loaded gun started for my hiding-place, about two hundred and fifty yards north-east of my house, and hardly had done so before they were all at the house, and fired my buildings. Everything was burnt, including all my personal property, and thirty-five dollars in money which was either taken by them or was consumed by the fire. After this I went to one of my nearest neighbors to get my breakfast, and went to a second one to get dinner, and was conveyed to Baltimore on the same day. On Thursday, after, I had my name enrolled in the Company of the Aged Guard of 1862, commanded by Captain Child, for the defense of Baltimore; and on the same day obtained a guard from headquarters to bring in the wounded raider, whom I took to West's Hospital, where he has since died."

Old Ishmael Day of Maryland, and old John Burns of

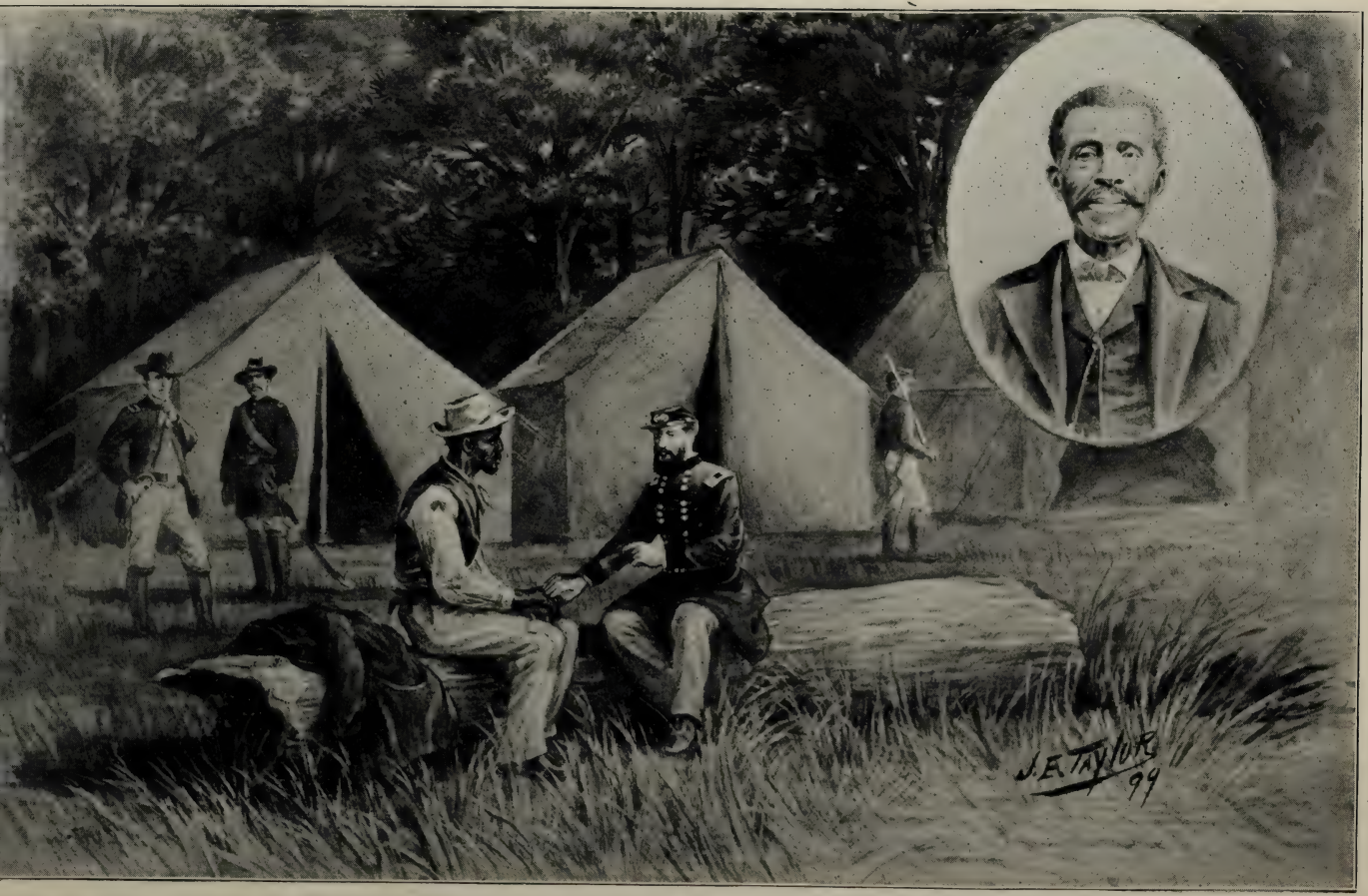
Pennsylvania, were heroes of a type to inspire reverence, and history and poetry have delighted to record their achievements. The latter having been noticed in the chapter on the battle of Gettysburg, reference to the former in this will close by quoting the last stanza in each of two poems, which, with others, sang the fame of Ishmael Day. One was:

> I now close my song, for fear it's too long;
> On the subject I could much more say;
> Let us all shout hosanna to the Star-spangled Banner
> And hurrah for brave Ishmael Day.

The other:

> Seventy winters and three had shed
> Their snowy glories on Ishmael's head;
> But though cheeks may wither, and locks grow gray,
> His fame shall be fresh, and young alway—
> Honor be to old Ishmael Day!

When Early's men left Frederick, they advanced to the bridge over Monocacy River, a few miles south-east of that place, where they were checked by General Lew Wallace, who detained them about eight hours with a hastily gathered force, not one-third as large as theirs, consisting of raw troops and Rickett's division of the Sixth Corps. Wallace, who was simply fighting for time, to enable reinforcements sent from near Petersburg to reach Washington, before Early could get there, fell back stubbornly and gallantly, disputing the enemy's advance so well that when Early came to within six miles of Washington the defense of the city had been strengthened by the timely arrival of the veteran Sixth Corps, and a division of the Nineteenth. This force, under General Horatio G. Wright, assumed the offensive, and Early, after some skirmishing, retired across the Potomac to Leesburg, and thence through Winchester to Strasburg. At length, finding that Wright's force had returned to



GEN. SHERIDAN AND THOMAS LAWS, HIS MESSENGER.

Washington, and that only General Crook was following him with the troops of Hunter and Sigel, he turned upon Crook at Kernstown, compelling him to retreat to Martinsburg, and finally to Harper's Ferry. This retrograde movement of the Union general gave Early control again of the upper Potomac, and exposed Maryland and Pennsylvania to his incursions. He speedily took advantage of the situation by crossing the river, resuming his plundering work in Northern Maryland, and by detaching McCausland to make an incendiary raid into Southern Pennsylvania.

McCausland advanced to Chambersburg, and contrary to the laws of civilized warfare, made the non-combatant inhabitants of that beautiful town suffer the loss of their homes by setting it on fire, July 30, 1864, and carrying out the work of destruction in the most heartless and systematic manner. Property to the value of over two millions of dollars was destroyed, and when this work of vandalism was completed he fled back to Virginia, leaving three thousand people of the unfortunate town without shelter and food.

In order to guard against a repetition of these incursions, and to take from Lee the control of the Shenandoah Valley, which at that time was of especial value to him as the source of his commissary supplies, General Grant determined to send a thoroughly competent officer there to lead a strong force against the Confederates and drive them out. For this purpose, on the day following the burning of Chambersburg, he appointed General PHILIP H. SHERIDAN to take command, who arrived in Washington on the 4th of August, received instructions from President Lincoln, and then proceeded to Monocacy, Maryland, to meet General Grant who had gone direct from City Point, Va., to have an interview with Sheridan, and to place in his hands instructions that would put

an end to the confusion and incompetency which had existed by reason of conflicting military departments in the region to be the scene of his operations; and to make a thorough success of the campaign now projected.

After a few hours' consultation with the General-in-chief, Sheridan went on to Harper's Ferry, which was to be his headquarters while preparing to advance down the valley. He quickly informed himself of the topography and roads in the country where he was to operate, while the opposing army was occupying Martinsburg, Williamsport and Shephardstown: and the Confederate general knowing Sheridan to be a quick and competent officer began to draw in his detachments, and with his 20,000 veterans fell back twelve miles south of Martinsburg. From there he kept up his retreat until he was south of and near Winchester. Sheridan, in the meantime, had been actively disposing his forces so as to bring Early to battle, and on the 19th of September, 1864, fought him near Winchester, and won a victory which was the key of his complete success in wresting the Shenandoah Valley from the Confederates.

This victory, which routed Early's army and left the Union force in possession of a number of captured cannon and battle-flags, and cleared the valley of armed Confederates from Strasburg to the Potomac, enabling Sheridan to advance still farther with triumph, was won by the valuable assistance of a Colored man named Laws. Sheridan, according to his "Personal Memoirs," while occupying the ground between Clifton and Berryville, felt the need of scouts to collect information, and he organized a body of daring and reliable men, under a good system of management; and beneficial results came from the plan in many ways. "Particularly so," wrote Sheridan, "when in a few

days two of my scouts put me in the way of getting news conveyed from Winchester. They had learned that just outside my lines, near Millwood, there was living an old Colored man, who had a permit from the Confederates to go into Winchester and return three times a week, for the purpose of selling vegetables to the inhabitants. The scouts had sounded this man, and finding him both loyal and shrewd, suggested that he might be made useful to us within the enemy's lines; and the proposal struck me as being feasible, provided there could be found in Winchester some reliable person who would be willing to co-operate and correspond with me. I asked General Crook, who was acquainted with many of the Union people of Winchester, if he knew of such a person, and he recommended a Miss REBECCA WRIGHT, a young lady whom he had met there before the battle of Kernstown, who, he said, was a member of the Society of Friends, and the teacher of a small private school. He knew she was faithful and loyal to the Government, and that she might be willing to render us assistance, but he could not be certain of this, for on account of her well-known loyalty she was under constant surveillance.

"I hesitated at first, but finally deciding to try it, despatched the two scouts to the old Negro's cabin, and they brought him to my headquarters late that night. I was soon convinced of the Negro's fidelity, and asking him if he was acquainted with Miss Rebecca Wright of Winchester, he replied that he knew her very well. Thereupon I told him what I wished to do, and he agreed to carry a letter to her on the next marketing trip.

"My message was prepared by writing it on tissue paper, which was then compressed into a small pellet, and protected by wrapping it in tin foil so that it could be safely carried

in the mouth. The probability of his being searched when he came to the Confederate picket-line was not remote, and in such event he was to swallow the pellet.

[COPY OF THE FIRST LETTER SENT.]

September 15, 1864.

* * * * I learn from Major-General Crook that you are a loyal lady, and still love the old flag; can you inform me of the position of Early's force, the number of divisions in his army, and the strength of any or all of them, and his probable or reported intentions? Have any more troops arrived from Richmond, or are any more coming, or reported to be coming? I am very respectfully, your most obedient servant.

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General Commanding.

You can trust the bearer.

"The night before the Negro started, the communication was placed in his hands, with renewed injunctions as to secrecy and promptitude. [*See illustration.*] Early the next morning it was delivered to Miss Wright with an intimation that a letter of importance was inclosed in the tin foil, the Negro telling her at the same time that she might expect him to call for a message in reply before he returned home. At first Miss Wright began to open the pellet nervously, but when told to be careful, and to preserve the foil as a wrapper for her answer, she proceeded slowly and carefully, and when the note appeared intact, the messenger retired, remarking again, that in the evening he would come for an answer.

"On reading my communication Miss Wright was much startled by the perils it involved, and hesitatingly consulted her mother, but her devoted loyalty soon silenced every other consideration, and the brave girl resolved to comply with my request, notwithstanding it might jeopardize her life. The evening before, a convalescent Confederate officer had visited her home, and in conversing about the war, had disclosed the fact that Kershaw's division of in-

fantry, and Cutshaw's battalion of artillery, had started to rejoin General Lee. At the time Miss Wright heard this she attached little if any importance to it, but now she perceived the value of the intelligence, and, as her first venture determined to send it to me at once, which she did with a promise that in the future she would, with great pleasure, continue to transmit information by the Negro messenger.

[COPY OF FIRST LETTER RECEIVED FROM MISS WRIGHT.]

September 16, 1864.

I have no communication whatever with the rebels, but will tell you what I know. The division of General Kershaw, and Cutshaw's artillery, twelve guns, and men, General Anderson commanding, have been sent away, and no more are expected, as they cannot be spared from Richmond. I do not know how the troops are situated, but the force is much smaller than represented. I will take pleasure hereafter in learning all I can of their strength and position, and *the bearer may call again.* Very respectfully yours,

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Miss Wright's answer proved to be of more value to me than she anticipated, for it not only quieted the conflicting reports concerning Anderson's corps, but it was most important in showing positively that Kershaw was gone, and this circumstance led, three days later, to the battle of the Opequan, or Winchester, as it has been called."

The victory gained filled the North with rejoicing, and brought to General Sheridan congratulatory telegrams from President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, General Grant and other high officials; and while the loyal land rang with acclamations, and plaudits for the deserving General, little was known then of THOMAS SMALLS, the faithful Colored messenger and assistant-scout, who took the risk of hanging every time he ventured within the Confederate lines to obtain necessary information for Sheridan. To Smalls, and to the modest Miss Rebecca Wright who deserves to be classed among

heroines, the country was indebted for making possible, probable and sure, the victory over Early near Winchester.

Nor was this all. On the strength of this victory, Sheridan pushed forward to Fisher's Hill, where, September 22d, he flanked and stampeded the Confederate army that had been demoralized in the battle of the 19th, and pursued it up the valley. As the Confederates would not stop again to dispute the progress of Sheridan's army, after a "stern-chase," as he termed it, he began, October 6th, to withdraw his forces down the valley as far as Strasburg. By this time the enemy had been reinforced. General T. W. Rosser had joined Early, commanding the "Laurel Brigade," so called because it pompously advanced bedecked with laurel leaves, but after Sheridan paid his respects to it, willow leaves would have made more suitable emblems for its troopers.

Sheridan was endeavoring, after defeating Early, to "clean up" the valley of all contraband crops and resources, as instructed by General Grant; and the War Department, feeling sure that Early would not soon seek an engagement with him, Secretary Stanton requested him by telegraph to report at Washington, for consultation concerning future movements of his army. He was loath to leave, doubtless feeling that his presence was needed at the front more than anywhere else, but Early having retired to Fisher's Hill, Sheridan hastened to Washington, leaving his army in good position along the north bank of Cedar Creek, extending east and west from the valley pike.

On arriving at Washington about 8 o'clock A. M. October 17th, Sheridan despatched business quickly, convincing the authorities that the plans he had in view for continued operations were better than those they had projected, and they fell in with his views. He asked for and obtained a

special train to take him back to Martinsburg, and left Washington at noon, arriving in Martinsburg at dark, and was met there by an escort of three hundred cavalry. Early next morning, the 18th, he proceeded up the valley toward his army, and that afternoon reached Winchester, stopping at Colonel Edwards' headquarters, and remaining there over night. Near 6 o'clock next morning, the officer on picket duty went to his room, and reported artillery firing in the direction of Cedar Creek. Sheridan got up immediately, requested a hasty breakfast, and gave orders for his escort to be in readiness to move. Between 8 and 9 o'clock they were off, and he noticed, as they rode out of town, several disloyal women standing in their doors and yards making insolent gestures, which he thought strange of at the time, but afterward discovered that their bold actions were in consequence of good news for them that had reached Winchester by "grape-vine telegraph."

Sheridan quickened the pace of his black horse, Rienzi, as he discovered by the sound of the distant cannonade that his army was falling back. Hastening onward, as he made the crest beyond Mill Creek, he saw with surprise panic-stricken soldiers thronging the pike, and realizing what had occurred he rode among them exclaiming cheerfully—"If I had been with you this would not have happened. We must face the other way; we will go back and recover our camp." His words and demeanor acted upon them like magic, and giving orders for a disposition to be made to stop all unwounded retreating soldiers, and march them back to the front, he galloped on to Newtown where he met Major William McKinley, of Crook's staff, who had a message for him, and who joyfully spread the news of Sheridan's arrival, riding in every direction but the rear.

Three miles back from where Sheridan had left his army well posted, he found Getty's division of the Sixth Corps, and some cavalry, holding out and acting as a rear-guard. Here he was met by Colonel R. B. HAYES, a brigade commander, who, like Major McKinley, was destined to become a President of the United States, and he, too, rejoiced to see the Commanding General on the battle line, and to behold the magnetic effect of his presence; for there was no longer a movement to the rear; all were cheering and crowding forward, and as Sheridan galloped along their front, hat in hand, he could scarcely restrain them from advancing until he had arranged his plans for battle. When all was ready, the Union troops attacked the victorious enemy of the morning with irresistible courage and enthusiasm, and converted their defeat into an overwhelming victory. Early, who had made bold, skilful and secret flank movements before daybreak of the 19th, and had succeeded in surprising, and driving back the Union army for three miles, and routing most of it, now lost all that he had gained, and in addition twenty-four pieces of cannon, a number of battle-flags, and about 3,000 men, 1,200 of them being taken prisoners. He intended to completely crush Sheridan's army, had made a successful beginning, and did not expect this avalanche that struck him; and was so completely crushed himself that he was powerless to oppose Sheridan further, and control of the Shenandoah Valley was gained and retained by the Union forces.

The key of this brilliant and important campaign was found in the cabin of old Mr. THOMAS LAWS, the Colored man, for upon the victory gained by means of his dangerous and intelligent services as messenger and assistant-scout, the door was opened for the victories which before seemed effectually

LIBBY PRISON.

barred against permanent Union success in the Shenandoah Valley.

Rienzi, Sheridan's black horse in the campaign, has been immortalized in poetry. Why will not some poet of ability bestow a fitting tribute upon Sheridan's Black man?

We are indebted to Mr. JAS. E. TAYLOR, the distinguished artist of New York City, for a good portrait of Mr. Laws, and for a striking sketch of the midnight interview when Sheridan and Laws first met to arrange the hazardous service whereby the latter took his life in his hand and faithfully served the General, and the cause of the Union. Mr. Taylor was a witness of many important war events.

The black horse, Rienzi, also a Black Man,
Were SHERIDAN's helps when to vict'ries he ran:
But the last was the chief, in the Valley Campaign,
That bore him along his first triumph to gain;
That leaped the bars over at Winchester town,
That gave him the entry in winning renown,—
The start on shrewd JUBAL in gaining the goal,
Who was far in the rear when PHIL reached the pole.

The race for the Valley, from that time clear out,
Was a bad one for EARLY, along the whole route:
Each heat he was beaten, from rear-guard to van,
'Though at famed Cedar Creek to spurt he began.
The stakes of the Valley PHIL SHERIDAN won
Because with Black Thomas the race he'd begun:
He patted Rienzi, oft mentioned his name,
But the help that was *human* fared not the same.

In records and memoirs he gives him much praise
As "an old Colored man" whom fear could not daze;
But somehow or other the name slipped his mind,
And first came Rienzi; but nameless, behind,
The man who brought triumph, whose name I'll endorse,
For a man's now a Man; a horse still's a horse:
Because of this failure from some unknown cause,
His name I will give you—'twas brave THOMAS LAWS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PRISON PENS OF THE SOUTH.

MANY COLORED MEN, SPARED BY THE BLACK FLAG, DIE UNDER A WORSE ONE,—A SLOW DEATH FROM STARVATION AND EXPOSURE, IN LIBBY, ANDERSONVILLE, SALISBURY, FLORENCE, CAMP FORD, ON BELLE ISLE, AND IN OTHER MILITARY PRISONS.

When Confederate soldiers were so fortunate as to be captured by Union forces they were soon in possession of well-filled stomachs, and a regular supply of good rations. If their clothing was ragged or filthy they were given a change of garments, and everything necessary was done to afford them cleanliness, comfort and healthfulness. They were not subjected to robbery and abusive treatment by their captors, but on the contrary their persons and feelings were protected from pillage and insult. Overcoats, small coats, jackets and trousers, shirts, drawers and stockings, boots and shoes, blankets, etc., etc., were dealt out liberally whenever needed, and the prisoners given every reason to believe that they had escaped from their enemies and were captured by their friends. Clean, fresh water was furnished in abundance, for bathing as well as drinking purposes, in the various Northern military prisons ; and the daily ration was about three pounds of substantial food, consisting of fresh meat or bacon, bean or beef soup, good bread made of four parts of flour and one of corn meal, crackers, and, in

addition, coffee, tea, sugar, molasses, and vegetables in season.

The barracks or quarters were kept comfortably heated in cold weather, and prisoners had snug, clean sleeping places. The hospitals were well ventilated and patients received the kindest and best medical attendance. They occupied cots and bunks filled with nice comfortable bedding, were given food suited to their condition, and trained nurses waited upon them to study their necessities, to watch their symptoms, and to do everything that was possible to be done to insure their recovery.

Uncle Sam, like a loving and indulgent father, did not treat them as rebels. He knew, like the father of the Prodigal Son, that they had gone off on a secession spree, that they had got themselves into a great deal of loss, trouble and affliction, and that the time would certainly come when, cured of their folly, coming to their right selves, they should say, "We will arise and go to our father." Therefore, while he reluctantly chastised them by his agents sent out in blue to hurry them home, and captured all he could who resisted, he kept right on treating all as sons and heirs, and raised a lot of fatted calves with which to celebrate their return to allegiance.

All this was in strange contrast with the treatment of Union prisoners by the Confederacy: and perhaps the better way to show the difference, in heart and spirit, between the conflicting Governments, will be to draw two pictures and say, look at that picture, and then look at this:

Here are several hundred captured Confederate soldiers, sometimes a less, but often a greater number running up into thousands. Many of them are almost barefoot, and their clothing is in a ragged condition—generally infested

with vermin. They have been kept on short rations by their Government and are in need of good diet. They are ushered into the military prison, Fort Delaware, Johnson's Island, or some other equally as good, not with violence or harsh treatment, but kindly, and with compassion. When they have been entered, those whose clothing and bodies are unclean are given a good wash, a thorough renovation with soap, clean water, towels, razor and shears. They are now provided by Uncle Samuel, whom they have been fighting, to kill him or members of his family, with a good suit of clothes. Drawers and undershirts, if it is winter, but at least with nice soft socks, a pair of shoes, shirts, coat, pantaloons and vest, a hat, and likely a handkerchief. Often combs, towels and soap are distributed for personal use, for the aim is to give each prisoner every chance to take good care of himself, to avoid discomfort, and guard against disease.

It is now meal time and our Johnnies take their places at the mess tables, looking bran-new, as if dressed to go to church. If it is breakfast, here is plenty of hot, fragrant coffee, and sugar to sweeten it, if they wish it. There are crackers, and bread, and molasses, and no one need to leave the table hungry. If it is dinner, here is, for instance, beef soup, or bean soup; fresh beef or pickled pork, or bacon; crackers, bread and molasses, and vegetables in season, etc., etc. Without enumerating further, if you think the fare is not sufficient, or does not agree with the prisoners, watch them for a few days, and notice the change. See how they fill out, and contrast their now plump with their former hollow appearance.

They are given a good deal of freedom. Certain restrictions are necessary, but there is no vindictive haste

to shoot them down on the dead line. If a prisoner is determined to violate the rules of the prison, to go beyond the bounds permitted, he is ordered to halt. If he continues to advance he is ordered again to halt, and also for the third time before the guard tries to stop him with bullet or bayonet.

If he takes sick, he is admitted at once into a well-furnished hospital. His clothing is removed and he is given a comfortable bed with clean bed-clothes, and a skilled physician prescribes for him, and a good nurse waits upon him. He does not lack for medicine, or for delicacies, and if he wishes a letter written, it is always done for him cheerfully.

If the poor fellow dies he is decently interred with a burial service. Again, over his grave, we say, Poor fellow! You were our erring brother in life; erring, because of a different political training, a different view on the slavery question, a different idea as to the relative value of a State to the Nation, and a prejudice created by designing men who deceived you in order to deprive you of that beneficent Government which in your captivity tried to treat you kindly and well. Doubtless you were a brave man, and we honor you for your valor. You were an American, and we drop upon your grave tears of pity and forgiveness.

This is the other picture: A lot of blue coats, "Yanks," are captured. They have on, comparatively, good clothes, and look as if they had been well fed. Their haversacks contain some unused rations. Their captors "go through" them. Haversacks, rations, blankets, knapsacks, and other articles are soon "appropriated" "I like that pair of shoes you 've got on; take them off," says one. "That coat of you 'rn is jest my size, so we 'll have to swap," says another. "Shell out your greenbacks, and combs, and knives," etc.,

say others. So it goes. By the time that squad of Union prisoners are introduced into the Gehenna where they are to be confined until exchanged, or starved to death, they have parted with everything of value that could be taken from them, and life, and that other thing better than life, sanity, they may lose ere long by cruel exposure, by starvation, and by a treatment generally which may be likened to that described in ancient story—a victim chained to a rock while vultures fed upon his vitals—a living tortuous death.

As they enter the inclosure over whose portals there might properly be written Dante's inscription of despair, and look around upon the emaciated, almost naked victims of Southern cruelty, and see on every hand the evidences of studied neglect, of inhumanity, they almost wish that they had met their fate instantly under the black flag.

Suppose this is Andersonville, or Salisbury, or some other stockade prison. You see no conveniences for cleanliness, for sanitation, for comfort or repose. Is this a cattle yard? No, for if live-stock men were keeping cattle here, there would be some shade, some protection from the elements, some water fit to drink, and enough food to keep them in good condition. This is a pen for men, most of whom are intelligent, many of whom were brought up in refinement, and have been used to the comforts and conveniences of good homes. Colored men are represented now among the prisoners, for the United States Government has solved the mystery of the disappearance of so many who were taken in battle, never to be seen, or heard of, again, and the Confederacy is bound, for the sake of policy, to have some Colored prisoners to show, when called to an account.

In regard to food: Here is your eight-ounce lump of corn-bread, may be only five ounces in weight, often made

of musty meal, or of meal in which the cob had been ground; or, instead of this, a pint of raw meal, that you may prepare for eating the best way you can. Add to this an ounce or two of fetid, salt meat, and you have your day's ration. Often there was no meat at all. Pea soup and rice soup formed parts of the diet occasionally, and molasses could generally be had. The amount of food supplied daily to each prisoner was not sufficient for one meal, and hundreds and thousands actually died of starvation. The writer prefers to let the curtain down upon the remainder of the picture; the scenes where, upon the ground of the stockades, and the floors of buildings, like Libby, scores and even hundreds of men have been picked up daily to be carted off to trenches, piled on top of each other like logs of wood; the hospitals, so-called, where long rows of men lay on the ground, with a little straw under them, and sometimes none at all; and scenes of filth, of desolation, of horror and despair that seem more like the images of frightful dreams, than realities.

The author has conversed with a number of Colored men, who were prisoners of war, and their experiences tally with those described in printed reports of committees appointed by the United States Government to investigate the subject. As a single sample, out of many, a reputable Colored G. A. R. man related to him how he went into a Confederate prison weighing 175 pounds, and came out reduced by the lack of food to eighty. The pictures which are given in the Government report of returned prisoners, prove that in Wirz, Turner and other keepers of Southern military prisons, Weyler, of Spanish cruelty reputation, had his equals in infamy; and if we wish to lecture Spaniards, Turks, and people of a like cruel nature,

we should conceal, as much as possible, all that pertains to this hideous blot on the character of Americanism.

It is charitable to think that secession ran into insanity, and that it made some Americans misrepresent themselves in their treatment of loyal Americans, who, while fighting for the welfare of all, were so unfortunate as to become their prisoners; and it is safe to presume that a majority of the Southern people did not approve the conduct of their officials who instituted and kept up this system of cruelty.

Much evidence could be produced to substantiate the above statements, but only a little will be given to show the nature of it; and for this purpose a brief extract is appended, copied from a correspondent's letter to the *New York Herald*. Fort Fisher had fallen, Jan. 15, 1865, Colored troops assisting in its capture, and also in taking other defenses guarding Wilmington, and on entering that city, Feb. 22d, they found 400 Union prisoners who had been brought there for exchange and whom the Confederates in their retreat could not remove. Says the correspondent:

> Their treatment was worthy of what might be expected from fiends. Though the arrangements for a general exchange have been completed at Richmond, the starving process goes on. For three days before the evacuation those prisoners had not received a mouthful to eat. The citizens tried to relieve them, but the food was in all cases taken from them by order of the officer in command, and trodden into the ground before the eyes of the prisoners and the citizens. Many were in a dying condition. All that has appeared in the public prints, in regard to this matter, utterly fails to prepare one for the awful reality. * * My brain reeled when the sickening scene burst upon me. Officers came in, and those who never quailed on the field of battle, whose cheeks had never blanched, there stood aghast, with tears in their eyes, grinding their teeth, clinching their hands, and thanking God for the existence of hell. * * As they lay there dying, an old Negro woman passed from one to another, tenderly smoothing their pitiful passage to the grave. Knowing that the authors of all this misery had escaped, it was consoling to repeat "Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE CAMP FIRES OF 1864.

CAMPAIGNS OF GRANT, SHERMAN, SHERIDAN, BUTLER, BANKS, SEYMORE, GILLMORE, AND OTHER GENERALS; AND OPERATIONS OF FARRAGUT, PORTER, AND OTHER NAVAL COMMANDERS, SHOW CAMP FIRES IN ALL THE SOUTHERN STATES, AND COLORED BLUE JACKETS SWARMING ON RIVERS, BAYS AND SEAS.—THE MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW, ETC.

In addition to other chapters devoted particularly to some great events of 1864, this one will glance over the land and water to note the greatly increased number of Colored men enlisted in the army and navy, and their participation from the beginning to the end of the year in its varied movements and achievements.

In the West and South, along the Ohio and Mississippi, from Mound City to New Orleans, and from there to Mobile on the Gulf, the numerous war vessels could show their quotas of Colored men; and the same can be said of the Yazoo, White, Red, Tennessee, Cumberland and other rivers patroled and held by United States gunboats. Along the ocean coasts of the rebellious States, on their inlets, on men-of-war chasing privateers across the seas,—off to distant France where the Confederate-British *Alabama* was sunk by the *Kearsage*, Colored Jackies could be found sharing the

hardships, dangers, and glories of naval warfare under the American flag.

On the land you could see them escaping from bondage, enlisting gladly and learning quickly the manual-of-arms, in all the secession States, while from the Border, and Free States, there also came regiment after regiment to strengthen the Government in its tightening hold upon the Confederate forces and its anaconda crush of secession.

In the regions of oranges, cotton, rice and tar, where Jack Frost was not allied with the "Rebs," to freeze out or benumb the "Yanks" and their Colored comrades and shipmates, they were active in various operations, while farther North, one of the coldest winters in many years kept men in late winter quarters.

During December 1863 General Gilmore, commanding the Department of the South, prepared an expedition to invade Florida and to give the people of that State an opportunity to show their reported desire of returning to the Union fold. It is scarcely necessary to say that his search for them by General Truman Seymore, leader of the expedition, was like hunting for a pot of gold at the foot of a rainbow, and the reception given to his force was not arched by the bow of promise.

There were plenty of Colored people glad to see the Stars and Stripes, advancing along the St. John's, and borne onward from Jacksonville to Baldwin, and on towards Olustee and Tallahassee, to make them wave "way down upon the Suwanee River." Especially joyful were they to see bearing that flag, now illumined with the lustre of liberty and the halo of emancipation, the fine appearing and brave Colored boys of the Eighth Pennsylvania, marching to fight like veterans in their first battle and to see their

noble Colonel Fribley fall in death; the Wagner-scarred Fifty-fourth Massachusetts, under Colonel Hallowell; the fire-tried Fifty-fifth Massachusetts, under Colonel Hartwell; and with these three regiments from free States, the First North Carolina, under Lieutenant-Colonel Reed, and the Second South Carolina, under Colonel Beecher, both of which, made up of freedmen, had proven their courage and competency as soldiers facing their old masters and enslavers. With this body of Colored troops were Hamilton's, Elder's, and Langdon's batteries, White soldiers; also the Fortieth Massachusetts Mounted Infantry, Col. Guy V. Henry; the Seventh New Hampshire, Col. Abbott; the Seventh Connecticut, Col. J. R. Hawley, and the Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth and One hundred and fifteenth New York Regiments, under Col. Barton.

The objects of the expedition, as stated by General Gillmore to General-in-chief Halleck, were four-fold, namely: to aid in the immediate restoration of Florida to the Union, to destroy sources of Confederate supplies, to open an outlet for cotton and other produce, and to extend opportunities of emancipation and enlistment to Negroes who were yet beyond reach of Government help.

The expedition moved forward from Jacksonville on the 7th of February, meeting with little opposition and several successes, and on the 10th, with the greater part of his force Seymour encamped at Baldwin, twenty miles west of Jacksonville, Col. Henry with his mounted men continuing to advance, towards Tallahassee; the Confederates under General Finnegan retreating before him.

Seymour, encouraged by this, exceeded the instructions of General Gillmore, which were to fortify a position at Baldwin and await further orders; and he yielded to the

temptation of making a rash move into the interior, to reach the Suwanee River, one hundred and thirty miles away. Leaving the Second South Carolina and the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts as a reserve, to follow later, he marched from Baldwin Feb. 18th, his troops carrying ten days' rations in their haversacks. By the 19th the command, numbering 6,000 men, arrived at Barbour's Station, or Ford, on the Florida Central Railroad, and the St. Mary's River, twenty miles from Baldwin, where it went into bivouac.

Early on the morning of the 20th the troops cheerfully resumed their march, and by half-past one o'clock had passed through Sanderson to a point four or five miles beyond and two miles east of Olustee. Seymour was over-confident, and was now carelessly and unwittingly accepting the invitation

"Will you step into my parlor?
Said the spider to the fly;"

and the result was the loss of all that had been gained, and notwithstanding the bravery and obedience of his troops, a disaster in

THE BATTLE OF OLUSTEE.

It was fought where the Confederates had selected and prepared defences which gave them every advantage, their main force being posted between two swamps, with a morass in front protecting their centre from assault. Their position was as strong as Jackson's at New Orleans. Besides these natural defences, they had earthworks and rifle-pits; and a railroad ran through their line on whose embankment a battery was placed which would command the centre and left of advancing columns, and upon a flat, movable car they had mounted a rifle-cannon. On their left, occupying an elevation behind the shelter of a grove was a force of

their cavalry. This was the trap that caught Seymour, and crippled his military reputation for discretion.

After leaving Sanderson, a few miles out, the advance encountered the enemy's pickets who were driven in to their line of skirmishers, Col. Henry's Mounted Infantry pursuing them until he struck the Confederate right, and was obliged to fall back. He was met by the Seventh New Hampshire, Seventh Connecticut, Elder's and Hamilton's batteries, and the Eighth Pennsylvania, a Colored regiment whose first battle was enough to unnerve the bravest veterans but which they fought like heroes. This force pressed on impetuously and placed the batteries within one hundred yards of the enemy's works. It was a hazardous position, but the artillerymen gallantly opened a rapid fire, supported by the Eighth Pennsylvania. This regiment, desiring to get a closer view, advanced until it was only twenty-five or thirty yards from the rifle-pits and discharged some volleys into the faces of the astonished foes, and then, seeing it was in danger of being crushed by an overwhelming charge, fell back to Hamilton's battery. This action, on the part of a new regiment, for the first time under fire, was about as cool and daring as any recorded in history. Its next bold move was rushing to the assistance of the Connecticut and New Hampshire regiments, off to the right of the battery, who, running out of ammunition, and outnumbered three to one, were sorely pressed. Unable to bear the strain, the Union column wavers and breaks, and retires in considerable disorder, as Colonel Fribley leads his men on a double quick to check the enemy's charge and shield Hawley's and Abbott's routed troops. The Confederates cease firing, and halt a moment, surprised at the audacity and pluck of these Colored men, and then with a

fierce yell bear down upon them with a greatly superior force. The Eighth is not thrown into a panic by the fearful odds beating against it, but stubbornly fights it way back to the battery. There it finds nearly all the brave artillerymen dead, and also their horses, but with undaunted courage tries to bring off the guns. A war correspondent, in a graphic description of the battle, wrote nearly as follows:

"In the effort to save the battery, Colonel Fribley was killed, in the midst of a torrent of bullets. His regiment held the guns, despite two desperate charges made by the enemy to capture them, but the stubbornness of the Eighth was no match for the ponderous weight of their enemy's column, their sharpshooters and artillery mowing down ranks of their comrades at every volley. A grander spectacle was never witnessed than that which this regiment gave of gallant courage. They left the guns only when their line officers and 350 of their valiant soldiers were dead upon the field, the work of an hour and a half, but they saved the colors of the battery, with their own.

"Colonel Barton's brigade, during the fight on the right had held the enemy in the front and centre at bay, covering Elder's battery, and nobly did they do their duty, bravely maintaining the reputation they had won before Charleston, but as with the other troops, the contest was too unequal. The Confederates outnumbered them five to one, and they likewise gave way, leaving about one-fourth of their number upon the field, dead and wounded.

"Colonel Montgomery's Colored brigade, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts and First North Carolina, which had been held in reserve about a mile down the road, now came up at double-quick. * * Besides their cartridge boxes they carried ten rounds extra in their overcoat pockets. The

road was sandy, and the men often found their feet beneath the sand, but with their wonted alacrity they kept on, the Fifty-fourth leading in almost a locked running step, followed closely by the First. As they reached the road intersected by the railroad they halted in the rear of what remained of Hamilton's battery, loading a parting shot. The band of the Fifty-fourth took position on the side of the road, and while the regiments were unstringing knapsacks as coolly as if about to bivouac, the music burst out on the sulphurous air, amid the roar of artillery, the rattle of musketry, and the shouts of command, mingling its soul-stirring strains with the deafening yells of the charging columns, right, left, and from the enemy's centre. Thus, on the very edge of the battle, nay, in the battle, the Colored band poured out in heroic measures 'The Star Spangled Banner.' Its thrilling notes, soaring above the battle's gale, aroused to new life and renewed energy the panting, routed troops, flying in broken and disordered ranks from the field. Many of them halted, and gathered at the battery again. General Seymour rode up and appealed to the Colored brigade to check the enemy and save the army from annihilation. The Fifty-fourth had but a moment to prepare for the task. Col. Montgomery gave Col. Hallowell the order 'Forward!' pointing to the left, and away went the Fifty-fourth through the woods, down into the swamp, wading up to their knees, in some places to their hips; yet on they went till they reached terra firma. Soon the regiment stood in line of battle, ready to meet the enemy's advancing cavalry emerging from the extreme left.

"'Hold your fire!' ran the order down the line. Indeed it was trying. The cavalry had halted, but the enemy from their rifle-pits in the centre of their position, poured

volley after volley into the ranks of the Fifty-fourth, which it stood like a wall of granite, holding at bay the cavalry on the edge of a pine grove. The First entered the field in front, charged the enemy in the centre of the line, driving them into their rifle-pits, and then for half an hour the carnage was frightful. Col. Reed now found his regiment in an enfilading fire, and it swept his line. Men fell like snowflakes. Driven by this terrific fire the regiment fell back. The Fifty-fourth had taken ground to the right, lending whatever of assistance they could to their retiring comrades, who were about on a line with them, for although retreating, it was in the most cool and deliberate manner, and the two regiments began a firing at will, which the Confederates could not face. Thus they held them till long after sunset, when firing ceased.

The slaughter was terrible; the Colored troops losing about 800 men; the White troops, 600."

The little army, defeated through General Seymour's mismanagement, but not disgraced, was saved from capture by the Colored regiments that had checked the enemy's pursuit, and covered the retreat to Jacksonville. His blunder, and disobedience of orders, led to wholesale slaughter in which the Colored troops lost the most men because they threw themselves unsparingly into the most exposed places, and then sold their lives as dearly as possible.

THE BATTLE OF HONEY HILL,

which was fought nearly three miles east of Grahamville, S. C., in the Beaufort District, was another fiasco, in which the extraordinary bravery and daring of the Colored troops could not avail against an almost impregnable position and a Confederate man-trap. Whenever Union generals took a

notion to spring such a trap, and there were many besides Fort Wagner, Olustee, Honey Hill, and Fort Gilmer, it seemed that Colored troops when present were fated to be used for the purpose, but they did not stop to complain, to demur, to hesitate, or to question the sanity of orders received. They willingly undertook impossible tasks assigned them, and their shattered and decimated regiments came out of the war with unsullied banners on which the highest tribute to soldiers could have been inscribed truthfully—obedient and faithful unto death.

The Union force in this battle was about the same as in the battle of Olustee, 6,000 men, and was in personal command of Gen. John P. Hatch under Major-General J. G. Foster.

The Savannah Republican, a Confederate sheet, in giving an account of the battle, made these statements:

"The Negroes, *as usual*, formed the advance, and had nearly reached the creek, when our batteries opened upon them down the road with a terrible volley of spherical case. This threw them into temporary confusion; but the entire force, estimated at 5,000, was quickly restored to order, and thrown into line of battle parallel with our own, up and down the margin of the swamp. The battle raged from eleven in the morning till dark. The enemy's centre and left were most exposed and suffered terribly. Their right was posted behind an old dam that ran through the swamp, and it maintained its position till the close of the fight.

"Their centre and left fought with a desperate earnestness. Several attempts were made to charge our batteries, and many got nearly across the swamp, but were, in every instance, forced back by the galling fire poured into them from our lines. * * * We made a visit to the field the

day following, and found the road literally strewn with their dead. Some eight or ten bodies were floating in the water where the road crosses, and in a ditch on the road-side, just beyond, we saw six Negroes piled on top of the other. A colonel of one of the Negro regiments, with his horse, was killed while fearlessly leading his men across the creek in a charge. * * * We counted some sixty or seventy bodies in the space of about an acre, many of which were horribly mutilated by shells; some with half their heads shot off, and others completely disembowelled. The artillery was served with great accuracy, and we doubt if any other battle-field of the war presents such havoc among the trees and shrubbery."

It was the Thirty-second Regiment, U. S. Colored Troops, organized at Camp William Penn, Pa., in February, 1864, that made the first charge against the Confederate fort after the Union force had got in position. Although new soldiers, they bravely made the attempt, but stuck in the marsh, which was impassable at the point of their assault, and under a galling fire of grape, canister, and musketry, they extricated themselves and resumed their former position in the line. The Thirty-fourth, U. S. C. T., also made a similar attempt, with like results. The Fifty-fifth Massachusetts made three different charges up the hill, nearly reaching the batteries, but was swept back by terrific discharges of grapeshot, shells and musketry, cutting down more than a hundred of its brave men, in less than half an hour.

"Like the Fifty-fourth at Olustee, the Fifty-fifth was the last regiment to leave the field, and cover the retreat at Honey Hill," writes the Colored historian, William Wells Brown, who also describes a part of its service, in this battle,

as follows: "Never was self-sacrifice, by both officers and men, more apparent than on this occasion; never did men look death more calmly in the face. See the undaunted and heroic Colonel Hartwell at the head of his regiment, and hear him shouting, 'Follow your colors, my brave men!' and with drawn sword leading his gallant band. His horse is up to his knees in the heavy mud. The rider, already wounded, is again struck by the fragment of a shell, but keeps his seat; while the spirited animal struggling in the mire, and plunging about, attracts the attention of the braves who are eagerly pressing forward to meet the enemy, to retake the lost ground, and gain a victory, or at least save the little army from defeat. A moment more he is killed; and the brave Hartwell attempts to jump from his charger, but is too weak. The horse falls with fearful struggles upon its rider, and both are buried in the mud. * * * Captain Crane, the Adjutant, is killed, and falls from his horse near his Colonel. Lieutenant Boynton, while urging his men, is killed. Lieutenant Hill is wounded, but still keeps his place. Captains Soule and Woodward are both wounded, and yet keep their command. The blood is running freely from the mouth of Lieutenant Jewett, but he does not leave his company. Sergeant-major Trotter is wounded, but still fights. Sergeant Shorter is wounded in the knee, yet will not go to the rear. A shell tears off the foot of Sergeant-major Charles L. Mitchell, and, as he is carried to the rear, he shouts, with uplifted hand, 'Cheer up, boys! We'll never surrender!' * * * Look away in front: there are the colors, and foremost amongst the bearers is Robert M. King, the young, the handsome, and the gentlemanly sergeant, whose youth and bravery attract the attention of all. Scarcely more than twenty years, of age, well educated, he

had left a good home in Ohio to follow the fortunes of war, and to give his life to help redeem his race. The enemy train their guns upon the colors, the roar of the cannon and crack of rifle are heard, the advanced flag falls, the heroic King is killed! No, he is not dead, but only wounded. A fellow sergeant seizes the colors, but the bearer will not give them up. He rises, holds the old flag aloft with one hand, and presses the other upon the wound in his side to stop the blood. 'Advance the colors!' shouts the commander. The brave King, though saturated with his own blood, is the first to obey the order. As he goes forward, a bullet passes through his heart, and he falls. Another snatches the colors, but they are fast, the grasp of death holds them tight. The hand is at last forced open, the flag is raised to the breeze; and the lifeless body of Robert M. King is borne from the field. This is but a truthful sketch of the part played by one heroic son of African descent, whose death was lamented by all who knew him; and this is only one of the two hundred and forty-nine that fell on the field of Honey Hill."

The Fifty-fourth Massachusetts was represented in this battle by six companies; and it, and all the Colored troops engaged, sustained the reputation which they had won by bravery, and good conduct throughout. It would be interesting to give every detail of the battle; and also to visit farther, and treat more comprehensively the camp-fires of Afro-Americans in this Department, in 1864, but it is necessary now to glance in another direction, to notice a campaign which, beginning in Tennessee, extended its operations to Atlanta, Georgia, and thence to the sea-coast, putting a climax to affairs in the Department of the South by causing the capture of Savannah, Charleston, and Wilmington, and

giving some other finishing touches to the downfall of the Southern Confederacy.

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA.

General WILLIAM T. SHERMAN, who was soon to lead his army through the heart of the Confederacy, and have a following which looked as though all the Colored camp-meetings in the country had broken loose to march and sing and shout under his banners, began his good work for the year 1864 on a large scale, on the 3d of February.

Leaving Vicksburg, with a strong force he invaded the country eastward to the borders of Alabama. He was not a McClellan man in movements and methods, and hence, within twenty-four days, he marched 400 miles, liberated 10,000 slaves—over 6,000 of whom returned with him to Vicksburg,—destroyed a vast amount of Confederate supplies, took 4,000 prisoners, and 1,500 mules and horses.

In May, when Grant as Lieutenant-General, and General-in-Chief of all the armies of the Republic, began his co-operative movements, he starting towards Richmond through the Wilderness, Sherman by his direction began the Atlanta campaign: leaving Chattanooga, Tennessee, with the Army of the Cumberland, under General Schofield, the Army of the Ohio, under General Thomas, and the Army of the Tennessee, under General McPherson. These were able leaders, and their men could be depended upon for rapid marching, fighting, foraging, and doing any kind of work cut out for them requiring endurance, dash and courage. A rugged mountain region had to be traversed, rivers and streams crossed, strongholds taken or flanked, and communications kept open with his base of supplies, but he pressed on incessantly towards the first great goal—Atlanta.

May 7th General Thomas occupied Tunnel Hill, across the Georgia border, and on the 8th gained possession of Dalton. By the 11th Sherman had driven the Confederates to Buzzards' Roost Mountain. On the 15th and 16th he defeated them at Resaca, taking 1,200 prisoners, ten guns, and six trains going south for supplies. On the 29th General McPherson's force fought the enemy at Dallas and drove him back, inflicting a loss of about 5,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners.

By the 2d of June, Sherman's advance held Allatoona Pass. On the 18th he occupied Marietta, the Confederates having evacuated the place. On the 21st, after another fight, he gained an important position, but on the 27th lost the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, his assault meeting with a severe repulse. Pursuing his forward course, however, by flanking and fighting, the Confederates being forced back by one or the other, he crossed the Chattahoochee River, July 16th, with his whole army, and on the 20th, 22d and 28th of the same month fought heavy battles in front of Atlanta. Johnson had been superseded by Hood, who attacked Sherman with great determination, but his assaults were repulsed. In the battle of the 22d, Major-General James B. McPherson was killed—a lamentable misfortune to the Union cause. In the same battle, the loss of the Confederates was reported to be 7,000 men killed, wounded and captured; 15 stand of colors, and 5,000 stand of arms. The Union loss was about 3,200 men. The Confederate losses on the 20th and 28th were also very severe; on the latter date, at least 1,000 men in killed and wounded.

The month of August was spent by Sherman in closely besieging Atlanta. On the 7th he made an important flank movement, and at length, severing the only remaining rail-

road, and other lines of communication upon which Hood depended for supplies, that general was forced to evacuate Atlanta, which he did on the second day of September, retreating toward the interior of Georgia. In taking possession of the city, Sherman captured about 1,000 prisoners, and 25 cannon, and announced to the Government the great victory by a modest despatch, in which occurred the now familiar expression,—"Atlanta is ours, and fairly won." Here he rested his wearied troops, keeping a keen watch upon Hood's movements, and administering to him heavy blows when ever he attempted to destroy his communications with Chattanooga.

Leaving General Thomas in Tennessee to watch, and deal with Hood, Sherman, after perfecting the plan of a campaign which astonished the civilized world, abandoned Atlanta, and the middle of November saw his legions on the march through Georgia to the sea—a great emancipation march, for it brought immediate freedom to thousands of slaves who followed him, and to whom he gave subsistence and protection.

Section VII of Sherman's general orders for the march was: "Negroes who are able bodied, and can be of service to the several columns, may be taken along, but each army commander will bear in mind that the question of supplies is a very important one, and that his first duty is to see to those who bear arms." This was liberally construed, and as the army, divided into two wings, the right under Major-General O. O. Howard and the left under Major-General H. W. Slocum, marched through a rich country, the wings generally many miles apart, it was not difficult to find an ample subsistence, and the exodus of Colored people along the lines of march kept on increasing until it looked as if

Sherman were their Moses, and that they were bound for the land of Canaan.

The march of Slocum's wing was inaugurated as it passed the place where General McPherson fell, by the bands playing and the soldiers singing in a grand and mighty chorus the "John Brown's Body" battle-hymn, and its inspiring strains quickened the pace, and strengthened the resolution, of the Army of Georgia, and the cause for which he died was triumphantly advanced as its banners moved onward through the heart of the Slaveholder's Confederacy.

With 60,000 infantry, 60 cannon, and a cavalry division of 5,500 under General Kilpatrick, Sherman cut loose from all communications with the North, and in twenty-seven days the "lost army" marched more than three hundred miles, living on the country, the soldiers enjoying the novel campaign, and overcoming all opposition. As he approached Savannah, some of his scouts made haste to reach the sea to send glad tidings to the North, where great anxiety was felt for the safety of his army; and by hiding in rice swamps by day and paddling down the river at night, they succeeded in passing Fort McAllister, were picked up by the Union gunboats, and soon the joyful news which they carried was flashed over the Nation.

On the 13th of December Fort McAllister, the last obstruction to his entrance into Savannah, was taken by assault, in a spirited action lasting only fifteen minutes; and he was now enabled to co-operate with the fleet under Admiral Dahlgren. On the 17th, he demanded of General Hardee the surrender of Savannah, who refused, but prudently evacuated the city before his last road for retreat was taken; and on the morning of the 21st, at daybreak, the Union troops took possession.

SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA.

Sherman's official dispatch, announcing the event, reached Lincoln on December 25th: "I beg to present you as a Christmas gift, the City of Savannah, with 150 guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about 25,000 bales of cotton."

During the march 7,000 slaves had joined his columns. He was friendly towards them, and expressed himself in favor of "enlisting them into the army and forming Black regiments and brigades."

One of the many incidents that occurred which showed the kind feeling which he had for the Colored people was related by a correspondent, an army officer, writing to the New York *Evening Post:* "Just before his entrance into Milledgeville, General Sherman camped on one of the plantations of Howell Cobb. * * * We found his granaries well filled with corn and wheat, part of which was distributed and eaten by our animals and men. A large supply of syrup made from sorghum (which we have found at nearly every plantation on our march), was stored in an out-house. This was also disposed of to the soldiers and to the poor, decrepit Negroes, which this humane (?) Major-General left to die in this place a few days ago. Becoming alarmed, Cobb sent to that place and removed all the able-bodied slaves. He left here some fifty old men—cripples, and women and children—with clothing scarce covering their nakedness, with little or no food, and without means of procuring any. We found them cowering over the fire-places of their miserable huts, where the wind whirled through the crevices between the logs, frightened at the approach of the 'Yankees,' who, they had been told, would kill them. A more forlorn, neglected set of human beings I never saw. General Sherman distributed to them with his own hands the provisions

left here, and assured them that we were their friends, and they need not be afraid."

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

Turning toward the South-west, another expedition of 1864 demands attention, which was in painful contrast with the one undertaken later by Sherman in his triumphant march to the sea—Banks' march through Louisiana. It was not only a great failure in itself, but it led, indirectly, to the massacre at Fort Pillow, by withdrawing forces from exposed posts on the Mississippi and thus offering inducements to Forest and Beauford to make descents upon them.

Wielding a sword requires different qualifications from those needed in handling a gavel, and while the United States Government has produced many men capable of doing both with equal success, N. P. Banks was not one of that kind. As Speaker of the House of Representatives he was a success, but as a General he was a misfit.

The beginning of the campaign, under General A. J. Smith, was successful. He left Vicksburg, Miss., on the 10th of March, with a strong body of troops and with Admiral Porter's fleet started up Red River. On the 13th he defeated General Taylor, capturing Fort De Russey, and the army and fleet, acting in conjunction, moved up the river to Alexandria, which place they reached on the 15th of March. General Banks with a large force from New Orleans, including Colored troops, joined General Smith at Alexandria, taking chief command. While the fleet under Porter ascended the river, the army marched upward, Shreveport being their destination. On the 26th of March the Union troops fought and defeated the Confederates at Cane River, and on the 8th of April were defeated, in turn, at

Sabine Cross Roads, and then, taking their turn again, won some success at Pleasant Grove. On the 9th they fought a severe battle at Pleasant Hill, successfully, but found that to advance farther was likely to result in their being cut off and captured, and they fell back to Alexandria, having lost largely in men and material. By this retreat, the fleet, which had gone onward, was left in great danger, the narrow river falling rapidly, and the Confederates swarming on its banks. When near Alexandria, the water had become so shallow that the vessels could not pass the rapids, and were saved from destruction or capture, only by the construction of a dam across the river, the labor of which was performed chiefly by the Colored soldiers. They had earned praises in the advance of Banks' army, had borne themselves bravely in the retreat, and now, in this crisis when the Union fleet had but one chance to escape and that depending upon the building of a dam, they stacked their guns, seized tools, and in less than nine days a dam of timber and stone was completed across the river, a little below the falls; at a place where it was 758 feet wide, and from four to six feet deep, and where the current had a rapidity of ten miles an hour. The dam increased the depth over five feet, making the stream passable for all the vessels. An eye-witness said: "The first gunboat that tried it took the chute, that was opened when the water reached the necessary height, without a balk, and then rushed like an arrow through the narrow aperture; pitched down the roaring torrent, and was then swept on into deeper water. All passed with but little damage, and the loss of but one man, who was washed overboard." The passage was made on the 11th of May, and the troops and fleet then hastened back to the Mississippi.

It was Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, formerly a Wisconsin

lumberman, who suggested the device and superintended the construction of the dam, and the star which it gained for him was placed there largely by Colored soldier's hands.

A lamentable outcome of the Red River expedition, as before stated, was

THE MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW.

The writer will never forget his sensations the first time he viewed the scene of the Fort Pillow massacre. It was shortly after that terrible day that he stood on the hurricane deck of the United States steamer *General Lyons*, gazing upon the bluff, steep banks and shore where war with its most barbarous methods enacted crimes against civilization, and was told by eye-witnesses about the butchery, and various circumstances connected with it. The opinion which he formed of the character of the warfare waged at that point, by Forrest and his followers, has been confirmed since by a confession made in the Philadelphia *Times*, 1883, by his chief of artillery, who acknowledged that "*in the break-up the affair became more like a hunt for wild game than a battle between civilized men.*"

Forrest's threat, when he demanded the surrender of the fort,—"If I have to storm your works, you may expect no quarter," was carried out to a full extent, and included the murder of women and children, and non-combatants residing at that time within the lines of its fortifications.

The same inhuman tactics and treatment were threatened to be used the day after, by Brigadier General Beauford, against the Union garrison at Columbus, Kentucky, another post on the Mississippi River. When he ordered its commander, Colonel Lawrence of the 34th Regiment New Jersey Volunteers, to surrender, it was on such terms as

FORT PILLOW, ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

would enable the assailants to treat Colored soldiers without mercy. This is the text of his demand :

To the Commander of the United States Forces, Columbus, Ky.:

Fully capable of taking Columbus and its garrison, I desire to avoid shedding blood. I therefore demand the unconditional surrender of the forces under your command. Should you surrender, the Negroes in arms will be returned to their masters. Should I be compelled to take the place by force, NO QUARTER WILL BE SHOWN NEGRO TROOPS WHATEVER ; White troops will be treated as prisoners of war.

I am, Sir, Yours :

A. BEAUFORD, *Brig. Gen.*

It was fortunate for the garrison that they were able to resist Beauford's attack successfully, driving him away, or there would have been another black-flag chapter to go with those already written in the history of the Southern Confederacy.

It is evident from these two instances, out of many, of actual and threatened barbarity against Colored troops and their White officers, that the course of the United States Government in using them met with the deadly hate of Secessionists who first sought and employed their services themselves ; and they would have continued these atrocities openly, and often, if it had not been for fear of the retaliatory measures which Lincoln, Grant, Butler, Hunter and others threatened to use to give equal protection to Colored troops and their officers.

The Fort Pillow massacre was not perpetrated by Indians serving the Confederacy, but, if we believe the sworn evidence in the " Report of the Joint Committee on

the Conduct and Expenditures of the War, to whom was referred the Resolution of Congress instructing them to investigate the late Massacre at Fort Pillow," untutored savages could not have made it more horrible.

Anderson, in his school history of the United States, says: "The absence of troops to aid Banks in the Red River expedition, induced the Confederates, under General Forrest, to make a raid into the western part of Tennessee and Kentucky. Union City was captured. An attack upon Fort Pillow (April 12th) was bravely resisted; but, at last, the place was carried by assault, and 300 of its defenders, *mostly Colored troops*, were massacred." Lossing says: "On the 12th of April they captured Fort Pillow, on the Mississippi, and *there war appeared in its most savage form*." All truthful historians, treating of this affair, are obliged to call it by its right name, and it will therefore always have to be described in spite of the mildest words and terms that can be chosen to conceal its horrid features, as a massacre by White savages of people mostly Colored, instigated by hatred of that unfortunate race, and the flag over them which now represented their freedom.

The investment of Fort Pillow by the Confederates, on the 12th, was followed up on the 13th by an early attack, which was bravely resisted by the small garrison, and the outer line of intrenchments was held until after the death of the Commandant, Major L. F. Booth, which occurred about nine o'clock. Major A. F. Bradford then took command, and withdrew the troops into the Fort, on the bluff, where he continued the defense against the overwhelming force of Forrest, estimated at three or four thousand men.

In the afternoon Forrest ceased firing, and during the lull in the fighting, he sent in a flag of truce demanding a

surrender within half an hour, taking advantage of the parley to advance and mass his men near the works. Major Bradford refused to surrender, and the return of Forrest's flag with the declination was the appointed signal for a simultaneous rush of his lawless men, who, between four and five o'clock, bounded over the breastworks and began the massacre. Their murderous work was continued with fiendish fury until after dark, and was resumed the next morning. That the facts may be stated officially, and uncolored, the following extract is given, taken from the Report of the Committee on the Conduct of the War:

It will appear from the testimony that was taken, that the atrocities committed at Fort Pillow were not the results of passion elicited by the heat of the conflict, but were the results of a policy deliberately decided upon, and unhesitatingly announced. Even if the uncertainty of the fate of those officers and men belonging to Colored regiments, who have heretofore been taken prisoners by the rebels, has failed to convince the authorities of our Government of this fact, the testimony herewith submitted must convince even the most skeptical, that it is the intention of the rebel authorities not to recognize the officers and men of our Colored regiments as entitled to the treatment accorded by all civilized nations to prisoners of war.

The declarations of Forrest and his officers, both before and after the capture of Fort Pillow, as testified to by such of our men as have escaped after being taken by him; the threats contained in the various demands for surrender made at Paducah, Columbus, and other places; the renewal of the massacre the morning after the capture of Fort Pillow; the statements made by the rebel officers to the officers of our gunboats who received the few survivors at Fort Pillow,—all this proves most conclusively the policy they have determined to adopt.

It was at Fort Pillow that the brutality and cruelty of the rebels were most fearfully exhibited. The garrison there, according to the last returns received at headquarters, amounted to ten officers and five hundred and thirty-eight enlisted men, of whom two hundred and sixty-two were Colored troops, comprising one battalion of the Sixteenth United States Heavy Artillery, formerly the First Alabama Artillery of Colored troops, under the command of Major L. F. Booth; one section of the Second Light Artillery (Colored); and a battalion of the Thirteenth Tennessee Cavalry (White), commanded by Major A. F. Bradford. Major Booth was the ranking officer, and was in command of the fort.

Immediately after the second flag of truce retired, the rebels made a

EMANCIPATION STATUE OF LINCOLN AT WASHINGTON.

rush from the positions they had so treacherously gained, and obtained possession of the fort, raising the cry of "No quarter!" But little opportunity was allowed for resistance. * * * * Then followed a scene of cruelty and murder without parallel in civilized warfare, which needed but the tomahawk and scalping-knife to exceed the worst atrocities ever committed by savages.

The rebels commenced an indiscriminate slaughter, sparing neither age nor sex, White nor Black, soldier nor civilian. The officers and men seemed to vie with each other in the devilish work. Men, women and children, wherever found, were deliberately shot down, beaten, and hacked with sabres. Some of the children not more than ten years old were forced to stand up by their murderers while being shot. The sick and wounded were butchered without mercy, the rebels even entering the hospital-buildings, and dragging them out to be shot, or killing them as they lay there unable to offer the least resistance. All over the hillside the work of murder was going on. Numbers of our men were collected together in lines or groups, and deliberately shot. Some were shot while in the river; while others on the bank were shot, and their bodies kicked into the water, many of them still living, but unable to make exertions to save themselves from drowning. * * * * All around were heard cries of "No quarter, no quarter!" "Kill the d—d niggers, shoot them down!" All who asked for mercy were answered by the most cruel taunts and sneers. Some were spared for a time, only to be murdered under circumstances of greater cruelty.

No cruelty which the most fiendish malignity could devise was omitted by these murderers. * * * * One Negro who had been ordered by a rebel officer to hold his horse, was killed by him; another, a mere child, whom an officer had taken up behind him on his horse, was seen by General Chalmers, who at once ordered him to put him down and shoot him, which was done.

The huts and tents in which many of the wounded sought shelter were set on fire, both on that night and the next morning, while the wounded were still in them. * * * These deeds of murder and cruelty closed when night came on, only to be renewed the next morning, when the demons carefully sought among the dead lying about in all directions for any other wounded yet alive; and those they found were deliberately shot. * * *

The foregoing statements form only a small part of the Report, and many of its harrowing details are omitted, which the committee gathered from sworn testimonials. The testimony of the survivors, and of those who visited the scene of the massacre, is too heartrending in many particulars to repeat. Major Bradford's fate was sealed when he took command after the death of Major Booth. When the fort was taken, he surrendered, but, as he was an especial object of

hatred, he did not have long to live, for he was soon basely shot.

According to an account of the terrible affair by a reliable historian, "When the murderers returned, the day after the capture, to renew their fiendish work upon the wounded and dying, they found a young and beautiful mulatto woman searching among the dead for the body of her husband. She was the daughter of a wealthy and influential rebel residing at Columbus. With her husband, this woman was living near the fort when our forces occupied it, and joined the Union men to assist in holding the place. Going from body to body with all the earnestness with which love could inspire an affectionate heart, she at last found the object of her search. He was not dead; but both legs were broken. The wife had succeeded in getting him out from among the piles of dead, and was bathing his face and giving him water to drink from a pool near by, which had been replenished by the rain which fell a few hours before. At this moment she was seen by the murderous band; and the cry was at once raised, 'Kill the wench! Kill her!' The next moment the sharp crack of a musket was heard, and the angel of mercy fell a corpse on the body of her wounded husband, who was soon after knocked in the head by the butt end of the same weapon."

With this brief consideration of the massacre, the reader is now asked to look eastward again, and to observe how the Colored troops there raised the war-cry, "Remember Fort Pillow!"

WITH BUTLER ON THE JAMES.

There was a parody in vogue during the Civil war which hinted at General Benjamin F. Butler's hesitation, at New Orleans, to support the advanced opinions and methods

of General J. W. Phelps in his treatment of people whom the former had first declared to be contraband of war, and of Butler's advance soon to the same position,—a copy of which is here given:

ABOU BEN BUTLER.

Abou Ben Butler (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night down by the old Belize,
And saw, outside the comfort of his room,
Making it warmer for the gathering gloom,
A Black man shivering in the winter's cold.
Exceeding courage made Ben Butler bold,
And to the presence in the dark he said:
"What wantest thou?" The figure raised its head,
And with a look made of all sad accord
Answered: "The men who'll serve the purpose of the Lord."
"And am I one?" said Butler. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the Black man. Butler spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said: "*As I am Ben*,
You'll not have cause to tell me that again."
The figure bowed and vanished. The next night
It came once more, environed strong in light,
And showed the names whom love of freedom blessed,
And lo! Ben Butler's name led all the rest.

This was the man, who, once a pro-slavery adherent, and a warm supporter, in 1860, of Jefferson Davis for the Presidency, now brought his felon-condemned head to within a few miles of his old idol who wished to hang him for his New Orleans record, his espousal of the Black man's cause, and his generalship of Colored troops; and it was to come to pass before long that he would directly command the largest force of Negro soldiers in the civilized world, and these same soldiers would make a triumphant entry into Richmond,—almost in time to see the heels of the Confederate Cabinet. Their conduct under his keen scrutiny in camp, on the march, and in battle, was such as to give him a subject of confession of sorrow for his old prejudice against

Colored men, and an eloquent laudation of their heroism and worth, in a speech on the floor of Congress, an extract from which follows:

* * * "It became my painful duty to follow in the track of that charging column, [referring to charge of U. S. Colored Troops, numbering three thousand, at New Market Heights, Va.] and there, in a space not wider than the clerk's desk and three hundred yards long, lay the dead bodies of five hundred and forty-three of my Colored comrades, fallen in defense of their country, who had offered up their lives to uphold its flag and its honor, as a willing sacrifice. As I rode along among them, guiding my horse this way and that way, lest he should profane with his hoofs what seemed to me the sacred dead, and as I looked upon their bronzed faces upturned in the shining sun, as if in mute appeal against the wrongs of the country for which they had given their lives, whose flag had only been to them a flag of stripes, on which no star of glory had ever shone for them—feeling I had wronged them in the past and believing what would be the future of my country to them—among my dead comrades there, I swore to myself a solemn oath—'May my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth' if I ever fail to defend the rights of those men who have given their blood for me and my country that day and for their race forever,—and God keeping me, I will keep that oath."

The history of the Army of the James can be read by Colored soldiers and their friends without shame; and it will give them occasion often to hold up their heads with pride, and to teach their children that any history of the United States which does not mention their distinguished military services, does not deserve its name.

This opinion corresponds with the high regard which General Butler had for that army, for, when he was relieved of its command, he wrote in his farewell address, January 8, 1865: "In after times your General's proudest memory will be to say with you, 'I, too, was with the Army of the James.' To THE COLORED TROOPS: In this army you have been treated, not as laborers, but as soldiers. You have shown yourselves worthy of the uniform you wear. The best officers of the Union seek to command you. Your bravery has won the admiration even of those who would be your masters. Your patriotism, fidelity and courage have illustrated the best qualities of manhood. With the bayonet you have unlocked the iron-barred gates of prejudice, opening new fields of freedom, liberty and equality of right to yourselves and race forever. Comrades of the Army of the James, I bid you farewell, farewell!"

That the Colored soldiers, thus addressed, deserved these encomiums is clearly seen by the records which they made, and by the reports alluding to them. From the time when their connection with the Army of the James began, to the close of the war, they were among its most active and reliable members. When Butler advanced with his army from Yorktown and Gloucester Point, on transports, descending York River and ascending the James, his Colored troops were quick to perform any duty assigned them. On May 5th he telegraphed to Grant: "We have seized Wilson's Wharf Landing; a brigade of Wilde's Colored troops are there; at Fort Powhatan Landing two regiments of the same brigade have landed. At City Point, Hinks' division (Colored), with the remaining troops and battery, have landed." * * Again, on May 9th, he reported to Grant: "With one thousand and seven hundred cavalry we have advanced up

the Peninsula, forced the Chickahominy, and have safely brought them to our present position. These were Colored cavalry, and are now holding our advance pickets toward Richmond."

In the general forward movement of May, 1864, it was Grant's intention to have Butler seize and hold Petersburg, and Butler actually had that city in his grasp, June 15th, when Colored troops carried its outer works, but, receiving false information that Lee had retreated to Richmond, he did not intrench, did not reinforce his successful advance, and lost the great opportunity. Beauregard concentrated a large force rapidly in front of Butler, and the latter then fell back to his fortifications at Bermuda Hundreds, finding constant occupation in defending his base of supplies at City Point, holding different places along his lines, and making diversions.

One of the many fights in this department, which showed that Colored soldiers were a match for the bravest Confederates, was on Tuesday, May 24th, when General Fitzhugh Lee made a sudden descent upon Wilson's Wharf, which was defended by two Colored regiments, and his famous cavalry got badly worsted. The battle continued from 12.30 P. M. to 6 o'clock, Lee's dismounted men making a number of persistent and desperate assaults against the centre, left and right of the position held by the Colored troops, rushing forward with appalling yells, but failing to terrify them or to make them flinch. Lee did not like to retire with the name of having been whipped by Colored soldiers, and kept up the conflict until his losses were very heavy, Major Breckenridge, of the Second Virginia Cavalry, being one of the many killed and left on the field. A number of prisoners were taken from the Confederates, and their total loss was estimated at 200.

The 29th of September witnessed the heroic assault at New Market Heights, when Colored troops, under General Butler's inspection, captured works that their garrison believed to be impregnable. On the same day, in the afternoon, an attempt was made by a portion of the Seventh Maryland (Colored), in obedience to orders from General Wm. Birney, to take Fort Gilmer. It was arranged at first that the whole regiment should charge, but as it was forming for the assault the order was changed to include only four companies, C, D, G, and K. Captain Julius A. Weiss was instructed to take command of these, and execute General Birney's order. He replied: "What! take a fort with a skirmish line? I will *try*, but it can't be done." He advanced across a level plain, from 500 to 700 yards wide, his men moving as if on parade in ordinary quick step, under a heavy and direct fire, Fort Gilmer in their front, and one to its right, sweeping the plain at first with shell and scrapnel, and then with grape and canister; and as the gallant boys of the Seventh drew nearer a rapid fire of musketry had also to be faced.

When about three-fourths of the way across this plain, Captain Weiss gave the order to charge, and the Confederates, struck with astonishment in viewing such a daring deed and hopeless attempt, for an instant slackened their fire, but seeing that the brave men charging meant business, they redoubled their discharges of canister and musketry, and cut down many of them, among whom were Captain Smith and Lietutenant Prime, of Company G. Captain Weiss, in his narrative, says: "In a few minutes the ditch of the fort was reached. It was six or seven feet deep and ten or twelve wide, the excavated material sufficing for the embankments of the fort. Some 120 men and officers pre-

cipitated themselves into it, many losing their lives at its very edge. After a short breathing spell, men were helped up the exterior of the parapet on the shoulders of others; fifty or sixty being thus disposed, an attempt was made to storm the fort. At the signal nearly all rose, but the enemy, lying securely sheltered behind the interior slope, the muzzles of their guns almost touching the storming party, received the latter with a crushing fire, sending many into the ditch below, shot through the brain or breast. Several other attempts were made with like result, till at least forty or fifty were writhing in the ditch or resting forever." There being no chance to succeed, and none to escape, the survivors at length surrendered, and "many," continues the Captain, "in mounting the parapet, could not help taking a last mournful look on their dead comrades in the ditch, whose soldierly qualities had endeared them to their best affections; and many, without for a moment selfishly looking at their own dark future, were oppressed with inexpressible sadness when reflecting on the immensity of the sacrifice and the deplorableness of the result." Seven officers, Captains Weiss and McCarty, and Lieutenants Sherman, Mack, Spinney, Ferguson and Eler, with seventy to eighty enlisted men surrendered, were taken to Richmond; and Lieutenant Spinney states that the march there "was one continued insult from the troops that were hurrying to the front. * * * Upon arriving at Libby Prison, the officer in charge asked the commander of our guard if the 'niggers' would fight. His answer was, with an oath, 'If you had been there you would have thought so. They marched up just as if they were on drill.' * * * After being lodged in Libby, Salisbury and Danville prisons, we were returned to Richmond about February 17, 1865, paroled on the 21st, and reached our lines on the 22d."

The records and reports of engagements at Bermuda Hundreds, Fort Burnham or Harrison, Bailey's Farm, City Point, Chapin's Farm, Deep Bottom, Drewry's Bluff, Dutch Gap, Darbytown Road, Fort Gilmer, Hatcher's Run, New Market Heights, Powhatan, Pocahontas, Plymouth, Wilson's Wharf or Landing, Petersburg, near Richmond, and at many other places, including the expedition to Fort Fisher, in December,—all show that Butler did not err when he resolved to raise twenty-five regiments of Colored troops, for his confidence was not misplaced; and their achievements made an illustrious history for the Army of the James.

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN TO PETERSBURG.

On the 9th of March, General U. S. GRANT received from President Lincoln his commission as Lieutenant-General; on the 17th he formally assumed command of all the armies of the United States; and on May 3d he telegraphed orders to distant forces, so that all should move forward in co-operation. Establishing his headquarters in the Army of the Potomac, with General Meade, he crossed the Rapidan (Rapid Anna) May 4th, beginning his movement toward Richmond. Advancing upon the right flank of Lee's army, which was behind strong intrenchments in Orange county, Virginia, that General was compelled to leave them, in order to cover the approaches to Richmond, and the two great antagonists, with their mighty armies, entered upon the fierce and destructive conflicts which were to decide the mastery. These hosts, which numbered together probably two hundred and fifty thousand men, contended against each other for three days in the Wilderness, not far from Chancellorsville, the result forcing Lee to retire May 7th. On the 8th and 9th of May, and again on the 12th, some of the most desper-

ate and destructive battles of modern times were fought around Spottsylvania Court House, at the close of which Lee was again obliged to fall back.

On May 23d, Grant made another great flank movement, Lee resisting it with energy and desperation, but losing many prisoners, and again falling back; this time to the South Anna. Thus, by attacks and flank movements, Grant gradually forced Lee backward, at a great sacrifice of men, one of his most unfortunate attacks being the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3d, when he attempted to drive him across the Chickahominy. In less than half an hour 15,000 men were killed and wounded on both sides, Grant's losses being much the heavier; but he was not to be balked by any sacrifice, having determined in the outset to crush Lee's army at any cost. Lee was, therefore, soon compelled to continue his backward movements toward the Confederate capitol; Grant crossed the Chickahominy, also the James, and by the middle of June succeeded in bringing the Army of the Potomac before Petersburg, the key to Richmond; and, after a long siege, attended by many conflicts in which Colored soldiers participated, the "key" was obtained April 3, 1865, and the gates of Richmond flew open.

In the Ninth Army Corps, under General Burnside, which marched with the Army of the Potomac, was the Fourth Division, composed of the 19th, 23d, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th, 31th, 39th and 43d Regiments, United States Colored Troops, commanded by General Edward Ferrero; and cavalry and artillery made up of White troops. To this division was entrusted the important work of guarding the immense supply train of about 4,000 wagons, on the safety of which depended Grant's ability to advance. It was a tempting prize, and Grant knew the half-rationed

Confederates would take it, if they could. Such an attempt they made on the Fredericksburg road, May 19th, and finding that Colored men guarded their desired booty, they fought with the greatest dash and fury, animated not only by the hope of capturing the train, but also by hatred of the men of color opposing them; but they miserably failed. The Colored soldiers undismayed by their yells, bullets and charges, stood an immovable phálanx, drove the enemy off, and preserved Grant's vital line of communication. General Adam Badeau, in his "Life of Grant," referring to this affair, said: "It was the first time at the East when Colored troops had been engaged in any important battle, and the display of soldierly qualities won a frank acknowledgment from both troops and commanders, not all of whom had before been willing to look upon Negroes as comrades; but after that time, White soldiers in the Army of the Potomac were not displeased to receive the support of Black ones; they had found the support worth having."

This division, when Grant had reached Petersburg, did its full share in the memorable siege, its greatest and most heroic performance being the charge at the Crater; an account of which is given in another chapter.

OPERATIONS AT MOBILE.

While the Union armies were everywhere active in 1864, the Navy was doing its part nobly, and one of its most important and daring exploits was taking possession of Mobile Bay. Under Admiral FARRAGUT, a squadron ran past Forts Morgan and Gaines, at the entrance of the bay, August 5th, losing the monitor *Tecumseh*, which was sunk by a torpedo, and fiercely engaged the Confederate naval force, capturing their formidable ram *Tennessee*, and seizing and dispersing the other vessels. Co-operating with the land

force under General GRANGER, Fort Gaines was captured on the 8th, and Fort Morgan on the 23d of August, these successes insuring the speedy fall of Mobile.

VICTORIES BY GENERAL THOMAS.

General GEORGE H. THOMAS, to whom General Sherman assigned the task of opposing Hood, when the march through Georgia was undertaken, kept up his reputation as the "Rock of Chickamauga," and Hood dashed his army to pieces upon him. While Thomas slowly fell back toward Nashville, Hood followed him with an army of 40,000 men. On November 30th, a heavy battle was fought at Franklin, Tennessee, between Hood and a part of Thomas' force, under General SCHOFIELD, in which one of Hood's ablest Generals was killed—Pat Cleburn. Thomas, whom Hood now besieged in Nashville, took his own time, watched his opportunities, and on the 15th of December struck and shattered Hood's army, making of it a hopeless wreck. With the loss of one-third of his men, and nearly all his cannon, he fled into Alabama.

The events of 1864, upon which these hasty glances have been cast, and many of which have not been mentioned, constituted such a series of successes for the Union cause that when the year closed it was the firm belief and joyous expectation of the loyal Government and its supporters that the incoming year would witness the complete overthrow of the Southern Confederacy; and not the least among the evidences presented was the change of front by the Confederate Government in regard to the employment of Negro troops. In its desperation and despair it was now about to turn with appeals for help to its Colored population, as will be noted in the chapter following.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE TOTTERING CONFEDERACY SEEKS THE SUPPORT OF COLORED SOLDIERS.

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL CAUSES THE SECESSION LEADERS TO DECIDE IN FAVOR OF FREEING THE BLACKS IF THEY WILL FIGHT FOR THE CONFEDERACY.—THE DESPAIRING APPEAL IS FUTILE, AND THE AMERICAN BABYLON FALLS.

Consistency has always been regarded as a jewel; and inconsistency, no matter how much it shines, when subjected to tests will show its spuriousness, even to people who are uneducated. Until the glitter disappears, and the counterfeit is condemned by proof, many will be satisfied with it, and there are some others who would just as soon wear a known sparkling sham as a genuine gem. There are a few, also, who might be forced by circumstances to accept a bauble, and to seem pleased with it, until opportunities come to exchange it for an article of value. Sometimes it is good policy not to refuse an offered trifle if receiving it can placate an enemy or keep an indifferent friend from becoming a foe.

For the last three reasons, if for no other, there was a "corporal's guard" of Colored men who responded to the "Help me Cassius or I sink" appeal of the Southern Confederacy when it was clutching at straws to keep itself from

drowning, and with the inducement of promised military glory, or the gift of freedom, went into training at Richmond to save the sinking State.

It is interesting, and suggestive, to trace the radical change of Southern opinion on the question of arming Negroes, and to watch the transmutation of the black flag, first by blood and then with tears into a milk-white banner. If necessity knows no law, then we can understand at once why these statesmen and warriors were willing to discard the original corner-stone of their slave-government for one diametrically opposed to it and unsuited to the super-structure; and substitute in its crumbling arch a different kind of a key: but still it is difficult to account for the blindness in which they prepared to pull down the fabric upon themselves. There were, however, some strong men in the Confederacy who tried not to be blind Samsons, and they opposed measures advocated by President Davis and General Lee for enrolling Negroes, slave and free, into their military service. General W. C. Wickham was one of the number, and Hon. Andrew Hunter was another. The latter said, in debating a bill introduced into the last Confederate Congress, to raise an army of 200,000 Negroes: "When we left the old government we thought we had got rid forever of the slavery agitation; but, to my surprise, I find that this government assumes power to arm the slaves, which involves also the power of emancipation. This proposition should be regarded as a confession of despair. If we are right in passing this measure, we are wrong in denying to the old (Union) government the right to interfere with slavery and to emancipate slaves. If we offer the slaves their freedom as a boon we confess that we are insincere and hypocritical in saying slavery was the best state for the Ne-

groes themselves. I believe that arming and emancipating the slaves will be an abandonment of the contest. To arm the slaves is to give them freedom."

A prominent trait of the Southern Negro was cunning. It was instilled into his being by slavery, by his adverse environment; and it amounted to an instinct with him such as birds have that hide their nests, and by various devices try to protect themselves from the fowler, and hunted animals have that cross and recross their tracks and conceal their lairs. It was not a love of bondage, an overflowing affection for task-masters, nor enmity for the Union cause, that induced many Negroes to work on Confederate entrenchments and fortifications in the South, and to follow their masters to the field of warfare, but it was compulsion in most cases, and in many other instances under a pretense of satisfaction with servitude and devotion to secession it was an ardent desire to get near enough to the "Yankees" to see the flag of freedom, and escape to its sheltering folds without a formal and fatal leave-taking from the stars and bars.

It was never claimed by the most strenuous friends of Negroes, and is not now, that they are angels in ebony, but it is believed they act like white men do, or would do if similarly situated. Some are moved by vanity; a good many by principle; and the largest number by self-interest; hence, when the furor of rebellion swept over the South there were a comparatively few Negroes, nearly all of them free, and living mostly in cities, who took the military fever and for a little while were out of their minds, but which cooled off suddenly when the flag of freedom touched their brows. With a majority of the Colored men who appeared willing to enlist in the home guards the war fever was a ruse to help them evade the suspicion which would surely fall

upon the free Colored population in States under the regime of secession. This was proven in New Orleans. When meetings were being held to fire the hearts of Southrons with secession zeal and military enthusiasm, and to convert, or put under ban, those supposed to be Unionists, there was a movement among the free Colored men to organize a home guard regiment. Confederate leaders, thought to be astute, were immensely pleased by this demonstration of fidelity to their cause on the part of those who might reasonably be suspected of unfriendliness; and when a grand parade was held in the city, on the 23d of November, 1861, reviewed by Governor Moore, Major-General Lovell, and Brigadier-General Ruggles, in the long column of 28,000 troops the regiment of 1,400 free Colored men was given a place in the first division. Their appearance was applauded along the line of march, which doubtless pleased the vanity of a few of them, but in the hearts of most of them there was a feeling that they applaud best who applaud last. A message of gratification over their organization, and seeming accord with armed slave-holders, auctioneers and overseers, was dispatched to headquarters and was joyously received by leaders who afterwards decreed the black flag for Colored men fighting on the side of the Union, and the halter for White officers commanding them. You see, the cases were different. In the first, no slaves were endangered,—no loss of money and property by free Negroes among them enlisting, and then, the killing off of that class, by exposure in war, might remove a menace. In the second, it was looked upon as an unpardonable insult to array Colored men of the North and for the North against Southern Chivalry. There was no doubt about the fighting qualifications of Negroes, for their demi-god before the days of nullification, General

Jackson, had proved them, and praised them, in the battle of New Orleans. So long as they would fight for disunion it was all right; but to fight for the Union was wrong—it was a crime worthy of ignominious death.

The Colored Confederates drummed and fifed and marched and recruited until they numbered 3,000 in ranks; and under a Colored commander were given a post of honor and responsibility, to guard the Mint building at New Orleans. When, by and by, in April, 1862, the Union fleet steamed up the Mississippi, hurling defiance at Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and passed on to New Orleans, and the city was evacuated by the White Confederate forces, their Colored allies timed their retreat so as to be captured by General Butler, and to cheer the return and raising of the flag of the Union. They had remained consistent with their inner-selves, and their hearts beat to the tune of the Red, White and Blue, while outwardly they kept step to the discords of disunion under the stars and bars.

During the following summer, needing additional troops sorely, and seeing no immediate prospect of getting them from the North, Butler, in a general order, made an ingenious and witty play upon the action of Governor Thomas O. Moore who had accepted for the Confederate service a Colored military organization, and had commissioned its officers; and by quoting his official document relating thereto, word for word, and letter for letter, applying some of its expressions to the existing exigency, Butler disarmed consistent criticism of his own action, and effectually spiked some guns of opposition to his own purpose of using Colored men as Union soldiers—and provided spikes for his Government, to be used later in the war. Referring to the Brigade of Negroes known as the "Native Guards," which had

served under the Confederate Major-General Lewis, Butler said, in an order of August 22, 1862, "Whereas, said military organization elicited praise and respect, and was complimented in General Orders for its patriotism and loyalty, and was ordered to continue during the war, in the words following: 'The Governor and Commander-in-Chief, relying implicitly upon the loyalty of the free Colored population of the city and State for the protection of their homes, their property, and for Southern rights, from the pollution of a ruthless invader, and believing that the military organization which existed prior to the 15th of February, 1862, and elicited praise and respect for the patriotic motives which prompted it, *should exist for and during the war*, calls upon them to maintain their organization, and to hold themselves prepared for such orders as may be transmitted to them. The Colonel commanding will report without delay to Major-General Lewis, by order of Thomas O. Moore, Governor.' Whereas, continued Butler, said military organization was directed to report to Major-General Lewis for service, *but did not leave the City of New Orleans when he did;* now, therefore, I, the Commanding General, believing that a large portion of this militia force of the State of Louisiana are willing to take service in the volunteer forces of the United States, and be enrolled and organized to 'defend their homes from ruthless invaders:' to protect their wives and children and kindred from wrong and outrage: to shield their property from being seized by bad men: and to defend the flag of their native country as their fathers did under Jackson at Chalmette against Packenham and his myrmidons carrying the black flag of 'beauty and booty:' appreciating their motives, relying upon their 'well-known loyalty and patriotism,' and with

'praise and respect' for these brave men—it is ordered that all the members of the 'Native Guards' aforesaid, and all other free Colored citizens recognized by the late Governor and authorities of the State of Louisiana as a portion of the militia of the State, who shall enlist in the volunteer service of the United States, shall be duly organized by the appointment of proper officers, and accepted, paid, equipped, armed and rationed as are other volunteer troops of the United States, subject to the approval of the President of the United States. All such persons are required at once to report themselves * * * where proper officers will muster them into the service. * *"

Taking advantage of the opportunity to serve the U. S. Government, under the convenient shelter constructed by the ex-Confederate Governor, who had not thought of its being converted into a Union fortress by the skilled hands of Butler, there was a responsive rush for enrollment when the order was promulgated, not only by the free Negroes referred to, but also by Negroes who had become practically free by running away from their masters, or by their masters running away from them, and who had come to or remained in the city of New Orleans. Within three months three regiments were organized and equipped, displaying aptitude in tactics, faithfulness in obedience, and courage to shoot and be shot at when occasions came to confront Confederate soldiers.

General Benjamin F. Butler in times past had been a Saul of Tarsus for the Slave power, and had voted in the convention at Charleston, in 1860, over and over again, to place Jefferson Davis in nomination for the Presidency of the United States; but when that power threw off its disguise, revealing the hideous features of disunion and fratri-

cidal war, and undertook to destroy the Old Government, he was arrested in his unintentional support of treason, by patriotism and duty, as by a light and a voice from heaven; and it required no visitation of an Ananias to remove the scales from his eyes. Brought face to face by immediate military service in rebellious cities, and in the field, with the workings of secession, his change of views on the slave question and consequent revulsion of feeling, made him a political Apostle Paul, a speedy convert to that Christianity of government which lay hidden in the Declaration of Independence and which required a new epoch for its fulfillment. The old dispensation with its Liberty Bell and Declaration, had come out of its Egypt to cling in part to a system of slavery and a ceremonial political religion, and was, therefore, in part, essentially transient; but eternal law had ordained that while evils must be endured, until they can be cured without the destruction of the body, the Chosen Nation was not born to be a perpetual leper even if it did have at its birth the taint of leprosy. Butler was not one of those who read the signs of the times when the Slave power was trying to spread and intensify the contagion, and advocates for the health and purity and longevity of the Nation were trying to keep it in quarantine, and were preaching the doctrine of its constitutional eradication. He sided with those High Priests and Chief-Justices who interpreted the Constitution to please the Slave Oligarchy, and who decided that it was lawful to inoculate the young States and territories with the virus, and to carry contamination anywhere—even to Faneuil Hall and Pilgrim's Rock. He adhered to the letter of the law, at the expense of its spirit, and about every exaction that could be wrung out of the Free to propitiate the Slave States he was willing to grant. By reason

of his attitude towards Southern domination he stood high in the councils and estimation of its leaders; and when he instantly changed his principles and his purposes from the outlook which they opened by rending the sides of Fort Sumter, he descended in the scale of their opinion, to such a degree, as soon to be known by them as Butler the Beast.

Butler saw shining through the powder-smoke clouds over Fort Sumter the bright and morning star of the purified Republic, heralding the dawn of Columbia's golden era, and it became his guiding star, which he quickly and devoutly followed, and all the more resolutely, when Herodian cruelty sought to extinguish the new-born spirit by slaying the sons of Massachusetts in the streets of Baltimore. His resolution was manifested by a prompt offer of his services to the U. S. Government; in firm and stern removal of obstacles blocking the highway of freemen marching to defend the National Capitol; by declaring slaves of rebellious masters to be contraband of war; by affording them protection, using them as laborers for the Government, and then, taking a step in advance of the authorities at Washington, disposing of his own scruples which had perplexed and held him back from employing Negroes as soldiers, he adopted the sensible views of men like Generals Hunter and Phelps, armed the Negroes, and treated them as comrades and brothers. He saw their docility and faithfulness which made them the most obedient of soldiers; their ruggedness and contentment which made them the hardiest; and their thirst, not for blood but for liberty, which carried them fearlessly to the cannon's mouth, and upon lines of bayonets that had for them but little mercy. Such was his estimate of them, that when he was appointed to command the Army of the James, he was proud to have a corps of Colored troops; and after

the war to extol on the floor of Congress, their conduct and service.

Confederate soldiers had tested the fighting qualities of Negroes as enemies, their endurance and valor,—in pitched battles, in impetuous charges, and had crossed bayonets with them in many desperate struggles. The point was settled that they could and would fight; the question was, Would slaves and free Negroes within their reach, if enlisted, fight for the Confederacy? and, would such an expedient, as a change of front on the subject of arming Negroes weaken more than it would strengthen their cause? Could they expect Colored volunteers, or drafted recruits, to refrain from wholesale desertion when near the Federals? They had nothing encouraging in the case of Robert Smalls and his fellow sailors; nothing in the action of the Native Guards of New Orleans; and nothing from the examples of hundreds of servants taken by officers to the front, and who deserted at Antietam, at Gettysburg, and all along the battle-line from Pennsylvania to Texas. Most of these deserters hastened to enter the Union service as teamsters, cooks, laborers and attendants in different capacities, and as soldiers and sailors.

There had been no servile insurrections during the war, notwithstanding President Davis had made dire predictions of such uprisings if the Unionists were not kept back, and their efforts at invasion defeated, by a united and solid South. The horrible colors with which he depicted the dreaded scene had their intended effect in alarming the Southern people, making them more stubborn in resistance; and prolonged and embittered the war; but the phantom which he conjured to disturb their waking and sleeping hours never materialized, would not clothe itself with flesh

and a dark skin, but, on the other hand, the Colored people who could not, or would not, be refugees, remained peaceably at their homes and plantations of their owners. Advantage was not taken of the absence of their masters, of nearly all the adult White male population who were away in the Confederate armies, to kindle incendiary fires, and commit other outrages which had been unjustly charged to them in advance, and which they had no desire to inflict upon those at their mercy. They continued to raise crops, to take care of property, to protect ladies, to shield widows and orphans made by the war, and it was their labor which enabled their masters and their masters' sons to enter and continue in the military service, and which supplied its commissary.

Thinking at last over these facts, when emergency compelled them to do so, and believing that the Negro, if offered freedom as a reward, would be willing to fight in their cause, and be trustworthy as a soldier; and being hemmed in by constantly increasing armies, while theirs were rapidly diminishing, and with the White man's cradle and grave robbed to keep the war from ceasing, they saw no other way of getting reinforcements except by inviting or compelling their male Colored population to enter their ranks. According to a statement of Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State, for the Southern Confederacy, in the beginning of 1865, they had 680,000 Blacks capable of bearing arms, and said he, in an urgent address at Richmond, "they ought now to be in the field. Let us say to every Negro who wishes to go into the ranks, on condition of being free, go and fight—you are free."

This appeal was made on the 8th of February. Previously, under date of January 11, 1865, when the coming event, the Confederacy's downfall, was casting its shadow

before, General Robert E. Lee, who expected a renewal soon of Gen. U. S. Grant's sledge-hammer blows, strengthened by replenished armies, and feeling keenly the necessity of new levies for his own, wrote to the Hon. Andrew Hunter a letter in which he admitted the value of Negro Union soldiers, and outlined a policy that should be adopted for the enlistment and treatment of Negroes to be called into the Confederate service. Said he: "Considering the relation of master and slave, * * * I would deprecate any sudden disturbance of that relation, unless it be necessary to avert a greater calamity to both. I should, therefore, prefer to rely on our White population to preserve the ratio between our forces and that of the enemy, which experience has shown to be safe. But in view of the preparations of our enemies it is our duty to prepare for continued war, and not for a battle or a campaign, and I own I fear we can not accomplish this without overtaxing the capacity of our White population.

"Should the war continue under existing circumstances the enemy may in course of time penetrate our country, and get access to a large part of our slave population. It is his avowed policy to convert the able-bodied men among them into soldiers, and emancipate all. The success of the federal arms in the South was followed by a proclamation from President Lincoln for two hundred and eighty thousand men, the effect of which will be to stimulate the Northern States to procure as substitutes for their own people the Negroes thus brought within their reach. Many have already been obtained in Virginia, and should the fortunes of war expose more of her territory the enemy will gain a large accession of strength. His progress will thus add to his numbers, and at the same time destroy slavery in a manner more pernicious to the welfare of our people. Their

PORTRAIT OF JOHN H. LAWSON,—A NAVAL HERO.

The only Colored man possessing the United States Naval Medal of Honor, the largest one on his breast in the excellent portrait made expressly for this work. It was conferred for heroism in the battle of Mobile Bay, August 5, 1864, under Farragut on the flagship *Hartford*. He was born June 16, 1828. He was recommended for this distinguished honor by Captain P. Drayton and Admiral Farragut.

Negroes will be used to hold them in subjection, leaving the remaining force of the enemy free to extend his conquest.

"Whatever may be the effect of our employing Negro troops it cannot be as mischievous as this. If it end in subverting slavery, it will be accomplished by ourselves, and we can devise the means of alleviating the evil consequences to both races. I think, therefore, we must decide whether slavery shall be extinguished by our enemies and the slaves be used against us, or use them ourselves at the risk of the effects which may be produced upon our social institutions. *My own opinion is that we should employ them without delay.* I believe that, with proper regulations, they can be made effective soldiers. They possess the physical qualifications in an eminent degree. Long habits of obedience and subordination, coupled with that moral influence which in our country the White man possesses over the Black, furnish the best foundation for that discipline which is the surest guarantee of military efficiency. Our chief aim should be to secure their fidelity. There have been formidable armies composed of men having no interests in the country for which they fought beyond their pay, or the hope of plunder. But it is certain that the best foundation upon which the fidelity of an army can rest, especially in a service which imposes peculiar hardships and privations, is the personal interest of the soldier in the issue of the contest. Such an interest we can give our Negroes by granting immediate freedom to all who enlist, and freedom at the end of the war to the families of those who discharge their duties faithfully, whether they survive or not, together with the privilege of residing at the South.

"To this might be added a bounty for faithful service. We should not expect slaves to fight for prospective freedom

when they can secure it at once by going to the enemy, in whose service they will incur no greater risk than in ours. * * * In my opinion the best means of securing the efficiency and fidelity of this auxiliary force would be to accompany the measure with a well-digested plan of gradual and general emancipation. As that will be the result of the continuance of the war, and will certainly occur if the enemy succeed, it seems to me most advisable to adopt it at once, and thereby obtain all the benefits that will accrue to our cause.

"The employment of Negro troops under regulations similar to those indicated would, in my opinion, greatly increase our military strength, and enable us to relieve our White population to some extent. * * It would disappoint the hopes which our enemies have upon our exhaustion, deprive them in a great measure of the aid they now derive from Black troops, and thus throw the burden of the war upon their own people. In addition to the great political advantages that would result to our cause from the adoption of a system of emancipation, it would exercise a salutary influence upon our Negro population, by rendering more secure the fidelity of those who become soldiers, and diminishing the inducements to the rest to abscond.

"I can only say in conclusion that whatever measures are to be adopted should be adopted at once. Every day's delay increases the difficulty. Much time will be required to organize and discipline the men, and action may be deferred till it is too late."

These recommendations of General Lee met with favor from some and were disapproved by others. Whatever President Davis thought of Lee's desire to inaugurate a general emancipation, becoming the Lincoln of the South, he fell in with the idea of raising a Negro army without delay,

and exerted himself to shape that part of the policy suggested so as to secure at once its adoption by Congress. The debate over it was hot and bitter. The Confederacy had come to its last ditch, and rather than be driven out of it, many of its supporters were willing to sacrifice their slave property, and eat without hesitation their stale utterances against a Negro soldiery. An interested spectator in Richmond at that time expressed his own, and the sentiments of many, when he wrote: "From all signs slavery is doomed; but, if 200,000 Negro recruits can be enlisted, and can be made to fight, General Lee may maintain the war very easily and successfully, and the powers at Washington may soon become disposed to abate the * * terms of peace now exacted." Again he wrote: "The papers contain a letter from General Lee, advocating the measure as a necessity. * We shall have a Negro army. Letters are pouring into the department from men of military skill, and character, asking authority to raise companies, battalions, and regiments of Negro troops. *It is a desperate remedy for a desperate case*, and may be successful. If 200,000 efficient soldiers can be made of this material there is no conjecturing when the next campaign may end. Possibly, 'over the border,' for a little success will elate our spirits extravagantly, and the blackened ruins of our towns will appeal strongly to the army for vengeance."

General Lee was watching the action of Congress with the anxiety of Wellington at Waterloo waiting for Blucher. The great Confederate chieftain who had drawn his sword reluctantly against the Union under the compulsion of State sovereignty, whose conduct throughout the war was chivalric, giving no sanction to inhuman treatment of U. S. Colored troops, and who bore testimony to their soldierly qualities,

felt that he must have large reinforcements from the Colored element within the grasp of the Confederacy, or its cause was lost. He wrote from his headquarters on February 18, 1865, to Representative Barksdale, Richmond, with an aim to hasten favorable action: "With reference to the employment of Negroes as soldiers. I think the measure not only expedient but necessary. The enemy will certainly use them against us if he can get possession of them, and as his present numerical superiority will enable him to penetrate to many parts of the country, I can not see the wisdom of the policy of holding them to await his arrival, when we may, by timely action and judicious management, use them to arrest his progress. I do not think that our White population can supply the necessities of a long war without overtaxing its capacity, and imposing great suffering; and I believe we should provide resources for a protracted struggle. * * * I can only say that in my opinion, under proper circumstances, the Negroes will make efficient soldiers. I think we could at least do as well with them as the enemy, and he attaches great importance to their assistance. * * They possess all the physical qualifications, and their habits of obedience constitute a good formulation for discipline. They furnish a more promising material than many armies of which we read in history, which owed their efficiency to discipline alone. I think those employed should be freed. It would be neither wisdom nor justice, in my opinion, to require them to serve as slaves. The best course to pursue, it seems to me, is to call for such as are willing to come with the consent of their owners. * * * I have no doubt if Congress would authorize their reception into service, and empower the President to call upon individuals or States for such as they are willing to contribute with the condition of

emancipation to all enrolled, a sufficient number would be forthcoming to enable us to try the experiment. If it proves successful, most of the objections to the matter would disappear, and if individuals still remained unwilling to send their Negroes to the army, the force of public opinion in the States would soon bring about such legislation as would remove all obstacles." * * *

By urging the adoption of the proposed measure, General Lee, who was in a position to best judge of its necessity if it could be made successful, incurred the displeasure of some of its opponents to such an extent that they angrily assailed him for asserting his views on the subject.

The bill at last was spurred through the House. The Senate was more stubborn and balked with a postponement and then with a rejection, Senator Hunter's vote defeating it. Extraordinary pressure and prodding were brought to bear to make him cancel his convictions and waive the promptings of self-interest,—he being a large slave-holder. Officials and editors, who, at an earlier period of the war denounced with virulence Generals Hunter, Butler, and others, placing them under the ban of outlawry for enlisting Negro troops, now turned their batteries upon their own Hunter and his associates who persisted in opposing plans for the organization of a Colored Confederate army, and who based their contention against it on the grounds that the measure was impolitic, and inconsistent with the organic nature of the Confederacy. Finally, tortured on the rack of public opinion, Hunter recanted, voted for the bill, and it having now passed both Houses, it received the anxious signature of President Davis, became a law, and—a dead letter.

This effort of its managers to keep the drama of rebellion before the public by encouraging the voluntary attend-

ance and support of Negroes, inviting them to come down from the gallery into the parquet and dress-circle, and to furnish some actors for the play, did not accomplish its purpose. Although the curtain about to be rung up had painted on it a picture of Liberty holding out towards Negroes a wreath of laurel in one of her hands and a broken shackle in the other, the Colored people with their instinctive vision saw a wry look on her face and a row of bayonets behind her. Besides, the veneer had failed to conceal outlines of auction-blocks, whipping-posts and blood-hounds. They also had been behind the scenes, had learned how stage-thunder is manufactured, and knew what to expect. They knew in advance that the Hamlet who was billed for the cast, had sense enough to keep out of it, and that the glowingly advertised tragedy in which the true freedom-giving North was to be stabbed with daggers by Colored men, would soon prove itself to be a farce.

The Negroes of the South had a great deal of surreptitious knowledge, and her bondsmen were a conclave of unrecognized free-masons. It was not prudent for them to show that they knew much,—and how to measure things with the level and the square. Though it was constituted a crime under the system of slavery to teach slaves to read, they absorbed intelligence enough to make many of them Daniels unto the Confederate Belshazzar, who sat purblind in Richmond upon the shaking throne of his military despotism, apparently unable to see the handwriting on the wall, and to hear the tread of Destiny, as the legions of another Darius, General Grant, were pressing closer and closer to the doomed capitol.

The despised Negroes were now patted upon their backs, admiringly and approvingly, as a few came forward

to enlist; and the squad was paraded up and down the city amidst much attention and applause, and was regarded as the nucleus of a great host of the same color, that would soon drive back the armies of the Yankees.

This little float stirred by a bellows, which deceived secessionists, did not indicate the drift of Colored people's views, feelings and intentions. Beneath the sluggish surface there was a mighty current and undertow in the opposite direction.

When the straw fluttered for an instant and fell, and the sails set to catch the impetus of Negro power hung almost in a dead calm, the commander of the stranding barque determined to stir up the desired favoring wind by means of a draft. All Negroes, free and slave, between the ages of eighteen and fifty years, fit for military service, were to be conscripted,—compelled to fight. The Colored people's black cat having only slightly purred when stroked and petted, and having made only a few, deceptive passes, with its paws, to pull the Confederate monkey's burning chestnuts out of the fire, simian tactics were to be used to force it to rake some morsels of hope from the dying embers.

The third of April was set for the transaction, but ere it dawned, the President and his Cabinet, with many other leaders, were fugitives, the pathway of their precipitous flight illuminated with fires they had lighted, and close upon their fleeing footsteps there came marching into Richmond the Colored vanguard of the army of deliverance; an army that endeavored to extinguish not only the incendiary fires of Davis, but also the unnatural passions with which he had inflamed the deluded South.

The advancing banners were the ensigns of hope, of

promise and fulfillment, gazed at with joy-bedewed eyes, and greeted with hozannas, by those who had been in bondage, and at the same time their eagles bore in their beaks no threatening arrow for the defeated people, but olive branches of peace, protection, forgiveness and reconciliation.

When dark-hued hands helped to hoist over the burning, plundered city, and over the grave of the Confederacy, the flag of our common heritage; the purified emblem of national progress, of a resurrected and henceforth deathless brotherhood;—those Southron eyes which sorrowfully saw it rise could they but have looked forward to see in her transformation, her enhanced beauty, wealth and glory, the disenthralled Southland, they would have wept tears of joy instead of sorrow: they would have blessed those musket-bearing Negroes who fought to free her, while unshackling themselves in the fires of battle: and fervently would they have thanked God that they had utterly failed to force their slaves to rivet on the South, and her institutions, the fetters of disunion and the hindrances of slavery; but that she should go forward with her sister States,—no longer tied to a festering, repulsive, hindering system,—with freedom and joy, and garments beautiful as her orange blossoms and sweet as her roses, forever wedded to the cause of free, federal, just and progressive government.

ENTRANCE OF UNITED STATES COLORED TROOPS INTO CHARLESTON, S. C.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CLOSING SCENES OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR.

CHEERING OPENING EVENTS OF THE YEAR.—CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.—OF COLUMBIA, S. C.—COLORED TROOPS ENTER CHARLESTON.—SECOND INAUGURATION OF LINCOLN. —SHERMAN'S NORTHWARD MARCH.—FALL OF PETERSBURG AND RICHMOND.—ENTRY OF COLORED TROOPS. —SURRENDER OF LEE, JOHNSON AND OTHERS.— ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN. — KILLING OF BOOTH.—CAPTURE OF JEFF DAVIS, ETC.

The year 1865 opened auspiciously for the defenders of the Union. In many places, when it dawned, operations were in progress hastening the death of the expiring Confederacy, and it was the general belief that the war between the States would soon come to a close. It also found the names of about two hundred thousand Colored men enrolled to battle on land and water against disunion, and for the flag and land of the free. Many of them had fallen, but the greater number remained to witness the overthrow of the Babel built on slavery, and the confusion and scattering in hopeless defeat of all the forces which defended it. It was to be their lot, also, to share in the great triumphs of the Union arms, and to march into cities as freemen where once some of them had been slaves, and to see before the end of the year, as one result of the war in their favor, a Constitu-

tional Amendment prohibiting slavery forever in the United States.

General Sherman had made a "Christmas present to the Nation," of Savannah, Georgia, with its immense stores, and halting only long enough to refit his army, was soon on the march northward through South and North Carolinas.

On the 12th of January Admiral Porter's and General Terry's joint expedition arrived off Fort Fisher, North Carolina, and on the 13th began their combined attack, troops having landed above the fort. On the 15th, after a brilliant assault and a stubborn resistance, the fort was taken, and Cape Fear River entered; this leading to the capture of Wilmington, the haven of blockade runners and the market where a great many of them had bought their cotton, and brought supplies for the Confederates. It was evacuated on the 21st of February.

On the 14th of January, Pocotaligo, South Carolina, was captured, and the onward march of Sherman's armies in the rear of Charleston towards Columbia, the capitol, made the "cradle of secession" rock violently to its upsetting. On the 17th Columbia was taken, Charleston evacuated and Fort Sumter abandoned. On the next day United States Colored Troops marched into Charleston, took possession of the city, and saw the evidences of destruction, on every hand, which they had inflicted at long range. The big guns that had been mounted chiefly by their labor, including the "Swamp Angel," had done much execution, and portions of the city were in ruins. Those parts which were exposed to the fire of the fleet and the island batteries suffered the most, and photographs taken soon after re-possession show sections of dismantled buildings, bare, shattered walls and chimneys standing where before the bombardment there

had been fine residences, stores and hotels. An observer at that time writes: "Not a building for blocks here is exempt from the marks of shot and shell. All have suffered more or less. Here is a fine brown-stone bank building, vacant and deserted, with great gaping holes in the sides and roof, through which the sun shines and the rain pours; windows and sashes blown out by exploding shell within; plastering knocked down; counters torn up, floors crushed in, and fragments of Mosaic pavement, broken and crushed, lying around on the floor."

The surviving Colored troops that had so long operated near Charleston and had suffered so much in battle, and from great toil, exposure and disease, were thankful unto shouting to see the Stars and Stripes restored to Sumter, although it was now only a mass of ruins, and unfurled above the city and all its surrounding forts; and to carry that banner triumphantly through the city, an object almost of idolatrous worship to the Colored people there, who soon learned from the "Colored Lincoln soldiers" that it brought to them the birthright of freedom.

Sherman's northward march proceeded successfully, in spite of floods and inclement weather, and on the 17th of February he took possession of Columbia, the capitol of South Carolina. Before evacuating it the Confederates, under Gen. Wade Hampton, fired long piles of cotton bales. The fire was communicated to buildings and was spread rapidly by a high wind. When Sherman and Howard entered they did all within their power to stop the conflagration, and succeeded in saving a part of the city; but, nevertheless, it was charged to Sherman by the enemy that the fire was started by his orders.

Pressing on, into North Carolina, his army entered

Fayetteville, March 11th, in high spirits, under the influences of fine weather and a march of triumph which now seemed to be homeward. His army numbered 65,000 fighting men, with 40,000 horses and cattle, and 3,000 wagons. With it was another army, numbering about 25,000, composed of non-combatant Negroes, chiefly women and children, fleeing from "the house of bondage." They were amply supplied with provisions, from stores gathered on the march; and their songs and conversation around their camp-fires indicated that they verily believed the year of Jubilee had come.

On March 21st Sherman occupied Goldsboro, where Generals Terry and Schofield joined him, increasing his force to 100,000 men. Soon after arriving here, General Sherman went to City Point to have a personal interview with Grant and Lincoln, and they talked over the plans of co-operation. Then, returning to his own army, he resumed his campaign against Johnston, occupying Smithfield on April 10th, where word came that evening from Grant that Lee had surrendered. This thrilling news he immediately announced to his army, concluding with these words: "Glory to God and our country, and all honor to our comrades in arms, toward whom we are marching! A little more labor, a little more toil on our part, the great race is won, and our Government stands regenerated after four long years of war."

Lee's surrender was followed, on the 14th, by a letter from Johnston to Sherman, requesting a truce and a conference, with a view to surrendering, and after extended negotiations terms were agreed to on the 26th of April, at Bennett's House, near Durham, North Carolina; and General Joseph E. Johnston surrendered his entire army on substantially the same terms that Grant gave to Lee.

When this glorious work had been consummated, Sherman marched his army through Virginia, over many of its battle-fields, to Alexandria, and on May 24th it passed in grand review through Washington, following that of the Army of the Potomac, which was reviewed the day before.

Going back to the armies of the Potomac and the James, they are found toward the close of March getting

COLORED SHARPSHOOTERS ASSISTING THE REMOVAL OF A WOUNDED OFFICER.

ready to deliver their final blows upon the Confederacy. On the 25th, the Ninth Corps retook Fort Steadman, which had just been captured by the enemy, President Lincoln being a witness of the gallantry of the Union soldiers. The Army of the Potomac was about to spring at Lee, and that of the James upon Richmond, and the greatest activity prevailed; a feeling that the long conflict would soon be brought to a

close animating officers and men to the highest pitch of action and enthusiasm.

In December the Twenty-fifth Army Corps had been formed, under General GODFREY WEITZEL, composed of the Colored troops of the Ninth, Tenth, and Eighteenth Corps; and in the general movement, which began on the 29th of March, a part of the new corps, the Second Division, commanded by General WILLIAM BIRNEY, was assigned to duty in the advance upon Lee, while the other portion remained with Weitzel, in the Department of the James.

On the 30th of March, General Sheridan attacked the Confederates near Dinwiddie Court House, and on the 1st of April at Five Forks. In the latter battle, with a comparatively small loss, 800 men, he took 5,000 prisoners, 8,000 muskets, four cannon, twenty-eight battle-flags, an ambulance train and baggage teams. When General Grant received information that night of Sheridan's victory and the defeat of the right wing of Lee's army, he ordered an assault to be made all along the line on the 2d, and early in the morning the Union forces advanced simultaneously. They were met by a terrible resistance, for the Confederacy was in its last ditch, and fought desperately to hold it, but the enemy's lines could not withstand the impetuous charges, and were forced out of their works, uncovering Petersburg, and cutting off communication with Richmond. Early on Monday morning, April 3d, the troops in front of both cities learned that Lee had evacuated Petersburg, and that Davis and his cabinet had deserted Richmond. There were now lively races, instead of fighting, to see who could enter first, and Colored troops were among the first to march into Petersburg, and Colored troops under Weitzel were the first to march into Richmond, receiving a joyous welcome from

their Colored people. In Richmond they saw scenes of great desolation, caused by the conflagration started by the fugitive President and his Cabinet, and after taking possession of the city they turned in to help put out the spreading fires.

Grant pressed on from Petersburg to intercept Lee who was striving to retreat in a southwest direction so as to join Johnston, and Sheridan headed him off, by reaching Burkesville, while he was at Amelia Court House. On the 6th Sheridan routed his force west of Burkesville, capturing Ewell and a number of other generals, and cut off so completely Lee's hope of escape that he asked Grant for terms of surrender. On the 8th he asked for an interview, and on Sunday, the 9th of April, accepted generous terms, and surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox Court House; and some of the Colored regiments that had joined in the hot pursuit enjoyed the satisfaction and honor of being near the scene of the surrender.

On the 12th of April, Mobile surrendered to a land force under General Canby and a squadron commanded by Rear Admiral Thatcher.

General Jos. E. Johnston, as stated in the account of Sherman's march through the Carolinas, surrendered on the 26th of April. A few days before, April 20th, General Wilson captured Macon, Ga., receiving the surrender of the forces there. General Dick Taylor surrendered to General Canby the last Confederate force east of the Mississippi, on the 4th of May; and General Kirby Smith, to the same General, the last west of the Mississippi on the 26th, thus ending the armed rebellion and establishing peace from the Potomac to the Rio Grande.

It is sorrowful to patriotic people who lived in those

days, whose hearts overflowed with joy when the news came of Lee's surrender, an assurance that the end of the Civil War had come, to look back to the event which changed in an instant the national rejoicing into deepest mourning—the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. There were none who felt keener sorrow, who grieved more, over this terrible tragedy, than the Colored people of the United States, for they looked upon Lincoln as their Moses, and they desired long life for the man who had broken their shackles. Their lamentations were heartfelt; and their affections and gratitude found expression not merely in tears and praises, but also in tangible manifestations,—one of which is the beautiful Emancipation Monument, in Washington City, erected with their offerings.

When Grant made his final advance against Petersburg, President Lincoln, who was at City Point as a visitor to him and the army, witnessed the movement, and met the General in Petersburg, receiving the plaudits of the troops, and the acclamations of the Colored people. On the next day, Tuesday, April 4th, he visited Richmond, and his entry there was attended by great rejoicings and manifestations of honor, in which the Colored population took the lead. He held a public reception of army officers and citizens, in the house of Jefferson Davis, and soon after the levee returned to Washington. On the 11th, in response to a joyfully clamorous, popular gathering, he made a speech, sharing in the general rejoicing and hinting at plans for restoration of the Union, in all of which he showed his kind and generous nature. The populace, anxious to catch a view of the President and General Grant, in the height of the Nation's triumph, which they ascribed largely to their leadership, secured a promise from the manager of Ford's theatre of their

RICHMOND, VA., AND BELLE ISLAND.

public appearance on Friday, April 14th. General Grant, however, did not remain in Washington that evening. Lincoln, unwilling to wholly disappoint the expectant people, went reluctantly, Mrs. Lincoln accompanying him. About ten o'clock, while sitting in a private box, John Wilkes Booth, formerly an actor in that theatre, approached from behind, fired a bullet into Lincoln's brain, leaped from the box to the stage, brandishing a dagger, and in the confusion escaped by a door in the rear. Lincoln expired without regaining consciousness, on the next morning at twenty-two minutes past 7 o'clock.

An attempt was also made at the time to assassinate Secretary Seward, who was in a helpless condition in consequence of having been thrown accidentally from his carriage a few days before, and the assassin, Lewis J. Payne, inflicted what he thought were fatal wounds; but Mr. Seward, after a critical experience, recovered from them.

It was the intention of the conspirators to murder Lincoln, Grant, Seward, and Stanton, and paralyze the Government, in the hope that their success would benefit the South. They succeeded in removing the President, but his loss to the country was deplored not only in the North, but also in the South, by all honorable men, and it reacted against base upholders of the "Lost Cause."

Payne was arrested on the 18th of April. On the 20th a reward of $100,000 was offered for the capture of Booth, the principal, and his co-conspirators. On the 26th, Booth, with his companion, Herrold, were found secreted in a barn belonging to a Mr. Garrett, near Port Royal, Va. Herrold came out and surrendered, but Booth refused to do so, and the barn was fired to dislodge him. As he was about to take aim, Sergeant Boston Corbett fired

through a crevice and mortally wounded him; and he died soon afterward, his last words expressing the folly of his crime—"*Useless, useless!*"

Colored men figured in the capture of Booth and Herrold. When Colonel Lafayette C. Baker, Chief of the United States Secret Service, returned to Washington, a few days after the assassination, he found that nearly 10,000 cavalry and about 2,000 policemen were scouring the country aimlessly, and that they had obtained no trace of the assassin. A Negro was the first to give him information of Booth's movements in escaping, stating that he had seen him with another man cross the Potomac in a fishing boat, while he was looking down upon them from a bank, and declared to Baker that one of them looked just like the photograph of Booth, which was shown to him. Acting upon this, the first true scent, Baker got twenty-five cavalrymen from General Hancock, under Lieutenant Dougherty, and placing them in charge of Lieutenant-Colonel E. J. Conger, and Lieutenant L. B. Baker (a cousin), he started them in the right direction. At Port Royal they obtained information through a Colored man named Lucas, who had given two men a short ride in his wagon,who were strangers to him, and his description of them, and the direction they took, guided them surely toward the doomed criminals.

After Booth's death, a Colored man was engaged to haul his body, and he conveyed it in his wagon to Belle Plain, where a steamer awaited the party, to take them to Washington. En route to Belle Plain, the wound through Booth's neck began to dribble, and to run anew. The blood fell through a crack of the wagon, dripping upon the axle and dropping crimson wafers along the road. It smeared the wagon bed and blanket, and the Negro, at a place where

he stopped to water his horse, accidentally dabbled his hands in it, and drew back as he extended them, gazing at them in horror, and shuddering, exclaimed—"It's a murderer's blood! I wouldn't have that happened for thousands and thousands of dollars!"

Retribution followed quickly on the trail of the conspirators and their abettors, and David D. Herrold, L. T. Powell (alias Payne), Geo. A. Atzeroth, Mrs. Mary Surratt, and others, after a fair trial, received their punishment by hanging or imprisonment, those named being executed in Washington on the 7th of July.

The fugitive President of the defunct Confederacy was captured at Irwinsville, Georgia, on the 10th of May, by Colonel Pritchard and 150 men of the Fourth Michigan Cavalry, the Seventh Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteer Cavalry arriving on the scene also. Davis was imprisoned at Fortress Monroe, to await a trial on the charge of high treason, but after confinement for a while was released on bail; and the magnanimity of the Government permitted him to remain free, untried and unpunished.

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The remains of the martyred President were honored with funeral rites at Washington, on April 19th, and after lying in state, were conveyed to his tomb at Springfield, Illinois, the demonstrations of genuine respect, of love, of unfeigned mourning, and great gatherings of the people, being such as the world never saw before. The cortege left Washington on the 21st and arrived at Harrisburg the same day; at Philadelphia on the 22d; at New York on the 24th; at Cleveland, O., on the 28th, having passed through Buffalo on the 27th; on the 30th at Indianapolis,

Indiana; on May 1st at Chicago; and on the 4th the final obsequies took place at Springfield, his last resting place.

The closing paragraphs of his second Inaugural Address, expressing his undying devotion to the cause of the Union, and liberty for all its people, were as follows, and they show the prayerful, hopeful, determined, but noble and tender spirit of the man whom God raised up to befriend Afro-Americans, and whose best interests were ever at his heart:

"Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

"With malice toward no one, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE COLORED MAN'S SHARE OF THE CIVIL WAR.

HE WAS A WILLING WORKER,—A FAITHFUL HELPER,—AN ARDENT, PATRIOTIC, BRAVE SOLDIER,—A PATIENT SUFFERER,—A MERCIFUL, FORGIVING FOE:—AND NOW HE IS A PEACEABLE, AMBITIOUS CITIZEN, HOPING TO REAP ITS LEGITIMATE FRUITS IN THE ENJOYMENT OF LIFE, LIBERTY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS.

The American Civil War of 1861–5 was prolific in sacrifices to all parties engaged in it, and as a recompense it rewarded them all with unexpected and incalculable blessings.

The South suffered much in the destruction of property, the desolation of plantations caused by the marching and foraging of Union and Confederate armies, and she lost her slaves; but she was reimbursed by liberation from a system which was antagonistic to herself, to the genius of American government, and to the civilized world. That system had been handed down to her and she cherished it, although it was inimical to her happiness, her purity and her progress. It fettered her socially, morally, politically, and was a hindrance to her prosperity. The inevitable conflict released her from bondage while it set free her slaves, brought her into that "more perfect Union," prepared the way for the development of her rich resources, and the cultivation of

cordial, social and fraternal relations with the entire country. She fought to foster slavery, and to maintain that any one link in the Union was better than the whole chain, but the warfare which she precipitated removed her petted curse, and brought her to believe that the Government founded by Washington and his compatriots was intended to be an "indissoluble Union of indestructible States."

A comparison of the South's condition now with what it was before the war, a trip with eyes open to any Southern State, an examination of statistics, will show that the New South is far ahead of the Old South in everything which counts in products of mine, field and forest, stream and ocean; in education, religion, politics and social life. Four terrible years of war, in its peculiarity such as the world never saw before and may never see again, were necessary to accomplish the revolution which placed her on vantage ground greatly above her former position, and it is doubtful whether any kind of a war could drag her down from the station which she took under compulsion. She lost her title in slaves, and with it the drawbacks of slavery; but she has the labor and the attachment of her old bond-people, and their children, at less expense and with better results than in slavery times. The large Colored population of the South, in some States outnumbering the White, constitutes just the class of laborers which she needs, and they cling to the South as their natural and congenial home. There the White and Colored people are mutually dependent upon each other, and their interests are the same.

When that unreasonable race prejudice subsides, which gives to yellow opium smokers, to swarthy garlic eaters, and to other aliens of low blood and tastes, a welcome into White churches and Sunday-schools, into cars and hotels, and com-

pels intelligent, refined and upright Negroes to stay outside, there will be no need to talk of a race conflict in the South.

The Colored people see that their highest and best aims can be reached by keeping as much as possible to themselves, outside of labor and friendly relations with the Whites, in social, religious and educational matters, and they do not wish to go out of their own into a forbidden and unnatural element. They simply wish to be treated as men and women, to be judged by character and not by color. Their race pride will prompt them to keep their race pure, and overcome, as far as possible, the deterioration caused by slavery and forced amalgamation. The Colored coachmen who run away with rich White men's daughters are found only in five-cent novels.

The Negro type has vastly improved since the abolition of slavery, although some rabid writers undertake to show that freedom brought him degeneracy; but they do not believe what they write, for evidence is all against them, and the improvement is going on continuously in an increasing ratio. Schools, colleges and various training institutions, established by Colored people, which are being rapidly multiplied, and educational advantages of every kind, are available to Colored youth, who are glad to use them, and who, when brought into competition with White youth, often show equality of mind and even superiority.

When the American Nation was struggling to purify and perpetuate its free institutions, Colored men came forward willingly to help it, and one of them shed the first blood in its defense. While kept out of the armed ranks for a while, owing to policy, they did whatever their hands were allowed to do, and cheerfully performed menial service and the most trying aad dangerous labor to assist the cause.

When it was safe to abandon policy, and advance to high principle and purpose, and recruiting of Negro soldiers began, and they were given the long-wished for privilege of fighting to make the Nation truly free, they came forward quickly and in great numbers, and had the war continued much longer there would have been half a million or more Colored men in arms. As it was, they rallied around the Union standard from every direction, and were crowding recruiting stations when the orders came to stop enlistments, the war being about to close.

The War Department statistics give the following figures in crediting Colored troops, and these with many not accounted for in the navy and elsewhere, will bring up the grand total to about two hundred thousand men: Alabama, 2,969; Arkansas, 5,526; Colorado, 95; Connecticut, 1,764; Delaware, 954; District of Columbia, 3,269; Florida, 1,044; Georgia, 3,486; Illinois, 1,811; Indiana, 1,537; Iowa, 440; Kansas, 2,080; Kentucky, 23,703; Louisiana, 24,052; Maine, 104; Maryland, 8,718; Massachusetts, 3,966; Michigan, 1,387; Minnesota, 104; Mississippi, 17,869; Missouri, 8,344; New Hampshire, 125; New Jersey, 1,185; New York, 4,125; North Carolina, 5,035; Ohio, 5,092; Pennsylvania, 8,612; Rhode Island, 1,837; South Carolina, 5,462; Tennessee, 20,133; Texas, 47; Vermont, 120; Virginia, 5,723; West Virginia, 196; Wisconsin, 165.

Nearly seventy thousand Colored soldiers and sailors were lost to the U. S. service by being killed, wounded, or from disease; and in any community where there are a good number of Colored people it is a common thing to see crippled soldiers. In one day the writer met, in twenty calls upon veterans, a soldier with one leg off—lost at Deep Bottom; another with an arm off—lost at Petersburg; another

RICHMOND, VA., AS THE COLORED SOLDIERS SAW IT, APRIL 3, 1865.

with one eye gone—lost at the Crater; another with a bullet embedded in his left leg,—received on James Island; another with deep scar in left side—wounded at Honey Hill; another with a crushed knee—wounded in the Crater; another, fingers of right hand gone—shot off at Fort Harrison; another, wounded in the foot, at Fort Wagner; another, wounded in the same assault, who was close to Col. Shaw when he fell. Judging by the number of wounded veterans to be met with there must be a great deal of truth in the despatch which used to come regularly after each battle in which Negro soldiers were engaged—"THE COLORED TROOPS FOUGHT BRAVELY."

These men are Americans. Their ancestors were brought here by shameful force centuries ago. They bore patiently their hard lot, and, when they became soldiers, were ready to show mercy even when it was denied to them. They entertain no grudge against the South—no ill will, no revengeful feeling. They are here to stay, for this is their country, far more than it is the country of mercenary foreigners from Poland, Hungary, Italy, and other nations alien to American institutions. They are here to stay, because their labor for centuries has enriched this country; because they are tax-payers, property-holders, law-abiding citizens, with exceptions such as may be found everywhere among White people; because the South needs them and cannot do well without them. They are also useful in the North, in the East and West, and adapt themselves to all honorable occupations. From their ranks Ministers, Teachers, Artists, Skilled Mechanics, Lawyers, Doctors, Professors and Statesmen are constantly arising, and the mass, now ten millions, is moving onward and upward; advancing in morality, intelligence, patriotism, and the possession of property.

Their representatives, many of whom are still living, purchased for their race another guarantee of liberty and citizenship by service in the War for the Union. This service must not be ignored, and shot-gun and lynching bees should not be permitted to nullify the Constitutional and legal rights of the Colored man in any State of the Union. With his old-time patience and forbearance he looks upon Southern Legislative enactments that were framed to deprive him of suffrage, and is only urged on by them to rise higher and become the better qualified for citizenship and for usefulness in any station. In this connection a few words will be in place, spoken by the Rt. Rev. C. C. Pettey, in his address at the sixty-eighth session of the Philadelphia and Baltimore Annual Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion, held in Washington, D. C., June 17, 1896:

"As citizens of America, we ought to be thankful for the many national blessings enjoyed. * * I feel that I bespeak your sentiments when I say that I am in deep sympathy with the Armenians, the Abyssinians, the aborigines of the Congo Free States, the Pretorians, the Venezuelans, and last, but not least, the heroic, liberty-loving insurgents of Cuba.

"It is phenomenal that the Black world is lifting up its head with a shielded right arm—just at this time—everywhere against tyranny and oppression, save the ebony-hued sons of America, and *we* offer as a protest our *manhood* against wrong. Our condition as American citizens is one of varied environment. No people on earth have risen as rapidly as we have within the last thirty years. None have undergone such transitions; none have suffered more in a time of so-called peace. No race has more to hope for, and no race more to fear.

"The attitude of the White citizens of the South is not the same as that of some years ago. The better class of Anglo-Americans entertain a hearty good will for all worthy Colored citizens. In the North and South alike, this class is trying to encourage and help our race; but the attitude of the laboring class, which comes into competition with the Negro, is not improving. We are growing stronger numerically, intellectually, morally, socially, materially, and in all the essential elements of a great people.

"I am persuaded to believe that our political attitude is changing for the better. What we really need on this line are less ignorant and misguided politicians, and a few more wise and discreet Negro statesmen.

"The educational qualifications of a citizen now in Mississippi and South Carolina for electoral franchisement, have simply been and will be an impetus creating new life and vigor in the school-rooms of the Negro. They will strive as never before to become free-holders, and to prepare themselves intellectually for the great responsibilities of citizenship; hence, that which was intended to be an impediment to us will prove a great blessing. Really, I see something good growing out of every enactment of Southern legislation, to discriminate against, and limit the rights of the Negro."

These sentiments reflect the opinions and feelings of Afro-Americans in general, and confiding in that great and noble impulse of Americans, which extended protection to the once oppressed Colored people of Spain's surrendered islands, they believe that some time charity will begin at home; and that a Colored man will be as safe in the United States, under the Stars and Stripes, as he now is beneath that flag in the West Indias, and in the Philippines.

Without attempting to enumerate the separate conflicts of the Navy in the Civil War, service against blockade-runners, patrol duty on rivers, and operations so varied as almost to defy classification, the following list of engagements is given showing the part taken by the United States Colored Troops:

LIST OF ENGAGEMENTS.

Amite River
Appomattox Court House
Arkansas River
Ash Bayou
Ashwood Landing
Ashepoo River
Athens
Bayou Boeuf
Bayou Bidell
Bayou Macon
Bayou St. Lewis
Bayou Tensas
Bayou Tunica
Barrancas
Bermuda Hundreds
Berwick
Boyd's Station
Big Creek
Big River
Big Springs
Black Creek
Black River
Boggs' Mill
Boykin's Mills
Brigsen Creek
Bradford Spring
Brush Creek
Brawley Fork
Brice's Cross Roads
Bryant's Plantation
Cabin Creek
Cabin Point
Camden
Cedar Keys
Chapin's Farm
Chattanooga
Charleston
City Point
Clarkesville
Clinton
Columbia
Coleman's Plantation
Concordia Bayou
Cow Creek
Cox's Bridge
Dalton
David's Bend
Darbytown Road
Dallas
Decatur
Deep Bottom
Deveraux Neck
Drewry's Bluff
Dutch Gap
East Pascagoula
Eastport
Fair Oaks
Federal Point
Fillmore
Floyd
Fort Adams
Fort Anderson
Fort Blakeley
Fort Brady
Fort Burnham
Fort Donelson
Fort Gaines
Fort Gibson
Fort Jones
Fort Pillow
Fort Pocahontas
Fort Smith
Fort Taylor
Fort Wagner
Franklin
Ghent
Glasgow
Grand Gulf
Goodrich's Landing
Gregory's Farm
Hall Island
Haines' Bluff
Harrodsburg
Hatcher's Run
Helena
Henderson
Holly Springs
Honey Hill
Hopkinsville
Horse Head Creek
Indian Bay
Indian Town
Indian Village
Island Mound
Island No. 76
Issequena County
James Island
Jackson
Jacksonville
Jenkin's Ferry
John's Island
Johnsonville

Jones' Bridge
Joy's Ford
Lake Providence
Laurence
Little Rock
Liverpool Heights
Madison Station
Magnolia
Marengo
Marion
Mariana
Marion County
McKay's Point
Memphis
Meffleton Lodge
Milliken's Bend
Milltown Bluff
Mitchell's Creek
Morganzia
Moscow Station
Mound Plantation
Mount Pleasant Landing
Mud Creek
Murfreesboro
Nashville
Natchez
Natural Bridge
New Kent Court House
New Market Heights
Olustee
Owensboro
Pass Manchal
Palmetto Ranch
Petersburg
Pierson's Farm
Pine Bluff
Pine Barren Creek
Pine Barren Ford
Plymouth
Point Lookout
Point Pleasant
Point of Rocks
Poison Springs
Port Hudson
Powhatan
Prairie d'Anne
Pulaski
Raleigh
Rector's Farm
Richland
Richmond
Ripley
Roache's Plantation
Rooseville Creek
Rolling Fork
Ross Landing
Sabine River
Saltville
Sand Mountain
Sandy Swamp
Salkehatchie
Scottsboro
Sec. 37—N. & N.W. R. R.
Sherwood
Shipwith's Landing
Simpsonville
Smithfield
South Tunnel
Spanish Fort
St. John's River
St. Stephens
Steamer *Alliance*
Steamer *Chippewa*
Steamer *City Belle*
Steamer *Lotus*
Sugar Loaf Hill
Suffolk
Sulphur Branch
Swift Creek
Taylorsville
Timber Hill
Town Creek
Township
Trestle
Tupelo
Vicksburg
Vidalia
Wallace Ferry
Warsaw
Waterford
Waterloo
Waterproof
White Oak Road
White River
Williamsburg
Wilmington
Wilson's Landing, Wharf
Yazoo City
Yazoo Expedition

Add to this list of conflicts the naval battles of Mobile Bay, of the Mississippi and its tributaries, and other rivers in the theatre of war ; services in fighting land batteries, or running past them; the Atlantic Coast service with its rivers and bays, and of the regions of the gulf besides Mobile ; pursuits of blockade runners and engagements with privateers,—and you will have a roll of services in which Afro-Americans participated with credit to themselves, with incalculable and fatal damage to the Southern Confederacy, and with inestimable value to the United States whose flag,by their help, now floats triumphantly over a united country, and truly

"O'er the land of the *free* and the home of the brave."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THE UNITED STATES COLORED REGULARS.

A SHORT CHAPTER, INTRODUCING ORGANIZATIONS OF LONG AND BRILLIANT SERVICE, THAT STILL EXIST, AND WILL BE PERPETUATED FOR WHAT THEY HAVE DONE AND ARE STILL DOING TO UPHOLD AND DEFEND THE FLAG OF THE UNION.

The Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, and the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry are organizations which continued the military history of Afro-Americans in the interim between the great Civil War and the War with Spain, with great credit and honor, and Major-Generals NELSON A. MILES, WILLIAM R. SHAFTER, and a number of other distinguished officers of the United States army served as their regimental commanders.

The service rendered by these troops was varied and trying, extending over a great extent of country and embracing perplexing conditions. The Freedmen's Bureau, Reconstruction times, hostile Indians of various tribes in the West, South-West and North-West, Western desperadoes, train robbers and other outlaws too numerous to mention, and reservation affairs, gave ample employment, and kept Colored Infantry and Cavalry on the alert or on the move.

At one time their duties would be of the garrison order, and while some of the posts on the frontier were subject to

risks of massacre, yet their garrison life afforded opportunities for comfort, for recruiting health, and improvement of mental powers—the libraries at headquarters being much prized by many Colored men who were eager for instruction and glad to enter every open door of knowledge—doors that once had been closed against them by the bars and penalties of law.

At other times forced marches had to be made, and the extremes of heat and cold, hunger and fatigue, had to be endured. From the Rio Grande to the head-waters of the Missouri, and North-western tributaries of the Mississippi, over arid plains and snowy wastes, traversing Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, the Indian Territory, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho, Dakota and Montana; from Mexico to the British possessions; the Little Big Horn, famous for the massacre of Custer and his men; the Sand Hills and the Lava Beds; trails and places where wily savages and sometimes the more cunning and dangerous White man had to be watched or encountered;—these regions, and others that could be specified, were familiar to the hardy Colored soldiers of the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Infantry and Ninth and Tenth Cavalry.

One may meet frequently men who have served a number of terms in these famous regiments, some of them "old vets" in the truest sense, now living retired on the regulation pay after following the flag for twenty-five and thirty years; and able to show in addition to other badges of honor the marks of Indian arrows, or of bullets which the Redmen have become expert in using. The author has conversed with many Colored soldiers who served from five to thirty years in the United States Regular Army, and has had the pleasure of reading their discharge papers. Ser-

geant JAMES E. THOMAS, a citizen of Baltimore, of the Twenty-fifth U. S. Regulars, proudly produced five, covering a period of about thirty years. They were endorsed by officers of high standing, bearing testimony to his good character as a man, and as a soldier, and the absence of one eye, as the result of a well-aimed Indian arrow, was another proof of his good soldierly qualities.

SAMUEL J. SCOTT, also a citizen of Baltimore, is another, and a younger U. S. Colored Regular, who served as First Duty Sergeant in Troop B, Ninth Regiment, U. S. Cavalry. He was one of the heroes of the Black Hills, and performed, besides his usual duties, dangerous volunteer scout and courier service.

It is indeed surprising, to discover so many members of these organizations scattered over the land, all proud of having been connected with them; and there are also many widows, of members who died in the service, or who came home to die, sooner or later, from disease contracted or from wounds received. The pension rolls of the Government reflect honor upon the U. S. Colored Regulars, and all their records show that they have faithfully and persistently braved hardships, danger and death and that they have in their Southern and Western military experiences the materials to enrich the history of Afro-Americans. To these illustrious chapters they have added others, having gladly hastened from the West to take part in the war with Spain, performing deeds of valor in Cuba; and the closing century finds United States Colored Regulars in the far away Philippines planting the flag of Freedom where Destiny has marked the way, and both in Cuba and the Philippines they have given lives to prove their worth as freemen, and as soldiers of the expanding Republic.

THE BATTLESHIP "MAINE."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

IT IS BROUGHT ON BY THE CUBAN STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE STARTED BY THE NEGROES, AND SYMPATHY WITH THE INSURGENTS BY AMERICANS.—ANTONIO MACEO.—DESTRUCTION OF THE BATTLESHIP "MAINE."—DECLARATION OF WAR.

It is impossible for the United States to be indifferent toward people of other countries suffering from oppression, and aspiring to be free; and while this Government cannot undertake to espouse every distant cause worthy of assistance, and which has its sympathy, it would feel itself responsible for tyrannical crimes against liberty and justice committed just over its borders, if it did not rebuke them, and try to correct the wrongs.

A man is excusable, whose means are limited, for not sending charitable donations to Antipodes, but he is detestable when a pleading Lazarus lies unhelped at his door.

That Lazarus, in days gone by, might have been a runaway slave: and it was forbidden under penalties of law to feed and harbor him; and it may have been best for both parties that the benefactor who received his authority from an infallible source, unrecognized by many—the Supreme Court of Heaven—did not openly violate unjust human enactments, and thereby invite arrest of his benefactions; but in some way that met with the approval of his

conscience, and squared with the Golden Rule, he gave to the fugitive food and protection.

The higher law, written in humanity's inmost heart by the Power that legislates to restore men to perfect manhood and universal sympathy, must necessarily triumph over the outer and sordid nature, if it is not rotten to the core, by slow if not by rapid processes. It is a disposition to conform to it that makes man pitiful, compassionate, merciful and just; and with a willingness, although at first he may follow afar off, his steps will quicken until at last he follows closely the Exemplar of good, and with a nearness to the ideal, though he may know it not and musty creeds will not admit it, he is ready to risk health, wealth, personal liberty and life itself, and to sacrifice all, in order to benefit others—even aliens and foreigners.

The first law of nature, self-preservation, in the presence of this higher law, appeals in vain to the Red Cross followers, who may be tender women flitting from cot to cot like ministering angels, in hospitals filled with contagion. It cannot hold back the fireman, or the life-boatman, from plunging into flames, or into the breakers, to save human lives. It cannot make a dangling noose cause a patriot, like Nathan Hale, to lament except that he has but one life to lose for his country. It will fail, too, of enforcement with law-abiding citizens who choose to waive obedience for the purpose of withstanding legalized selfishness, cruelty and rapacious power: three traits traceable, one or more, in the history of most countries until obliterated by an advanced civilization, but all and always characteristic of the Spanish nation.

It did not matter that the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean united to separate one of its possessions from

the United States and to drown the voice of her lamentations, and that strict neutrality laws forbade interference with a mediæval programme of spoliation and extermination: the cries of the victim, the beautiful Island of Cuba, "Queen of the Antilles," ravished over 400 years by Spanish rapacity and held in a death-like struggle by the demoniacal passions of Weyler, penetrated to the utmost boundaries of the Union, awakening responses of pity and help. The strong arm of the Republic, burning to deal a blow that would deliver her, was tied by international law, and the other one reluctantly held back movements of sympathetic and impatient citizens who dared to assist her. An enlightened nation in its action is, or soon will be, despite hindrances, what a majority of its people are, proving the adage—*Vox populi vox Dei.* A government that is "of the people, by the people, and for the people" will not long remain bound when they choose to sever its bonds. The organization of societies to co-operate with the Cuban Junta, individual and associate enterprises to aid openly and secretly the unfortunate Island, perilous and forbidden expeditions to land munitions of war on her shores, the voice of the pulpit, the press and the forum, combined to bring action in which those in authority were obliged to obey the dictates of conscience, and make an effort to relieve the situation.

Our relations at that time, with Spain occupying the Island of Cuba, may be likened to this: It is always a misfortune to have a bad neighbor—one whose example is hurtful to a community; who propagates contagion and whose surroundings are a menace to health; whose treatment of his family outrages every feeling of decency and kindness. When beating his wife and children, or starving

them to death, and trying at the same time to conceal his deviltry behind barred doors and shutters, keeping a savage dog to frighten away kindly disposed people who would come near to protest against his acts, and to pity his victims, it ought not to be considered a crime to slip in unknown to him and when his dog is sleeping, when not warranted by law to break in, to disinfect his premises, to give balm and food to the bruised and starving, and to comfort them with the hope that tardy officials would by and by arrest their tormentor, secure them a divorcement and put them in a way to take care of themselves and live peacefully together. When one sees borne out of that house of cruelty one coffin after another, and knows that their inmates are victims of greed and hate, with more to follow, he becomes a craven criminal himself when he hesitates any longer to denounce and arrest the guilty party; and his action is still more justifiable when, in retaliation of unselfish and well-meant merciful designs, the offender under a pretence of reformation and good-will raises against him the hand of murder.

The War with Spain for Cuba's freedom grew out of a sense of justice, a feeling of pity, and a desire to end forever the centuries of her suffering: manifested upon the one hand by the people of the United States in appeals to her persecutors; by sending to impoverished Cuban people the necessaries of life; by seeing in them the effects of Spain's graveyard government; and the development of a determination to bring about in some way a discontinuance of such a rule; and, upon the other hand, by the resentment shown by Spain at this inspection and interference, and by the stab given in the dark, under cover of hospitality, when Spanish minions blew up the *Maine*.

In the many years of strife in Cuba, insurrectionary struggles by its oppressed people against the dominant power, prior to the Spanish-American War, its Negro inhabitants took an initiative and active part, contributing prominent leaders and a large proportion of insurgents, and, consequently, suffered greatly in loss of lives and property. There they exhibited the unquenchable desire for a free and benign government, and a willingness to obtain it at any cost, that was shown by White and Colored patriots in the American Revolution.

Its population numbers about 1,631,000, and forty-five per cent., nearly one-half, are Negroes. Spanish rule made their condition particularly unbearable, and men of fiery zeal and military ability sprang up among them to urge and help them throw it off.

One of their most noted leaders was Antonio Maceo, a Mulatto, who, in the ten years' struggle of 1868–1878, advanced from the ranks to the position of Commander, until, at the age of thirty, he stood next to veteran Generals like Cespedes, Maximo Gomez and Calixte Garcia. In 1868, at the outbreak of the insurrection, he left his labor on the wharves, and enlisted under Donato Marmal. While discharging his duties as a soldier of liberty, winning fame and promotion, he applied himself to study, and learned to read and write. He quickly became popular among all classes of the insurgents, and the Colored people regarded him as their favorite representative. The influence of his personality and career drew a large following, and in it were his father and four brothers, the youngest of whom, José Maceo, also became a renowned chieftain. He was killed in the last uprising, in the district of Santiago, while gallantly conducting an attack upon a Spanish force at Santa Cruz.

Antonio also lost his life in the last struggle for Cuban freedom. When it began, he returned from exile, 1895, with a company of thirty refugees, and, eluding Spanish troops from Santiago, Helguin and Guantanamo, who hotly pursued him, he was joined by thousands of Negro and Mulatto volunteers, and many men who had been Cuban officers in former campaigns. After causing the Spaniards much trouble and loss by his bold and dashing raids with his Black troopers, he was killed in the Province of Havana, receiving several wounds; and a son of Maximo Gomez fell mortally wounded in the same combat.

The death of Antonio Maceo, young Gomez, and the spirit of sacrifice exemplified in the giving up of their lives, and the lives of many others who were determined to set Cuba free, made a deep impression upon the feelings of the people of the United States, and Congress was urged to give recognition to Cuban independence. Their appeals, however, did not move the Government to decided measures until after the beginning of President McKinley's administration, when steps were taken demanding the release of American citizens whom the Spaniards had imprisoned because of their open or suspected sympathy with the Cubans, and to aid the needy Americans on the island to return to the United States.

Weyler, the Spanish Captain-General, was proceeding in his work of extermination, 500,000 of the islanders having been destroyed by his murderous course—men, women and children, many of whom were herded together and starved to death; and he was savage enough to go on until another third or more of the inhabitants would suffer a like fate, but Spain found in McKinley a man to represent the American people, that would stop this butchery, and Weyler was recalled.

Marshal Blanco was sent to take his place, and the Spanish Court made a pretence of offering the Cubans a better rule; but Spain's time on the island was nearly up. Destiny had decreed the expulsion of Spanish rule from America. The first efforts of the McKinley administration were quickly followed by others, but in such a way as to observe the spirit of his message to Congress on Cuban affairs, in which he said: "If it shall hereafter appear to be a duty imposed by our obligations to ourselves, to civilization and to humanity to intervene with force, it shall be without fault on our part, and only because the necessity for such action will be so clear as to command the support and approval of the civilized world."

Realizing the character and purpose of the officials with whom they now had to deal, whose humane policy toward Cuba was no party cry, but the voice of the whole Nation, Spaniards became restless, offended, insulting, treacherous and vindictive, under the reckoning to which the United States diplomatically called them, and at last their murderous spirit found a diabolical expression in the

DESTRUCTION OF THE BATTLESHIP "MAINE."

On Tuesday night, February 15, 1898, at 9.40 o'clock, an explosion under, followed by an explosion within the United States Battleship *Maine*, sent her, a shattered wreck, to the bottom of Havana harbor.

Colored men were in her crew, and were numbered among the two hundred and sixty victims who were killed by the explosions, by fire and drowning.

About fifty of the ship's company (354) escaped visible injury. Of the remaining survivors, some were frightfully injured by fire and flying wreckage; one of them, Lieuten-

ant John J. Blandin, of Baltimore, Md., died July 16th following. Lieutenant (junior grade) F. W. Jenkins, of Pennsylvania, and Assistant Engineer Darwin R. Merritt, of Iowa, were the only officers who perished in the wreck. Most of the men were below, in the forward part of the ship, and received the full force of the explosions, the first of which was apparently external and penetrated the outer and under shell, on the port quarter, just forward of the middle of the vessel, forcing it upward "so as to be four feet above the surface of the water, and therefore thirty-four feet above where it would be had the ship been sunk uninjured"; the second explosion, which occurred after a brief but distinct interval, and was of greater volume, was attributed to the partial explosion of two or more of the forward magazines. Many were killed instantly. Others, more unfortunate, were imprisoned alive between decks by *debris*, and had time to realize the horrors of death by fire and suffocation, and the agonies of hopeless despair.

The calamity was appalling, and when the news of it was received on Wednesday morning by the people of the United States, they were overwhelmed with sorrow and indignation. They grieved for the cruel fate of so many gallant men; for the loss of a noble ship bearing the flag of the Union; and they could not suppress the suspicion which afterwards was confirmed, that Spanish treachery had caused the catastrophe. Self-contained as they were, from cabin to White House, when particulars were received which strengthened their convictions, they passed judgment almost unanimously condemning Spaniards for the crime, resolving in due time to "Remember the *Maine!*" The verdict of intelligent public opinion, when not swayed by prejudice, is generally correct, and in this instance placed the blame

PORTRAIT OF ANTONIO MACEO.

properly where it belonged, and predicted a war with Spain. The fairness of the American people inclined them to give the suspected guilty party the benefit of every doubt, for the force of their restrained feelings of pity and sympathy and outraged justice made it sure that when a time of reckoning should come the settlement would be a terrible one. They, therefore, thoroughly investigated the whole affair, and read eagerly every particular of the tragic story of the loss of the *Maine*, which briefly is as follows :

Commanded by Captain Charles D. Sigsbee, the vessel left Key West, Florida, on January 24, 1898, bound for Havana, where she arrived on the morning of the 25th, her visit there being of a friendly character, such as the visit of the Spanish warship *Viscaya* to New York harbor, and the visits of warships of other nations in Spanish waters.

On her arrival the *Maine* was saluted by the Spanish forts and vessels, and courtesies were extended by the Spaniards, which outwardly appeared to be genuine ; but, in the midst of them, when she was lying quietly at anchor, and not suspecting treachery and harm, she was sunk without a moment's warning, and most of her crew hurled into eternity.

Captain Sigsbee, in his account of the disaster, said :

"On the night of the explosion I had not retired. I was writing letters. I find it impossible to describe the sound or shock, but the impression remains of something awe-inspiring, terrifying—of noise, rending, vibrating, all-pervading. There is nothing in the former experience of anyone on board to measure the explosion by.

"After the first great shock—I cannot myself recall how many detonations I heard, not more than two or three —I knew my ship was gone. In such a structure as the

Maine, the effects of such an explosion are not for a moment in doubt.

"I made my way through the long passage, in the dark, groping from side to side, to the hatchway, and thence to the poop, being among the earliest to reach that spot. So soon as I recognized the officers, I ordered the high explosives to be flooded, and then I directed that the boats available be lowered to rescue the wounded or drowning.

"Discipline in a perfect measure prevailed. There was no more confusion than a call to general quarters would produce, if as much.

"I soon saw, by the light of the flames, that all my officers and crew left alive and on board, surrounded me."

Lieutenant Blandin, in describing what he saw and felt, said:

"I was on watch, and when the men had been piped below, I looked down the main hatches and over the side of the ship. Everything was absolutely normal. I walked aft to the quarter-deck, behind the rear turret, as it is allowed after 8 o'clock in the evening, and sat down on the port side, where I remained for a few minutes. Then, for some reason, I cannot explain to myself now, I moved to the starboard side and sat down there. I was feeling a bit glum, and, in fact, was so quiet that Lieutenant J. Hood came up and asked, laughingly, if I were asleep. I said, 'No; I am on watch.'

"Scarcely had I spoken when there came a dull sullen roar. Would to God that I could blot out the sound and the scenes which followed! Then came a sharp explosion; some say, numerous detonations. I remember only one. It seemed to me that the sound came from the port side, forward. Then came a perfect rain of missiles of all descriptions,

from huge pieces of cement to blocks of wood, steel railings, fragments of gratings and all the debris that would be detachable in an explosion.

"I was struck on the head by a piece of cement and knocked down; but I was not hurt, and got to my feet in a moment. Lieutenant Hood had run to the poop, and I supposed, as I followed, he was dazed by the shock and about to jump overboard. I hailed him, and he answered that he had run to the poop to help lower the boats. When I got there, though scarce a minute could have elapsed, I had to wade in water to my knees, and almost instantly the quarter-deck was awash. On the poop I found Captain Sigsbee, as cool as if at a ball, and soon all the officers, except Jenkins and Merritt, joined us. The poop was above water after the *Maine* settled to the bottom. Captain Sigsbee ordered the launch and gig lowered; and the officers and men, who by this time had assembled, got the boats out and rescued a number in the water. Captain Sigsbee ordered Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright forward to see the extent of the damage, and if anything could be done to rescue those forward, or to extinguish the flames, which followed close upon the explosion and burned fiercely as long as there were any combustibles above water to feed them.

"Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright, on his return, reported the total and awful character of the calamity; and Captain Sigsbee gave the last sad order, 'Abandon Ship,' to men overwhelmed with grief indeed, but calm and apparently unexcited."

In his telegram announcing the destruction of the *Maine*, Captain Sigsbee had considerately said, "Suspend judgment"; but after the Naval Court of Inquiry, which President McKinley appointed on the 17th of February,

made its report, having employed divers and used every means to get at the truth, there could be a suspension no longer, for its verdict sustained the public opinion. The report, by a number of specifications, showed that the vessel was blown up by a submarine mine, but the court did not attempt to fix the responsibility upon any person or persons for causing the catastrophe.

The Court of Inquiry was in session twenty-three days, and after the fullest investigation, its finding was transmitted to President McKinley, who laid it before Congress, with the voluminous testimony taken, and in a message, March 28th, reviewed the substance of it in a clear and dispassionate manner.

War with Spain having been anticipated without any reasonable doubt as the result of the report, and a belief that the haughty Spaniards would resent its decision, and the crisis in Cuban affairs having been brought by the destruction of the *Maine* to the point of rupturing diplomatic relations, the United States, being but poorly prepared for war, made all possible haste to get ready.

On March 9th, Congress by a unanimous vote having passed a bill appropriating fifty millions of dollars for national defence, to be used by the President according to his discretion, it was signed by him, and the money put to immediate use in creating an auxiliary fleet to protect the coast; to strengthen coast fortifications; to purchase vessels, stores and munitions of war. On March 19th, the United States battleship *Oregon* steamed away from San Francisco on a voyage of over fourteen thousand miles, and on May 24th came within sight of Key West, in perfect condition, without having experienced any accident to crew or vessel; and in the battle off Santiago, July 3d, made another glori-

ous record for herself, in fighting the Spanish fleet. Resolutions of intervention in Cuba having been introduced in the House of Representatives, the position of Consul-General Fitzhugh Lee, at Havana, became precarious, and he was recalled April 5th, and he left a few days later. On April 11th, the President sent to Congress a message which voiced the desires of the American people, an able recital of Spain's barbarities in Cuba, the duty of intervention; and, said the President, "In the name of humanity, in the name of civilization, in behalf of endangered American interests which give us the right and the duty to speak and to act, the war in Cuba must stop."

On April 18th, an agreement of both Houses of Congress was reached to a series of resolutions espousing the cause of struggling Cuba, directing the intervention of the Government and resolving "That the President of the United States be, and he hereby is directed and empowered, to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States, to such an extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect." The President's signature was quickly given to this act of intervention, and notice served upon Spain to withdraw from Cuba. The Spanish Cortes railed and defied, and on the 20th an ultimatum was sent, which Spain refused to receive, but instead, on the 21st, handed the United States Minister, General Stewart L. Woodford, his passports. A copy was delivered to the Spanish Minister at Washington, who immediately asked for his passports, received them, and left the capitol on the evening of the 20th. On the 21st Spain issued a note declaring a state of war between the two countries, and on the 22d President McKinley accepted the challenge by

issuing a proclamation for the blockade of Cuban ports. On the same day the first gun of the war was fired by the gunboat *Nashville*, which captured off Key West the Spanish merchant steamer "*Buena Ventura.*"

The war was on. It unified the people of the United States as they never had been before; and among those North, South, East and West, who scrambled to answer the

ELIJAH B. TUNNEL.

President's calls for volunteers, were thousands of Afro-Americans, many of whom were soon enlisted in the army and navy. One of them, whose portrait is here inserted, was the first Colored man killed in the war with Spain, in the first bloodshed of the Cuban campaign, May 11, 1898, in Cardenas Bay, on board the United States torpedo-boat *Winslow*, mention of which is made in another chapter.

CHAPTER XL.

THE GREAT NAVAL BATTLE IN MANILA BAY.

THE COLORED MEN IN DEWEY'S FLEET WITNESS A VICTORY THAT HAS NO PARALLEL IN HISTORY.—THE SPANISH REAR-ADMIRAL MONTEJO'S FLEET COMPLETELY DESTROYED.—NOT ONE AMERICAN KILLED.

The first day of May will always be known as Dewey Day in the annals of America, and until some greater Admiral shall arise to eclipse on that day the victory which he achieved in Manila Bay, which should seem impossible, Admiral George Dewey may rightfully be given that date in the calendar as one peculiarly his own, for triumph and glory, and as an epoch-making anniversary.

His victory was the first for America in its war with Spain, and was won on the other side of the globe; where, ten thousand miles from Washington, the gallant crews under his directions, and their competent captains, performed a feat the like of which had never been accomplished, and without the loss of a man. In that battle "Remember the Maine!" was the watchword, and its animating spirit rendered them invincible, and caused them to make history at such a rapid rate as to dumbfound historians, and puzzle wise statesmen with great problems produced by the victory.

On Sunday, the 24th day of April, 1898, President McKinley instructed the Secretary of the Navy to telegraph an order to Dewey which consisted of only a few words, but

which, in its strict execution, gave to the Republic its greatest naval victory, and its greatest questions of diplomacy and expansion: themes which have already filled volumes with discussions.

This was the Order:—

Washington, April 24, 1898.

DEWEY, Hong Kong, China:

War has commenced between the United States and Spain. Proceed at once to Philippine Islands. Commence operations at once, particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture vessels or destroy them. Use utmost endeavors. LONG.

When Dewey received the cablegram he had already fought the battle, and sent the Spanish fleet to the bottom of the bay, in his mind, by plans he had thought over and matured; and was pleased to have the opportunity offered, to transform his mental victory into one that would be tangible. He was the man for any emergency, however sudden and trying, and President McKinley knew it.

Admiral Dewey was born December 26, 1837, at Montpelier, Vermont, with the Green Mountain spirit, and had fortified his native pluck with an experience that would have made the old hero of Ticonderoga, Ethan Allen, green with envy, and willing to exchange laurels. His three-score years had not cooled the zeal of his patriotism, nor was the fire of his courage abated. He was still the same quiet, calm, intrepid warrior that he had been in the Civil War, under Farragut and Porter. Forty years of varied and continuous service, from the time he was graduated at the Naval Academy in 1858, had qualified him for any position in his line, of weighty responsibility, needing sound judgment, quick

and heroic action; but his operations in Manila Bay exceeded what might reasonably be expected of an officer with his great character and record. The Greek who meets Greek will make a worse tug of war for the other fellow, if either one of them ever meets him, and the Spanish-American war proved that Americans who can contend with Americans, can fight anything and anybody. The yellow fever, barbed-wire fences, and Mauser rifles, could n't keep Gen. Joe Wheeler, the old Confederate, from getting at the Spaniards in Cuba; and torpedoes, mines, forts and a Spanish fleet, could n't prevent Commodore Dewey, the old Federal, from sailing fearlessly into Manila Bay.

Without going into a lengthy description of his past career, it may be mentioned that his first service was on the U. S. steam frigate *Wabash*, European squadron, from 1858 to 1861, cruising in the Mediterranean Sea. With the gathering of the Civil War clouds in this country, he returned, and on the day when the New England boys were fighting their way through Baltimore, April 19, 1861, he received a commission as Lieutenant, and was assigned to the steam sloop *Mississippi*, whose destruction, and burial in the river of her name, occurred while he was one of her officers.

His vessel, carrying 12 guns, was a member of the West Gulf Squadron, and was commanded by Captain Melancthon Smith, who, in appearance and action, was a veritable son of Mars. She took part in opening the lower Mississippi, fighting Forts Jackson and St. Philip, the capture of New Orleans, and the attempt to pass Port Hudson.

On the 18th of March, 1862, the mortar-boats were towed over the bar at Pass à l'Outre, and the *Hartford* and *Brooklyn* crossed also. The *Mississippi* was one of the vessels

having too much draught of water, for this expedition, by at least two feet, and like the *Richmond*, *Colorado* and *Pensacola*, stuck fast on the bar. It took eight days of hard work to pull her through, and it was done then only by lightening her of guns, coal, stores, and other heavy materials. When this difficulty was overcome, and all the vessels of the fleet were safely over, and put in order, they proceeded to ascend the river. As the operations of the fleet are described in the chapter relating to the capture of New Orleans, it is only necessary, in this connection, to refer to that part in which Dewey, in its many thrilling incidents, distinguished himself, and began to fit himself to be the Hero of Manila, and the Admiral of his grateful and admiring Republic.

In the engagements of April 24th, with Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and with the Confederate vessels; when the Union fleet was subjected to a concentrated fire by formidable fortifications, to an attack by the iron-clad *Louisiana*, the ram *Manassas*, and by other Confederate ships and various gunboats, besides contact with fire-rafts, the *Mississippi* was in the advance or first division, third in the column of attack. In this terrific night battle, when the thick darkness and clouds of smoke were fitfully illuminated with flashes from forts and vessels, burning rafts and bursting shells, it looked as if heaven were raining another Sodom and Gomorrah fire. Amidst all, the *Mississippi* kept on her way in the passage of the forts, dealing blow for blow, in Captain Theodorus Bailey's first division, which forced everything out of its way, and left its destructive marks on vessels and fortifications.

The Confederate ram *Manassas*, commanded by Lieutenant Warley, was the most dangerous and persistent an-

tagonist afloat, with which they then had to contend, and at different times during the engagement she had rammed the *Brooklyn*, the *Hartford* and the *Mississippi*. She was covered with half-inch iron, and in addition to her most effective weapon, her steel-pointed prow, had a thirty-two pounder cannonade. Her crew consisted of thirty-five persons, officers and men. In the early morning the *Mississippi* settled accounts with her, paying both principal and interest. The ram was a dare-devil, and after the Union vessels had successfully passed the forts, steamed rapidly toward them, unwilling to give up the chase without making prey of the big wooden ships. Farragut understood her purpose, and as she came boldly on he determined to capture or destroy the audacious enemy. The *Mississippi* was ordered to attack her, and Commander Smith turned at once to meet her, going full-tilt to run her down; but by a dextrous turn of the wheel, putting it hard-a-port, she dodged the *Mississippi*, and seeing that her game was up she ran ashore before her pursuer, and was deserted by her crew. The *Mississippi* made a target of her, and set her on fire with a broadside. The ram then became dislodged, floated past the forts, announcing by the flames which wrapped her, and the explosion which shortly blew her into fragments, the failure of her scheme.

By the fortunes of war the *Mississippi* was fated to be blown up also, and Dewey barely escaped going up with her. Had some Gypsy told truthfully to the Spanish people their future dealings with Dewey they would have been glad to have had him become an angel then, and in that way, but Providence had in store for him work that did not warrant wings until after its settlement with Spain.

This affair happened on March 21, 1863, when the

Union fleet attempted to pass the batteries at Port Hudson. The day was foggy, and was chosen on that account to conceal the movements of the vessels, but it was an unfortunate selection, for the *Mississippi*. Her pilot lost his bearings, the ship ran ashore and stuck fast in the worst possible place—right under the guns of one of the strongest batteries. Within thirty minutes she was struck by two hundred and fifty shots, and completely riddled. As she could not be saved she was set on fire by her crew who escaped in their boats, hidden by the fog, to the other side of the river. Thus lightened, the current dislodged her, and she drifted away a mass of flames until they reached her magazines, when a mighty explosion sent her to join the *Manassas* in that cemetery of boats—the "Father of Waters."

Dewey bore himself with conspicuous coolness and bravery in all the perilous operations in which he was engaged on the Mississippi, and was regarded by his superior officers, and by the men under him, as sure to rise rapidly in fame and promotion. He was now sent to the North Atlantic Squadron, assigned to the steam gunboat *Agawam*, and participated in the attacks upon Fort Fisher, in December, 1864, and January, 1865. On March 3d following, he was commissioned a Lieutenant-Commander, and had the honor of serving on the *Kearsage*—the destroyer of the *Alabama*. Next, at the close of the Civil War, he served on the *Colorado*, flag-ship of the European Squadron, until appointed in 1868 to duty in the Naval Academy. In 1870 he took charge of the *Narragansett*, for special service, in making surveys on the Pacific coast, and was soon a commissioned commander. He served also on shore duty at the Torpedo Station, was made a Lighthouse Inspector, and later Secretary of the Lighthouse Board. In 1882 he took command

of the *Juniata*, of the Asiatic Squadron, and in September 1884 was promoted to a captaincy, and given the *Dolphin*. His next position was the command of the *Pensacola*, flagship of the European Squadron. From that he was called to the National Capitol and made Chief of the Bureau of Equipment and Recruiting—a position he held four years. From this he was advanced to the Presidency of the Board of Inspection and Review, and still climbing on the rounds of merit, attained the honors of a commodore and was put in charge of the Asiatic Squadron, with which rank he fought the battle of Manila Bay, to be speedily appointed a rear-admiral, and soon after, in compliance with the desires of the American people, to be given the highest rank in the navy —Admiral George Dewey.

There is now, in addition to the admiring adult population of the United States, a very large crop of little Deweys, White and Colored, named in his honor and honored by his name, and the question is, What shall future harvests be? Presuming from the virility and fertility of both, that every succeeding decade in Uncle Sam's dominions will produce an abundance of Dewey sheaves, these facts about him, briefly stated, will be of interest to present and future admirers of the Admiral, whom we will now follow as commodore from Hong Kong to Manila.

When Consul Williams, obeying official warning instructions, left the U. S. Consulate at Manila, to escape impending danger, he took with him to Hong Kong, maps of the harbor and descriptions of its forces and fortifications; and other information valuable to Dewey, who, in consultation with him, outlined his plan of attack, and made haste to prepare for it. When the President's order was received on Monday, April 25th, it found Dewey anxious to carry it

out, and nearly ready to do so. He translated the message of his Government literally, and in his calculations marked every Spanish ship for capture or destruction. Success is most always born of confidence and ability, and it proved so with him. By Wednesday, April 27th, he had fully got ready, and with "the fastest speed that could be made with the coal supply of the ships," according to his diary, he started with his Squadron on the long run of over six hundred miles to Manila, reaching Subig Bay, near to his goal, on Saturday, April 30th.

The Spanish Governor-General, Primo de Rivera, at Manila, had issued stilted proclamations, to enthuse his people, and doubly-arm them by fear and hatred of the Americans. He described our people as social excrescences, who had exhausted their patience, and provoked war, with perfidious machinations, acts of treachery, and outrages against the laws of Nations. In referring to the ships of Dewey his invectives reached a climax. He proclaimed that they were a squadron manned by foreigners, possessing neither instruction nor discipline, which he discovered to his sorrow to be a mistake when Dewey got his work in, and he went on to state that its object was to rob them of all that means life, honor and liberty. In a white-heat of indignation he declared—"The aggressors shall not profane the tombs of your fathers. They shall not gratify their lustful passions at the cost of your wives and daughters. They shall not cover you with dishonor, or appropriate the property your industry has accumulated as a provision for your old age. They shall not perpetuate any of the crimes inspired by their wickedness and covetousness; because your valor and patriotism will suffice to punish this miserable people, which, claiming to be civilized and cultivated, have exterminated

the unhappy natives of North America, instead of bringing to them the light of civilization and progress!"

If Rivera had tried, in these invectives, to portray the character of his nation, and the conduct of its soldiers in the conquests of Peru, Mexico, the Philippine Islands and Cuba, he could not have drawn a truer picture. Relating to the Spaniards, his effort was a perfect photograph; but as to the Americans, it was bungling burlesque. Had he been striking at Spaniards he would have hit the nail on its head every time, but instead of that, missed it entirely, and pounded his own fingers.

It was expected that the boastful foe would come out to meet Dewey's squadron with their fleet. Their vessels exceeded his in number, and had a personnel of 1,734 officers and men to Dewey's 1,694. The advantage of the Americans consisted in having a few more guns than the Spaniards, and of a larger calibre, Dewey having some eight-inch guns while Montejo had none larger than six. In an ocean battle the odds would have favored the Americans, despite the disparity in number of vessels and men, but, as it was to be fought in the bay, with the Spanish ships backed by forts and water-batteries, and the entrance of the harbor guarded by fortifications on Corregidor Island, and on either side, and sub-marine mines were to be feared, it will be seen, that the odds, minus Dewey and American valor and brainworks, were largely in favor of the Spaniards, but, with a Farragut contempt for torpedoes and a Dewey defiance for odds, the Americans did not hesitate to enter the stronghold and offer their enemy battle.

Dewey had sent the *Baltimore* and the *Concord* ahead to reconnoitre, and they returned reporting no Spanish ships outside the harbor to dispute their entrance, and as the foe had chosen not to come out, Dewey decided to go in.

It was Saturday, April 30, 1898, within half an hour of midnight, when the flagship *Olympia*, Captain C. V. Gridley, entered the south channel and glided quietly with lights out past Corregidor Island, followed by the other ships of the squadron, namely: the cruisers *Baltimore*, Captain N. M. Dyer; *Raleigh*, Captain J. B. Coghlan; *Concord*, Commander Asa Walker; *Boston*, Captain Frank Wildiez; the gunboat *Petrel*, Commander E. P. Wood; the dispatch-boat *Hugh McCulloch*; the steamers *Nanshan*, storeship, and *Zafiro*, the collier.

The *Olympia*, with the Commodore, had proceeded about a mile beyond the entrance forts, and there was a prospect, which could arise only from the wakefulness of the Americans and the sleepiness of Spaniards, of all getting beyond range before discovery; but the *McCulloch*, with a shower of sparks from her smoke-stack, caused by some careless fireman shoveling into her furnace the soft coal, at the critical time, gave the Spaniards warning; and the astonished garrisons opened fire, their wild shots indicating the surprised and rattled condition of their minds. With secrecy no longer possible, the *Boston* and the *McCulloch* effectively returned the fire, all the vessels speeding on their way, without receiving damage. The squadron then slowed down, the men taking a little rest, while Dewey timed the speed so as to have Manila and the Spanish fleet under his guns by daybreak. At quarter past five o'clock the Spaniards bade him "good-morning" with shots from three batteries at Manila and two near Cavite, and from their fleet, and he posed himself to return a warm salutation, unmindful of two mines which they exploded ahead of his ship, a little bit too soon to distract his attention. He now saw with his glass the ships off Cavite, McKinley wanted, and which he had jotted

down on his programme for capture or destruction. He had no malice in his nature, no desire to rain death and desolation upon the crowded city of Manila, so he sent word to the batteries there, towards the close of the battle, to have some regard for the exposed people, and not invite the shells of his ships, by keeping up their firing.

The morning was serene, the weather delightful, and the scene beautiful, as the gracefully moving vessels with bright colors flying came near each other, for the death grapple; but the scene soon changed to one of turmoil and terror, the calm broken by the thunders of great cannonades, the sky darkened with rolling powder clouds, the atmosphere filled with sulphurous fumes; and with these quick changes there fell all around solid shots and bursting shells which, sparing the American vessels from destruction as though they were protected by heaven, smote and destroyed the Spanish fleet as though the crimes committed by that nation throughout centuries of cruelty were now to be avenged by the bolts of Jove.

As stated, the Spaniards opened the battle, confident of success because of the exposure of the American ships not only to Montejo's guns, but to the shore batteries. At 5.41 A. M. by Dewey's watch, he made his first reply. He was standing on the forward bridge of the *Olympia*, refraining from answering their challenge until he could measure their distance, poise his weapons, and get all of his seconds to feel his composure. The shots of the enemy at first were directed mainly towards the flagship, some exploding above her, and others falling around her, and in the course of the action they managed to hit her five times about the upper works; but she escaped serious damage. One shell struck the deck under the bridge where Dewey stood, and another cut the

signal halyards in the hands of Lieutenant Brumly on the after bridge. Dewey's chief of staff and some other officers were with him on the bridge, and Captain Gridley was in the conning tower, when, after receiving the enemy's fire for twenty-six minutes, the commodore gave his captain the word to begin. In less than a minute the *Olympia's* guns were booming, the *Baltimore, Raleigh, Petrel, Concord* and *Boston* almost instantly following her example, and steaming after her in the order named.

The Spanish Admiral's vessel, *Reina Maria Cristina,* and the protected cruiser *Castilla,* their largest vessels, were disposed to make themselves conspicuous, and were accorded ample attention. The former ventured to come near, about 7 o'clock, as if desirous of a duel with Dewey's ship, but the *Olympia,* circling round, used the entire battery upon her, other vessels aiming at her also, that Montejo soon tried to withdraw, but too late to save her. Crippled with mortal wounds she sought the harbor of Cavite, in a sinking condition, but before she reached it a shell penetrated her side, bursted between decks, and set her on fire. One shot which struck her bridge killed her Commander, Captain Cardzo, her Lieutenant-Commander, a midshipman, and the Chaplain. Many who were not killed by missiles lost their lives in the flames, or when she foundered. Montejo was fortunate enough to escape from the wreck, and transferred his pennon to the *Isla de Cuba.* The *Castilla,* likewise, was frightfully punished for her temerity; about one hundred and fifty of her crew were either killed or wounded, and she also was set on fire by our shells, and sunk.

Dewey seemed to have a programme with an intermission, and having performed the first part without any failure, disposing of the enemy's flagship, and inflicting irrepar-

able damage upon others, he signalled an order for his vessels to retire out of range, to give their hard-worked and hungry men a little rest and a good breakfast. His crews were more anxious to despatch the Spanish fleet than their morning meal, and tired as they were, felt like protesting against any cessation of the conflict until the whole job was finished. They had been fighting on patriotism and a cup of coffee for nearly two hours and were satisfied with that ration until they could eat one in celebration of complete victory. Dewey thought otherwise, smiled at their impulsiveness, and their unwillingness to desist, and took his eager fighters for awhile out of harm's way, having regard not only for their comfort, but for their strength to bear up through the ordeal to the end; and also, probably, to draw out the Spanish ships. That they took the bait, only to be fully drawn into his net, is seen in the first dispatch to Madrid: "Our fleet engaged the enemy in a brilliant combat, protected by the Cavite and Manila forts. They obliged the enemy, with heavy loss, to maneuver repeatedly. At 9 o'clock the American squadron took refuge behind the foreign merchant shipping, on the east side of the bay."

A different statement was made on board the *Olympia*, when all the captains had reported to Dewey, and it was this: Not a ship disabled, not a gun out of order, not a man killed, nor a man injured.

During this interval the men were refreshed, the ships cleaned, magazines refilled, and everything put in order for a renewal of the battle, and to comply fully with the U. S. Government's order—"You must capture vessels or destroy them." Then the signal went up on the flagship for which all the crews were impatiently waiting, men sprung to quarters, and the vessels steamed defiantly and swiftly toward the foe that had reported them beaten.

The fight was on again and with increased fury. With flashes that came faster and faster, and thunders that grew louder and louder, the tempest of destruction reached its height as Dewey's ships, circling around like a tornado, swept on, and all before them. The *Don Antonio de Ulloa*, a worthy antagonist, fighting heroically, got into the track of desolation, received shots which raked her upper deck and drove all below. Between decks her men continued to serve her guns valiantly, until she received other broadsides which pierced her through, let in torrents, and sunk her with all on board; and she went down with her flag flying at the masthead.

One ship struck her colors, to shelter herself from the storm of shots, without intending to give herself up, and fired upon a boat's crew sent to receive her surrender, but without injuring them. This was a fatal act to her, for she immediately received indignant treatment that speedily destroyed her.

The second round was of short duration. It had found the Spanish ships, with all their land protection, no match for Dewey's squadron, and the unequal contest came to an end between 12 and 1 o'clock, after the loss of their ships that had been in the open fight, and with their other vessels within reach of capture. They had suffered great loss of life, while on our side every vessel was intact, no one was killed, and only a few were wounded. They were on the *Baltimore*. A shell struck her main deck, disabled a six-inch gun, and exploded a box of ammunition, slightly wounding eight men. They were Lieutenant F. W. Kellogg, Ensign N. E. Irwin, and enlisted men Michael J. Buddinger, Robert L. Barlow, Richard P. Covert, William O'Keefe, Rosario Ricciardelli and Edward Snelgrove.

The Spanish dispatches, after the first, reluctantly confessed defeat, but concealed its full measure. They said: "Our fleet, considering the enemy's superiority, naturally suffered a severe loss. The *Maria Cristina* is on fire, and another ship, believed to be the *Don Juan de Austria*, was blown up. There was a considerable loss of life. Captain Cardzo, is among the killed. * * Admiral Montejo has transferred his flag to the cruiser *Isla de Cuba.* * * The *Reina Maria Cristina* was completely burned, as was also the cruiser *Castilla*, the other ships having to retire from the combat, and some being sunk to avoid their falling into the hands of the enemy."

The cable from Manila to Hong Kong was in their control, and it was, therefore, through Spanish channels, and by these messages, that the American people received the first tidings of their great naval victory. Knowing the disposition of the Spaniards to deceive and conceal, the people of the United States knew that the best for them and the worst for the enemy had not been told. Rejoicing and yet anxious withal, they waited with intense interest for the full reports. When, nearly a week later, dispatches from Dewey to the Government, sent by steamer to Hong Kong, were received, although they were modest, they gave every reason for Americans to be jubilant over the victory, astonished at its extent, and proud of the Commodore and all his crews.

The first dispatch was:

MANILA, May 1.

Squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning. Immediately engaged the enemy, and destroyed the following Spanish vessels: *Reina Cristina, Castilla, Don Antonio de Ulloa, Isla de Luzon, Isla de Cuba, General Lezo, Marquis de Duero, Cano, Velasco, Isla de Mindanao,* a transport,

and water-battery at Cavite. The squadron is uninjured, and only a few men are slightly wounded. Only means of telegraphing is to American Consul at Hong Kong. I shall communicate with him. DEWEY.

The second was as follows:

CAVITE, May 4.

I have taken possession of naval station at Cavite, on Philippine Islands. Have destroyed the fortifications at bay entrance, paroling the garrison. I control bay completely and can take city at any time. The Squadron is in excellent health and spirits. Spanish loss is not fully known, but very heavy. One hundred and fifty killed, including captain of *Reina Cristina*. I am assisting in protecting Spanish sick and wounded; 250 in hospital within our lines. Much excitement at Manila. Will protect foreign residents.

DEWEY.

It will be noticed by the latter dispatch, that no sooner was the victory won, than Dewey and his men began to give to their defeated enemy all humane treatment possible under the circumstances, tenderly caring for the sick and wounded, and in every way proving that the representations made by Spanish authorities concerning Americans, describing them as ruffianly and brutal in the extreme, were utterly false. They did all they could to rescue wounded from the wrecks, and to every foeman at their mercy they showed utmost kindness. A report had been circulated by some of the Spanish that the Americans on landing would kill everybody in Cavite, and they were met by a number of priests and Sisters of Mercy imploring them to spare the wounded. This was a strange request to make of enlightened Ameri-

cans, whose humanity would be shocked by the thought of committing such outrages, but could be explained when the fact was known, that it was a part of Spanish policy to purposely hold up before them such deceptions to embitter them, and make them desperate in resistance.

Expressing the feelings of the Nation,—its admiration, honor and gratitude,—the President through Secretary Long sent to Dewey the following response to his dispatches:

WASHINGTON, May 7, 1898.

DEWEY, Manila.

The President, in the name of the American people, thanks you and your officers and men for your splendid achievement and overwhelming victory. In recognition he has appointed you Acting Admiral, and will recommend a vote of thanks to you by Congress, as a foundation for further promotion. LONG.

In a message to Congress, two days later, the President emphasized his previous expressions concerning the victory, enlarging upon its details, and said:

"The magnitude of this victory can hardly be measured by the ordinary standards of naval warfare. Outweighing any material advantage is the moral effect of this initial success. At this unsurpassed achievement the great heart of our Nation throbs, not with boasting or with greed of conquest, but with deep gratitude that this triumph has come in a just cause, and that by the grace of God an effective step has thus been taken toward the attainment of the wished-for peace. To those whose skill, courage and devotion have won the fight, to the gallant commander and the brave officers and men who aided him, our country owes an incalculable debt."

CHAPTER XLI.

OPERATIONS IN CUBA.

THE FIGHT IN CARDENAS BAY.—A COLORED MAN, ELIJAH B. TUNNEL, MINGLES HIS LIFE'S BLOOD WITH THAT OF ENSIGN WORTH BAGLEY, AND FOUR OTHERS, IN THE FIRST AMERICAN BLOODSHED IN THE CUBAN CAMPAIGN.—LANDING TROOPS IN CUBA.—COLORED TROOPS WITH THE ADVANCE.—FIGHTING ON TO SANTIAGO.—LA QUASIMA, EL CANEY AND SAN JUAN HILL.—BRAVE AND BRILLIANT CONDUCT OF COLORED CAVALRY AND INFANTRY.—SANTIAGO SURRENDERS, ETC., ETC.

It would seem that the Colored man was destined to be in the van of Americans who fight and fall in the cause of liberty and humanity. Instead of bringing up the rear, in battle and self-sacrifice, history shows him to be with the foremost and sometimes in the lead; and the blood which is the first to crimson a declaration of war and seal the compact by which Americans devote themselves unsparingly to principle and progress is drawn from his veins.

The Spanish-American war gives another proof of this in the death of ELIJAH B. TUNNEL, a worthy man who was well known as a local preacher connected with the African Methodist Episcopal Church, Waters' Chapel, Spring street, Baltimore, Md.

He was born in Wattsville, Accomac county, Va., and

about the age of sixteen years, left his parents, John and Sarah Tunnel, to find employment in Baltimore. He was successful and became a resident of that city, working industriously and taking an active part in religious affairs.

When war-clouds gathered, being of a patriotic mind and anxious to serve his country in the crisis, he took leave of his wife, three-year-old daughter, other kindred, and many friends, went to Philadelphia and enlisted March 21, 1898, in the U. S. Navy. It was his lot to be assigned to the torpedo-boat *Winslow*, to be the first Afro-American killed in the war with Spain, and to contribute his blood with the very first shed in the conflict. In the daring and gallant fight of the *Winslow* with Spanish gunboats and overpowering land-batteries, in Cardenas Bay, May 11, 1898, he died a hero's death at the age of twenty-six, struck down by a Spanish shell; and he nobly represented there a race that may justly feel proud and elated over the part performed by its volunteer soldiers and sailors, and U. S. Regulars, in naval and land battles, to "Remember the Maine," and emancipate Cuba and other isles from Spanish chains and cruelty.

"On to Cuba!" was the desire, and oft-repeated expression, of the forces which gathered in State and National camps quickly filling the President's call of April 23d for 125,000 men, and his second call, May 25th, for 75,000 more. Besides these volunteers, troops of the Regular army,—among which were the 9th and 10th Cavalry and the 24th and 25th Infantry, hastened, under orders, from the posts where they could be spared to join the army of invasion. Of the great number enlisted, the 200,000 volunteers and the nearly 30,000 regulars, nearly all of whom were desirous of setting foot in Cuba in furtherance of the

U. S. Government's intention to establish freedom there, but a small portion, comparatively, were to have that privilege; and it is gratifying to Afro-Americans that their renowned Regulars were to be among the fortunate number for they most nobly sustained their soldierly reputation, and from the time they landed to the fall of Santiago, and their return to this country, they won fresh laurels; and earned the fame of being heroes of La Quasima, El Caney and San Juan Hill.

The chief camps were at Chickamauga, Tennessee, and Tampa, Florida. Troops began to arrive at the former place May 15th, and within a few days 25,000 men were encamped, this number soon increasing to 65,000. Here troops were drilled, equipped, and their organizations perfected, but the suddenness of the war, and the fact that it was to be conducted in a tropical climate, found the Government unprepared to get the troops ready with speed, hence, there were vexatious delays; but, as Uncle Sam always succeeds in what he undertakes, and can command unlimited means and resources to accomplish his purposes, he was prepared within a reasonable time to move a requisite number of his men from Chickamauga and Tampa into the enemy's country.

General Nelson A. Miles was commander-in-chief, with headquarters at Washington, and General William R. Shafter was appointed to command the army in Cuba. As before stated, they, with other officers who were to see notable service in Cuba, had formerly commanded Colored regulars, and they were doubtless pleased that these regiments were to share in the Cuban campaign.

By the early part of June, an army of about 15,000, including officers, was ready for the field and embarked at

Tampa for Key West, from which point the expedition left for Cuba, June 13-14, the thirty-five transports carrying the troops being convoyed by sixteen warships, led by the battleship *Indiana*. From the time of beginning the loading of the transports to their arrival off Santiago fourteen days were consumed, and the men suffered much discomfort owing to the crowded and otherwise inadequate accommodations of the vessels, all of which they bore cheerfully while impatiently looking ahead for a first glimpse of the island where many of them were to die in battle, and a much larger number from disease.

Six days after leaving Key West, June 20th, all the vessels of the expedition arrived safely, and General Shafter and Commodore Sampson went ashore to confer with the Cuban General, Calixto Garcia, so as to arrange for a landing of the troops. The conference decided that Sampson should make an attack with his fleet on the defenses at the mouth of Santiago harbor and westward, and while this might be attracting the attention of the Spaniards, Shafter should debark his forces at Baiquiri, a few miles to the eastward.

On the morning of June 22d, this plan was put into operation and before nightfall of the next day the landing was effected without much opposition. The Spaniards made an attempt to prevent it, but it went on with such celerity, quick resistance, good-natured excitement, and disregard of danger, that they thought it best to retire towards Santiago.

Previous to the landing of these troops, a force of six or seven hundred marines obtained a foothold near Guantanamo, June 10th,—almost forty miles east of Santiago, some of the American vessels having arrived at the entrance of the bay three days before, and bombarded its fortifications.

Under cover of the fire of the battleship *Oregon*, and the gunboats *Marblehead*, *Vixen*, and *Dolphin*, the troopship *Panther* approached Fisherman's Point, where the marines, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Huntington, debarked and established Camp McCalla on a hill guarding an abandoned cable station. They proudly raised the first American flag planted in Cuba by military power, and very soon had to defend it by long continued and hard fighting.

On the 11th, after finishing the tiresome toils of unloading supplies, clearing away brush, and putting the camp in order, a great many of them indulged in the luxury of a bath in the bay, but their evening pleasures were suddenly interrupted by the Spaniards who attacked the camp like angry hornets. Without spending much time in making their toilets the bathers seized their guns and rushed to repel the foe. The fighting continued until the next morning, and on Sunday the 12th, the marines threw up intrenchments, their position being much exposed on account of cutting away the brush. The Spaniards renewed the attack on that evening, and also the next, when the Americans becoming exasperated determined on a bold movement. On the 14th, 300 of them, under Captains Elliot and Spicer, with some Cuban allies, took the aggressive, marched five miles under a scorching sun over hills and difficult paths, and attacked the Spanish camp, driving them from cover and putting them to flight. Only one American was wounded, Private Walker; but in the first fight at Camp McCalla, Surgeon John B. Gibbs, Sergeant Charles H. Smith, and Privates William Dunphy and James McColgan, were killed, and in the second, Henry Good and George Tauman. These were the first lives lost by the Americans on the soil of Cuba, in the war with Spain.

The Spaniards were taught a severe lesson of fear, respect and caution by the movement against them by the marines, and after that they let Camp McCalla alone.

Returning to Shafter's army, the eager soldiers, White and Colored, are seen pressing forward, and the evening of their first day in Cuba, after debarkation at Baiquiri, finds the van of the troops five miles advanced on the rough road to Santiago. Some of the troops were landed at Siboney, five miles westward, and it became the army's headquarters, and the scene of great activity.

"On to Santiago!" is now the unanimous utterance of soldiers spoiling for a fight with forces that have helped to make Cuba a vast graveyard and a land of untold misery, and they do not have to wait long to hear the crack of Spanish rifles and breast the deadly long steel bullets, for on June 24th a portion of them became hotly engaged at

LA QUASIMA.

The American force, in this fight, consisted of eight troops of the First Regular Cavalry, eight of the First Volunteer Cavalry (the Wood-Roosevelt Rough Riders), and eight of the Tenth Regular Cavalry, Colored. These troops started from Siboney, acting upon information brought by Cubans to headquarters, on Thursday, the 23d, that Spanish troops had taken position at La Quasima to intercept the march of the Americans. Colonel Leonard Wood, writing to the Secretary of War, June 27th, gave an account of the affair, a part of which follows:

We commenced our advance from our first landing place on the 23d, and that night Colonel Young and I, as second in command of the Second Cavalry brigade, had a long war talk about taking the very strong Spanish position about five miles up the road to Santiago. He decided that he would make a feint on their front, while I was to make a detour by trail under a couple of

Cuban guides, and take them in flank and try to get them out of their very strong position, which was in the wildest and roughest part of the trail toward the town. Our little plan worked well.

I located the Spanish outpost (on the 24th), and deployed silently, and when in position fired on them. Shortly after I opened, I could hear Young on the right, down in the valley. The fight lasted over two hours, and was hot at close range. The Spanish used the volley a great deal, while my men fired as individuals.

We soon found that instead of 1,500 men we had struck a very heavy outpost of several thousands. To cut a long story short, we drove them steadily but slowly, and finally threw them into flight. Their losses must have been heavy, for all news coming out of Santiago reports a great many dead and wounded, and that the Spanish had 4,000 men and two machine guns (these we saw), and were under two general officers, and that the Spanish dead and wounded were being brought in for six hours; also that the garrison was expecting an assault that night; that the defeated troops reported that they had fought the entire American army for four hours, but had been compelled, by greatly superior numbers, to retreat, and that the army was coming, etc.

My men conducted themselves splendidly and behaved like veterans, going up against the heavy Spanish line as though they knew no fear.

The Colored troopers, the Tenth boys, were among the foremost in standing their ground, or in dashing forward, and their gallantry was a source of great pride and satisfaction to their officers and of complimentary comment by the little force whose dash and pluck had caused it to be greatly magnified by the defeated Spaniards. Over a score of Americans were killed, and three score were wounded and missing, and in this loss the Colored troops were represented.

The Spaniards having abandoned their block-house, at La Quasima, continued to fall back, the Americans moving forward, scouting and skirmishing, and bearing up resolutely amidst scorching heat and surroundings calculated to unnerve veterans, and on Thursday, June 30th, were near the enemy's intrenchments before Santiago. They had pressed forward through tangled underbrush, over almost impassable roads, on very short rations, and loaded down with ammuni-

tion; and four batteries of light artillery had been dragged along with great difficulty.

When Shafter's army got into position before Santiago it occupied a line five miles long, and it numbered 16,000 men. The enemy had at least 14,000, and in their strong intrenchments, protected by block-houses, and barbed wire obstructions, they should have been equal to twice or thrice the number of their assailants.

It was necessary to make quick work in capturing Santiago, if possible, for the climate and the extraordinary hardships were rapidly prostrating the Americans; and Shafter determined to assault the Spainards on the next day. He got his batteries into position, and the forces along his line during the night of the 30th advanced as near as practicable to the Spanish intrenchments.

SAN JUAN AND EL CANEY.

Friday, July 1, 1898, was a memorable day in the annals of American soldiers, an illustrious one for Afro-Americans, for they fought a battle in front of Santiago which could not be surpassed in daring, courage and intrepidity; and the story of the heroism of the Colored Regulars, Infantry and Cavalry, in the engagements there will be handed down from one generation to another.

Away to the south, fronting the extreme left of the American line was Aguadores, commanding the road to Morro Castle, and the reduction of this position was assigned to Michigan troops, Thirty-third and Thirty-fourth Regiments, under General Duffield, who advanced against it from Siboney while warships shelled the enemy; but the destruction of a bridge over the river Gauma stopped their progress, and prevented them from attacking Morro. This movement

however, assisted the remainder of the line of battle by dividing the attention of the Spaniards.

On the right was General Lawton, and next in order going toward the left, were Generals Kent, Hawkins and Wheeler with their divisions, the latter commanding dismounted cavalry, the Ninth and Tenth among them, while the Colored infantry were to their right. San Juan, on heights defended by strong fortifications,—block-houses, intrenchments, batteries and barbed wires,—faced the centre, and left wing adjoining it, and El Caney, also on an eminence, strongly protected by block-houses, rifle pits, and various obstructions faced the right wing. Against these strong positions the Americans began their advance in the morning, and found that the Spaniards who held them were brave and determined and could be dislodged only by the very hardest fighting. While Capron's battery shelled the intrenchments, the right wing moved forward against the enemy, receiving a steady, destructive fire, but not stopping to count the fearful cost of the assault. The burning sun was helping the Spaniards, shooting down rays with withering effect upon men unaccustomed to a torrid climate, but, sweltering, and staggering ahead, almost blinded by the heat, the Americans carried the rifle pits, mounted the hill and charged the Spaniards, driving them, and capturing or destroying their block-houses. When night came on the Americans had won a position which enabled them on the next day, when the battle was resumed, to capture El Caney, and drive the enemy closer to Santiago.

That part of the battle, on the 1st, which was directed against San Juan, was waged with corresponding courage and success. The regiments which stormed the hill were mostly dismounted cavalry whose carbines were their main

dependence, but they were used with such effect in the rush of the troops toward the crest, the men loading and firing as they ran, that the Spaniards, who had every advantage in position, abandoned their block-house and intrenchments, and fled into Santiago. They had, however, fought stubbornly, firing steadily and with precision, killing and wounding a great many Americans. All along their line, from El Caney to San Juan, they displayed much courage and daring, and did such execution, that in the two days' fight they killed twenty-three officers and 208 men, and wounded eighty officers and 1,202 men; and there were eighty-one missing; but the Americans kept going right on, and the Spaniards, not wishing to meet such men in a hand-to-hand fight, forsook their strong positions.

Major-General Joseph Wheeler, under whom the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry fought, in his report of July 7th, says:

* * * The men were all compelled to wade the San Juan River to get into line. This was done under very heavy fire of both infantry and artillery. Our balloon having been sent up right by the main road, was made a mark of by the enemy. It was evident that we were as much under fire in forming the line as we would be by an advance, and I, therefore, pressed the command forward from the covering under which it was formed.

It merged into an open space in full view of the enemy, who occupied breastworks and batteries on the crest of the hill which overlooks Santiago, officers and men falling at every step. The troops advanced gallantly, soon reached the foot of the hill and ascended, driving the enemy from their works and occupying them on the crest of the hill. To accomplish this, required courage and determination on the part of the officers and men of a high order, and the losses were very severe. * * * During all the day on July 2d, the cavalry division, Kent's division and Bates' brigade were engaged with the enemy, being subjected to a fierce fire and incurring many casualties, and later in the day Lawton's division also became engaged. * * *

One of the Colored heroes of San Juan Hill was First Sergeant George Berry, Troop D, Tenth Cavalry, who was retired at Huntsville, Alabama, Nov. 1, 1898, after thirty years' service. He had participated in campaigns against the

Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoes, Comanches, Apaches, and Utes, in Colorado, Kansas, Texas, and New Mexico, and his gallantry in Cuba was nothing new; but his escape from death at San Juan was a matter of wonder because of his conduct there. Under a heavy fire, running in advance of his comrades, he waved aloft the Stars and Stripes, and planted the colors of his regiment upon the works from which the Spaniards were beginning to run away. As he mounted the hill he kept calling as he ran, "Dress on the colors, boys! Dress on the colors!"

A paragraph in a newspaper states that during the Peace Jubilee in Philadelphia, as this sable hero, bearing the tattered flag he had carried so gallantly at La Quasima and San Juan marched in the procession with the Tenth Cavalry, he was pelted with roses from the balconies and stands crowded with people.

When all did so nobly, it is difficult to specify particular ones, but mention should be made of six non-commissioned officers, who rendered particularly meritorious services in the face of the enemy around Santiago on July 1st and 2d, and who received appointments as second-lieutenants in the Colored Immune regiments organized under a special act of Congress. These men are Sergeants William Washington, Troop F, and John C. Proctor, Troop I, of the Ninth Cavalry, and Sergeants William McBryar, Company H; Wyatt Hoffman, Company G; Macon Russell, Company H, and Andrew J. Smith, Company B, of the Twenty-fifth Infantry, commanded by Colonel Daggett. These two Negro regiments were in the thick of the fiercest fighting at El Caney and San Juan and won high praise for their courage and efficiency.

It may be noted here, also, that medals of honor were awarded to George H. Wanton, Fitz Lee, Wm. H. Thomp-

kins and Dennis Bell, all members of the Tenth Cavalry for distinguished gallantry at Tayabacoa, Cuba, June 30, 1898, where, after a force had succeeded in landing and had been compelled to withdraw to the boats, leaving a number of killed and wounded ashore, they voluntarily went ashore in the face of the enemy and aided in the rescue of wounded comrades, who would otherwise have fallen into the hands of the enemy—this after several previous attempts had been frustrated.

After getting his army close to Santiago, General Shafter cabled to Washington on July 3d that his line of troops was so thin that he feared his force was not strong enough to take the city. During the day Cervera's fleet was destroyed, and Shafter, with the prospects much improved, demanded of General Toral its surrender. When he asked for terms, a demand was made for an unconditional surrender. He was given time to communicate with the Spanish Government, and after several halts and extended negotiations, the agreement of surrender was signed in the afternoon of July 15th. It gave up not only the city of Santiago, but a great part of that province, and all the Spanish troops therein, who were to be sent back to Spain by the United States Government. The prisoners secured by the surrender numbered about 24,000, exceeding the strength of the army which captured them, and the Santiago campaign can justly be regarded as phenomenal. Considering the motives which prompted it, the obstacles in its way, the circumstances under which it was conducted, its great triumph and far-reaching consequences, it will remain in the history of the world and the annals of America a record of great credit and honor for the United States Army and Navy; and Colored Americans, in both branches of the service, came out of it with new and many laurels for their race.

CHAPTER XLII.

DESTRUCTION OF CERVERA'S FLEET.

COMMODORE WINFIELD SCOTT SCHLEY, ON BOARD THE "BROOKLYN," COMMANDS THE AMERICAN FLEET IN ITS DESTRUCTION OF ADMIRAL CERVERA'S, OFF AND WESTWARD OF SANTIAGO.—COLORED MEN ON THE VICTORIOUS SHIPS ELATED LIKE THEIR LAND HEROES.—INCIDENTS OF THE BATTLE.

While the American army lay a mile away from Santiago, the surrender of which had been demanded by General Shafter as a bluff, to gain time for reinforcements to compel its capitulation, a sudden change was given to the situation which practically decided the fate of the city. The departure of Admiral Cervera's fleet in its attempt to escape, and its destruction outside the harbor, deprived the Spaniards in Santiago of a powerful support, and saved many lives that Americans would have been obliged to lose by an assault upon the city, or by a long waiting in the approaches, exposed to a tormenting sun, to drenching rains and malignant fevers.

Cervera, then Captain-General Blanco, who gave the Admiral orders from Havana to make the mad effort, and back of him the authorities in Spain, whose instructions were followed, each and all should be thanked for giving extraordinary lustre to the American Fourth of July of 1898. On the morning of that day, when officials in Washington were dreading lest they should receive discouraging news from

Shafter, whose army, decimated by battle and disease, was entirely too small to advance upon Santiago or to hold long its position without large reinforcement; and while the American people, who know as much and often more than their leaders, were dubious about extensive glorification on their natal day, a little streak of lightning let loose by an electric battery, touched off all the fireworks in the United States, and dispelled every gloomy doubt.

This was the message which electrified the Nation:

"PLAYA *via* HAYTI, July 4th, 3.15 A. M. (Siboney 3d).

"*Secretary of the Navy:*

"The fleet under my command offers the Nation as a Fourth of July present the destruction of the whole of Cervera's fleet. No one escaped. It attempted to escape at 9.30 A. M., and at 2 P. M. the last, the *Cristobal Colon*, had run ashore sixty miles west of Santiago, and has let down her colors. The *Infanta Maria Teresa*, *Almirante Oquendo* and *Vizcaya* were forced ashore, burned and blown up, within twenty miles of Santiago; the *Furor* and *Pluton* were destroyed within four miles of the port. Loss, one killed and two wounded. Enemy's loss, several hundred from gunfire, explosions and drowning. About 1,300 prisoners, including Admiral Cervera. The man killed was George H. Ellis, chief yeoman of the *Brooklyn*.

"SAMPSON."

Later information showed that Commodore Sampson was absent on necessary duty on his flagship, the *New York*, and got back in time to see only the close of the battle and read Schley's signals—"We have won a great victory; details will be communicated." To this he curtly replied: "Report your casualties." Commodore Schley was the actual commander of the fleet during the action, and Sampson's mes-

sage appropriated honor which the American people, quick to see and just to judge, ascribed to the proper person, resenting with severe criticism Sampson's evident design to ignore Schley's priority in deserving credit for the victory. As Commodore Schley has expressed it, "There was glory enough in the victory for all to share of it," and a brief, truthful description of this great naval battle will convince the candid reader that he was right, and that there was no need for anyone to snatch laurels belonging to another.

The Spanish fleet, which sailed before the declaration of war, from Cadiz to the Cape Verde Islands, under the command of Admiral Cervera, was supposed to be waiting there to make a sudden and quick run to the coasts of the United States upon the outbreak of hostilities. After Portugal made a proclamation of neutrality, the fleet was obliged to leave those islands, and for awhile speculation was busy guessing the whereabouts and the destination of the Spanish vessels. At last reliable reports came that they had reached the island of Martinique, a French possession in the West Indies, but left within twenty-four hours on account of the neutrality laws. They touched next at Curacoa, where they obtained a little coal, and other supplies, leaving on May 15th. Again they were lost sight of, but after a few days Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, who had hastened with his squadron from Hampton Roads to find Cervera, learned that he had run into the harbor and bay of Santiago de Cuba, and, referring to the Spanish vessels, exclaimed gleefully, "I have got them now, and they will never get home!" Cervera had run into a "bottle," and Schley with his powerful battleships corked him up, the entrance into the bay and harbor being only about two hundred feet wide.

It was a calm, pleasant Sunday morning, and the ships were about to have their monthly general muster, when Quartermaster Anderson, of the *Brooklyn*, who had been keeping a steady watch through his glass upon suspicious columns of smoke back of the high hill at the entrance, reported to Navigator Hodgson that the smoke was moving toward them. Hodgson took the glass, gave one glance, and then picking up the megaphone, yelled, "After bridge, there! Report to the Commodore and the Captain that the enemy's ships are coming out." "Clear ship for action!" was the almost instant rejoinder of Lieutenant-Commander Mason, and up went Schley's signal to all the ships—"The enemy is trying to escape," followed by his order, "Signal the fleet to clear ship."

It was now a few minutes past 9.30 A. M., and as Commodore Schley reached a platform around the conning tower of the *Brooklyn*, the forward battleship of the line, the *Iowa* fired the first shot, from a six-pounder, the *Texas* following with a twelve-inch shot, and as the *Brooklyn* responded to Captain Cook's order, "Full speed ahead," she let fly with her forward eight-inch guns.

The Spanish ships came out of the harbor like race horses, and when Commodore Schley, peering intently through the smoke, determined the direction they were taking, the signal was hoisted, "Close up."

The Spaniards headed westward, Cervera's flagship, the splendid, powerful and fleet *Maria Teresa*, leading, followed by the *Almirante Oquendo*, then the *Cristobal Colon*, then the *Vizcaya*, and with her the torpedo-boats *Pluton* and *Furor*. Schley's flagship darted toward Cervera's, and, with the *Texas* and *Iowa*, paid particular attention to her. The *Vizcaya* suddenly turned from heading westward to

move toward the *Brooklyn*, but Schley met her effrontery by giving the order to Captain Cook, "Put your helm hard aport!" and as his vessel began to describe a half circle toward the *Vizcaya*, the latter and the *Teresa* turned away and ran nearer to the shore. The *Oregon*, which had been farther to the eastward, with her great speed hastened toward the *Brooklyn*, firing broadsides at the slower Spanish vessels as she passed them, and with her forward guns on those ahead. The Spanish torpedo-boats, just as they emerged from the entrance, received the special attention of Captain Wainwright, of the converted yacht *Gloucester*, and also the compliments of the *Indiana*, *Oregon*, *Iowa*, *Texas*, *Brooklyn*, and the small converted yacht *Vixen*, near the *Brooklyn*, and a big shell from one of the battleships soon struck the *Pluton* amidship and sunk her out of sight. Wainwright, disregarding shore batteries and the big ships of the enemy, pursued the *Furor* relentlessly, as she tried to shield herself behind the *Oquendo*, and riddled her with small projectiles, so that she fled toward the shore, went to pieces on a reef, and those of her crew who were able plunged into the surf, some of them being rescued by the *Gloucester*.

Near half-past ten a big shell from the *Texas* crashed through the *Teresa*, and a moment later the *Brooklyn*, that had been raking her from stem to stern, shot a big shell through her side, which exploded, and set her on fire, and she ran ashore ablaze and helpless. Five minutes later the *Oquendo*, to which Cervera had transferred his flag, after running and fighting for a half mile farther west, riddled, with half her men killed, was a wreck on the beach.

At 11 o'clock the *Colon* was ahead, diagonally from the *Brooklyn*, and the *Vizcaya* the same from the *Oregon*, all

running at topmost speed and fighting terrifically. The *Indiana*, the *Texas* and *Iowa*, that had been doing heavy damage to the enemy, were left behind in the race, as they were slower in speed, and the *Brooklyn*, *Oregon* and *Vixen* alone were equal to the task of catching up with the two remaining Spanish ships. They concentrated their fire on the *Vizcaya*. She had armor twice as thick as that of the *Brooklyn* and guns of larger calibre, but Schley said to his captain: "Get in close, Cook, and we'll fix her." So he did. The *Brooklyn* now seemed like a volcano, only her fires belched from her sides, and guns forward, aft and from the fighting masts, eight-inch, six-inch, five-inch guns and one-pounders combining to proclaim the death-knell of the *Vizcaya*, which, about 11.15 A. M., was on fire and ashore with her flag hauled down. Leaving her survivors to the care of the *Texas* and *Vixen*, who were a mile astern and coming up, the Commodore resolved that the victory should be complete, and the *Colon* captured or sunk, and taking a course farther out to make a direct line to Cape Cruz, which would enable him to head off the *Colon*, he shot ahead while Captain Clark followed her to keep her from changing her course. Thus, from 11.25 A. M to 1.15 P. M. the chase continued, the guns of the *Oregon* booming away, while those of the *Brooklyn* ceased for a time, the men being ordered on deck for an airing. Out they came from turrets and casemates, nearly naked and dripping with sweat, and begrimed with powder, and sent up "Three cheers for Commodore Schley," that drowned the roars of the *Colon's* guns.

The *Brooklyn*, under forced draught, gradually gained on the Spaniard, and about fifteen minutes to one, opened upon her again with eight-inch guns and struck her sides. The *Oregon* was close enough now to use her guns with

effect, and the *Colon*, seeing that her time had come, hauled down her flag and ran ashore, and the *Brooklyn* received her surrender. On the bridge stood Commodore Schley, and as he gazed upon the crews of the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon*, who crowded on deck when the Spaniards struck their flag, and were being approached, and pointing to the panting and jubilant men, he said: "There are the fellows who made this day!" Then he ordered the signal hoisted, "The enemy has surrendered." Five miles back the *Texas* read it and repeated it to Admiral Sampson on the *New York*, who was several miles astern of the *Texas*. He was chagrined, no doubt, at coming up when the battle was over, and did not reply to it, and also ignored Schley's other signals, "A glorious victory has been achieved. Details will be communicated later;" and "This is a great day for our country." Schley had led; had been in the thickest of the fight. His ship was hit over thirty times, and lost one man killed, George H. Ellis, whose head was blown off by an eight-inch shell, as he stood beside Commodore Schley and was answering a question, "What is the distance to the *Vizcaya?*" He took an observation, and replied, "Twenty-two hundred yards, sir." Just then he was killed, and fell at the Commodore's feet, who said, "Too bad," and turned to give an order. The Spaniards lost about 600 killed, and nearly 1,500 were taken prisoners.

All who have read the particulars of the battle, with a view to giving an impartial decision, ascribe to Commodore, now Rear-Admiral Schley, credit for conducting it to a glorious end and for great foresight and bravery; and, therefore, they look upon him as the legitimate successor of Admiral Dewey, to step into his shoes, when Dewey's feet (long may he live!) are turned up under the daisies.

CHAPTER XLIII.

FROM PORTO RICO TO MANILA.

GENERAL NELSON A. MILES LEADS AN INVASION OF PORTO RICO.—SUCCESSFUL LANDING AT GUANICA.—DISPERSION OF THE SPANIARDS.—NATIVES WELCOME THE AMERICANS.—THE ISLAND ADOPTED.—BATTLE OF MANILA.—THE CITY CAPTURED.—PEACE PROTOCOL.—PEACE PROCLAIMED.—THE PHILIPPINES BELONG TO THE UNITED STATES.—FRIENDLY DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS RESUMED WITH SPAIN.

The course of events in Cuba, from the landing of the American troops to the destruction of Cervera's fleet and the surrender of Santiago, demonstrated Spain's inability to hold the island. With the foothold and advantages gained it became only a question of time as to Spanish evacuation and American supremacy; so, in order to make a clean sweep of Spain's possessions in the West Indies, and get rid of her forever as a neighbor, it was determined to send an expedition to Porto Rico and remove her flag from that island also.

Major-General Miles commanded in person the forces of invasion. He urged tardy officials in Washington to hasten the preparation of transports and the furnishing of necessary warships, and was able to begin the embarkation of 14,000 troops July 19th, and two days later to sail from

Guantanamo Bay. Believing that it is not best to apprise an enemy of the exact point and time, where and when he will be attacked, General Miles changed at sea his instructions from Washington to meet exigencies and to make more speedy and successful his undertaking. While it was believed by friend and foe that he was bound for Fajarda he headed for Guanica, on the south coast of Porto Rico, where, on the 26th of July a landing was made, after a short and ineffectual resistance by the surprised Spaniards.

The gunboat *Gloucester*, commanded by the fearless Wainwright, entered Guanica Bay, and harbor, in advance of the fleet to see if mines were planted, and to take soundings; and finding deep water and no obstructions, proceeded right on towards the town firing her three-pounders, not into the place but beyond, for the purpose of informing all armed Spaniards within range or hearing that she was ready to transact business after her style off Santiago. A launch was quickly lowered with thirty men and a Colt rapid-firing gun, under Lieutenant Huse. The party landed without being fired upon, but as the Spanish flag was hauled down at a block-house near the town and the American flag was run up in its place, a company of Spaniards recovering somewhat from their surprise at the unexpected appearance and audacity of the Americans, began to fire with their Mauser rifles. Their attack brought a quick and dauntless response from the rifles of Huse's men, who also worked the Colt gun with good repelling effect. While this was going on the *Gloucester* gave assistance by firing into the town, and into places beyond wherever Spanish cavalry or infantry could be seen coming to aid in the attack; and the fleet came up the bay. Lieutenant Huse threw up a hasty barricade and breastwork, stretching barbed wire in front of

it, and held his position although the opposing force in the town was increased by the arrival of cavalrymen. The fight, however, was of short duration, and by ten o'clock the Spaniards had retreated to the hills and woods. Lieutenant Huse then posted pickets and skirmishers on the outskirts. In the meantime a detachment of Regulars landed, and Red Cross nurses, followed rapidly by troops from the transports, amidst scenes of great enthusiasm. The Stars and Stripes waving over Porto Rico, so soon after the inception of the expedition, gave promise of a triumphant campaign, and the troops were impatient to move onward to finish the work and establish the occupation so auspiciously begun.

The campaign in Porto Rico was more like a military picnic than anything else. The American march of triumph proceeded, and Ponce, the largest city of the island, soon surrendered without resistance; and General Miles then issued a proclamation to the Porto Ricans, in which he assured them that the force of the United States among them had "come bearing the banner of freedom, inspired by noble purpose to seek the enemy of our government and of yours. * * To bring the fostering arms of a free people, whose greatest power is justice and humanity to all living within their fold. Hence, they release you from your former political relations, and it is hoped this will be followed by the cheerful acceptance of the Government of the United States."

In 1887 the Porto Ricans attempted to throw off the Spanish yoke, and, having failed, there were a number of them confined as political prisoners. These were now set free, amidst great rejoicing. Many Porto Ricans offered their services as soldiers of the Union. The reception everywhere given to the Stars and Stripes was in great contrast with that given to it by the ransomed Filipinos, under the influence of their mercenary leaders.

Porto Rico, with its domain of 3,670 square miles, and its 800,000 people, 300,000 of them Negroes, is now a possession of the United States, and its inhabitants have expressed great satisfaction in its change of government, and give every promise of becoming as happy and prosperous under the jurisdiction of the United States as they were miserable and impoverished under the rule of Spain.

Glancing now over the Pacific, to the far-off Philippines, Admiral Dewey is seen watching with his war ships the city of Manila, unwilling to bombard it and anxious to take it, but waiting for the arrival of United States troops to compel its surrender without its destruction. At length General Wesley Merritt arrived, and having studied the situation, made a request that the forces already sent be increased to 50,000. He anticipated trouble with Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader and ally of the Americans, after the submission of the Spaniards, for he knew him to be ambitious, mercenary and unscrupulous, and that he would probably attempt to take control of the Philippines into his own hands. Merritt's fears were well founded, as will soon appear.

When the investment of Manila was completed, by land forces co-operating with Dewey's fleet, and several hot fights had taken place, between the United States troops and the Spaniards, and demands made by Dewey and Merritt for the surrender, a combined attack was made by them on the 13th of August. Dewey bombarded the forts, while the land forces advanced toward the city, and when the fortifications were greatly reduced, the soldiers took the city by storm, charging with great gallantry. The American force numbered about 10,000 men, and they were assisted in some ways, and hindered in others, by the insurgents, who muti-

nied because they were not permitted to enter the city. Fears for the safety of the inhabitants made it necessary to protect them from the danger of sacking and murder by the insurgents, who could not be trusted.

Spain having made proposals for peace through the French Ambassador at Washington, M. Jules Cambon, negotiations were begun which resulted in the signing of a protocol, August 12th, by representatives of both nations, and commissioners to arrange terms of a final treaty of peace were soon afterward appointed to meet in Paris. The first session of the Peace Conference was held October 1st, and after deliberations lasting about two months, in which Spain struggled hard against fate, she yielded to the demands of the United States, losing her last possessions in the New World, and surrendering the Philippines for a consideration of twenty millions of dollars.

The war had lasted not quite four months, costing the United States Government five hundred millions of dollars. In the navy two officers and eighteen men were killed (the *Maine* loss happening prior to declaration of war) and three officers and forty-eight men wounded. The army lost twenty-three officers and 231 men killed and eighty-seven officers and 1,356 men wounded. In Cuba many were stricken down by fevers, and as soon as possible troops that could be spared there were embarked to go North, to encamp at Montauk Point, Long Island; and among them were the Ninth and Tenth Cavalry, the Twenty-fourth and Twenty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. Colored Regulars who were soon ready to resume their frontier posts again. Besides, they stood ready for engagement in another justifiable war, to represent their race under the banner of human progress, and before these lines were written some of them had landed in the Philippines.

CHAPTER XLIV.

WAR WITH THE FILIPINOS.

THE FILIPINOS, UNDER A CRAFTY AND AMBITIOUS LEADER, TURN AGAINST THEIR BENEFACTORS.—A DESPERATE WAR ENSUES.—COLORED SOLDIERS SENT THERE IN RESPONSE TO AN URGENT DEMAND.

The close of the war with Spain did not bring a cessation of warfare in the Philippines for the Americans. By the terms of the Paris treaty, a title to that group of islands embracing sovereignty over the archipelago was transferred to the United States Government, and was a transaction valid in national and international law, as the purchase from France of the Louisiana tract for fifteen millions of dollars on April 30, 1803, adding to the domain of the Union all of Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, Iowa, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Montana, most of Oklahoma, and parts of Minnesota, Kansas, Colorado and Wyoming. It was as valid, also, as the purchase from Spain of Florida, for $6,500,000, February 22, 1819; and of Alaska from Russia, for $7,200,000, March 30, 1867; to say nothing of the territory acquired from Mexico by annexation, conquest and purchase by which Texas, California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and parts of Colorado and Oklahoma became possessions of the United States. In brief, Florida, and all the domain of our country west of the Mississippi, excepting the Oregon region, which includes Washington and Idaho, and

which was acquired by rights of discovery in 1792 and exploration in 1805—in fact, a far greater domain than the original—was brought under the government of the United States by annexation, purchase and conquest. By the first-named method, and the last, the Hawaii group and Porto Rico now enjoy the protection and other blessings of the American flag.

In the acquisition of these possessions the consent of a majority of their inhabitants to the transfer was not first obtained, for their governments were either chaotic or embryotic, and their dominions (not excepting Alaska) were naturally within the jurisdiction of the Greater United States—Unionized North America. The Arctic Ocean is the natural and destined northern boundary of the Union-to-be, and the Isthmus of Panama the southern, and within two centuries, at the farthest, the Stars and Stripes will be waving, as the emblems of possessions and good government, from the North Pole to the Gulf of Darien. South America was formed by nature and Providence to be another and a separate great Union of Independent States, but will be drawn upward on the plane of enlightened progress by the influence of the more advanced and influential government of Washington. The gravitation of political, commercial and social interests will eventually make the Fourth of July the national holiday of North America.

Dropping prophecy: the American Nation of to-day, the richest, most enlightened and most powerful, is under moral obligations to extend the influence of good example and benign government and legitimate protection to any neighboring lands cursed by despotism and appealing for help. In the performance of this duty the government of Spain was banished from the West Indies; Cuba given her

desired independence, and Porto Rico and Hawaii their desired places as dependencies of the United States; and, in pursuance of the wise policy of giving a better government for the one dethroned, the United States are holding on to the Philippines, although there is much said and written reflecting upon the consistency of their so doing.

The objections to expansion have already been largely answered by citing the transactions of other days, the inestimable value of which is not now questioned, when Jefferson was assailed with greater virulence for the Louisiana purchase than McKinley can ever hope to be for following the guidance of Providence and the Spirit of Progress in the Philippines acquisition.

Having overthrown the iniquitous rule of Spain in the Philippine Islands, and opened the way by which their inhabitants could advance from cruel serfdom to independence, enlightened and beneficent government, the United States Government became responsible for the accomplishment of these wise and humane purposes, and therefore could not relinquish control, permitting Aguinaldo, the insurgent leader, to assert his sovereignty. The Filipino Republic being almost a myth, and Aguinaldo being a self-important potentate in embryo, but with influence and power enough to wreck the happy prospects of the Islands if permitted to take the helm, he was kindly but firmly held in check by the United States Government. He chafed under this restriction, issued angry manifestoes against American occupation of the Philippines, and urged the Filipinos to resist the Americans as invaders.

It was apparent that he would soon provoke a collision with the American troops, his forces being close to their outposts, and he succeeded on Saturday night, February 4,

1899. It occurred near Santa Mesa, Northeast of Manila, and was brought about by two of his soldiers attempting to pass the sentry post of Corporal Greeley, of the First Nebraska Regiment, whose challenge they treated with contempt. He repeated the challenge, giving them fair warning, but they insolently disregarded it, and would not halt. The sentry, then, as in duty bound, fired upon them, and the report of his rifle was immediately followed by a signal gun from one of their block-houses; showing that a plot had been formed to precipitate warfare, and that the insolence of the Filipinos who defied the American sentinel was a part of Aguinaldo's plan to bring on the crisis.

The Nebraskans were furiously attacked, but were prepared to defend their line, and the Filipinos suffered heavy losses in the assault; but the fighting did not end here; it became general, extending a distance of nine miles, along the semi-circular American line enclosing Manila.

The conflict raged through Saturday night, and when morning came the Americans advanced against the treacherous Filipinos, driving them from their trenches, and taking possession of Santa Mesa and many other villages contiguous to Manila. Some of Dewey's warships joined in the battle and wrought great destruction in the flanks of the enemy. The American loss was forty killed and about 150 wounded.

The Filipinos paid dearly for turning against their liberators and provoking the conflict, losing, it is estimated, 4,000 in killed and wounded, besides a large number of prisoners. Their first battle against the flag which brought Spanish tyranny in the Philippines to an end, and under whose folds a true Philippian Republic is destined to be born, was indicative in its disastrous results of the firm purpose of the United States to subdue unlawful and unreason-

able rebellion against its benign policy, and of the folly of resisting that purpose.

Many of the Filipinos, led by Aguinaldo, are still engaged in their warfare against their own happiness and prosperity. A constant struggle has been maintained, which may continue until the close of the century, and may, perhaps, extend into the new, but the United States Government will not cowardly withdraw its forces and permit the hopes of the larger portion of the inhabitants of the Philippines to be blasted by a reign of anarchy. Many troops have been sent there, many conflicts have taken place, considerable progress has been made, but the end is not yet; and will not come until the Colored man has had a share in the toils, dangers and sacrifices of a war with the Filipinos as he has had in other wars to establish, perpetuate and extend the principles of American free government. This is certain, for United States Colored Regulars were sent to Manila during the summer, and Colored volunteer troops are preparing to follow; and there is a prospect of a regiment being formed to be officered entirely by Colored men. This is no more than right—a just recognition of the ability of Afro-Americans to lead as well as follow.

When their camp-fires have begun to burn in the Philippines, they will shed a radiance which will not only shine across the wide Pacific to make brighter the hopes of their own race in their native land, but they will illuminate the surroundings of the islanders, guiding them to points of view where they can see the elevating power of the American Republic, and learn to appreciate a government which recognizes and establishes the rights of mankind, regardless of color and condition.